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CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

EDITED BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOL. IV.

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Gift of
Mrs Thos. H. Whittemore
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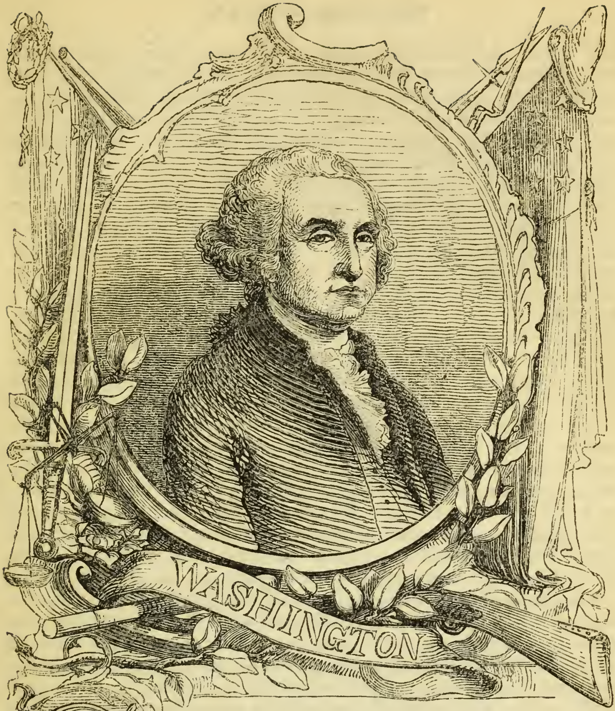


GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732. He was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of Augustine Washington, a gentleman of large property, the descendant of John Washington, an Englishman who had emigrated to America during the government of Oliver Cromwell. The name of Washington's mother was Mary Ball. Her husband dying suddenly in the year 1743, the charge of educating a large family, consisting of two surviving sons of her husband by his former wife, and five surviving children of her own, devolved upon her. George Washington was eleven years of age at the time of his father's death.

Although cut off in the prime of life, Augustine Washington left all his children well provided for. Lawrence, the eldest, was left an estate of twenty-five hundred acres, besides shares in iron-works in Maryland and Virginia; Augustine, who was next oldest, inherited an estate in Westmoreland; George inherited the house and lands in Stafford County, where his father resided at the time of his death; his three younger brothers had each a plantation of six or seven hundred acres assigned him; and provision was otherwise made for the sister. By the will of her husband, Mrs Washington was intrusted with the sole management of the property of her five children, until they should respectively come of age. Being a woman of singular prudence and strength of character, she fulfilled this important charge with great success. She lived to see her eldest son at the height of his greatness.

The means of education were at that time very limited in the American colonies. Wealthy persons, who wished their sons to receive a liberal education, were under the necessity of sending them home to the mother country for that purpose; but most of the planters were satisfied with the plain elementary education which their sons could obtain at the nearest school. Sometimes a man of superior qualifications would settle down as a schoolmaster in Virginia; but the majority of the schoolmasters pretended to nothing more than being qualified to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping. It was under a person of this kind that George Washington acquired all the school education that he ever received; and he appears to have left school altogether before arriving at the age of sixteen. From all that can be learned of this early period of his life, he seems to have been characterised by great docility and rectitude of disposition. His schoolfellows, it is said, used to refer all their disputes to his judgment. As a boy, he was exceedingly fond of such athletic exercises as leaping, wrestling, throwing the hammer, swimming, &c.; and his military propensity developed itself in the delight which he took in arranging his schoolfellows in companies, making them parade like soldiers, attack imaginary forts, and fight mimic battles. The best insight, however, which we obtain into Washington's character and pursuits when a boy, is derived from fragments of his juvenile copy-books and manuscripts which have been preserved. They are all written in a neat and careful hand, with great attention to method and arrangement. The greater number contain exercises in arithmetic and practical geometry, especially land-surveying; and the diagrams which are drawn to illustrate the geometrical exercises are remarkable for their accuracy and beauty. The earliest of the manuscripts is a folio one, entitled "Forms of Writing," containing copies of bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, written out with care, the prominent words in large and varied characters, in imitation of a clerk's hand. These "Forms of Writing" are followed by quotations in verse, more remarkable, his biographer tells us, for the soundness of the sentiments which they express, than for their poetical merit; and these quotations, again, are followed by "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation." The rules are a hundred and ten in number, and appear to have been either copied entire out of one book, or collected out of several. We may quote two or three as specimens. Rule 2. "In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet." Rule 12. "Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive." Rule 29. "Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects amongst the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed." Rule 40. "Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly." Rule 57. "Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

The methodical habits which we see so clearly manifested in these juvenile copybooks, were Washington's characteristics through life.

Grammar, or the study of languages, was no part of Washington's education when a boy. His early letters are sometimes faulty in point of grammar and expression, and it was only by practice in writing and conversation that he acquired the accurate and distinct style which he afterwards wrote. When considerably advanced in life, he made an attempt to learn French, but appears to have succeeded but poorly.

When Washington was fourteen years of age, a proposal was made with his own consent, which, if carried into effect, would have opened up for him a very different career from that which he was destined to follow. Observing his liking for adventure and active exercise, his brother Lawrence exerted his interest to procure for him a midshipman's warrant in the British navy. The warrant was procured, and the boy was pleased with a prospect which was at that time as promising as one in his circumstances could desire; but as nothing could overcome Mrs Washington's reluctance to let her son go to sea, the project was at length abandoned: George Washington remained at school, and some other boy obtained the midshipman's berth.

After leaving school, at the age of sixteen, Washington resided some time with his brother Lawrence on his estate of Mount Vernon; so called in honour of Admiral Vernon, who was a friend of Lawrence Washington, and under whose command George was to have served. Lawrence Washington had married Miss Fairfax, the daughter of his near neighbour William Fairfax, a person of wealth and political station in the colony, and a distant relative of Lord Fairfax—a nobleman of literary tastes and somewhat eccentric habits, who had left England and come to reside in Virginia, where he was the proprietor of a vast tract of country lying between the Potomac and Rapahannoc rivers, and stretching across the Alleghany mountains. At the time of George Washington's residence with his brother at Mount Vernon, Lord Fairfax was on a visit at the house of William Fairfax, the father-in-law of Lawrence; and between the two families a constant intercourse was kept up. As young Washington was continually employed in his favourite pursuit of land-surveying, putting his art in practice on his brother's estate, it occurred to Lord Fairfax to engage him in surveying his own vast property. Various circumstances were rendering such a survey absolutely necessary. Settlers were squatting down on the most fertile spots on the extremity of his lordship's lands, without leave being asked or given; and to put a stop to such proceedings, it was essential that the boundaries of the lands should be defined, and the remoter districts accurately divided into lots. Our young surveyor was intrusted with this very responsible office; and accordingly, in the month of March 1748, he set out on his surveying expedition to the valleys of the Alleghanies, accompanied by George Fairfax, the son of William Fairfax. The tour lasted two months, and, from the entries in Washington's journal, the labour appears to have been pretty arduous. On the 15th of March he writes—"Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper, we were lighted into a room, and I not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly, and went into the bed, as they called it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, covered with vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did."

For three years Washington pursued the profession of land-surveyor in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon, making occasional journeys as far as the Alleghanies. As he had received a commission as public surveyor, which gave his surveys authority, and as there were very few of the profession at that time in Virginia, his practice was extensive and lucrative. In writing to a friend, describing the hardships and exposures which he had to undergo in his surveying tours to the west, he says, "Nothing could make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles." In another letter written during the same period to a friend, whom he addresses as "dear Robin," and who appears to have been his confidant, he says, "My place of residence at present is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax's), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion." Several other letters of the same period are written in the same desponding tone; but the name of this "troublesome" Lowland beauty, who was Washington's first love, has unfortunately perished.

About the year 1751, the French and the Indians were making themselves very disagreeable neighbours to the British colonists in Virginia; the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by the depredations which they committed. To defend themselves against these, as well as to be prepared for the war which seemed likely at no distant period to break out between France and Great Britain, it was resolved to organise the colonial militia, divide the province into districts, and appoint an adjutant-general, with the military rank of major, to superintend each district. Washington, who was now in his twentieth year, was appointed one of these officers, probably by the interest of his friends the Fairfaxes. The office, besides bringing him in a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, afforded him opportunities of becoming practically acquainted with military affairs. He entered with ardour into its duties, taking lessons from the ablest military men he could meet in with, submitting himself to the drill, and reading numerous books on the military art.

Shortly after Washington's appointment to the rank of major in the militia, his brother Lawrence, whose health had been long declining, was advised to make a voyage to Barbadoes, and reside a few months there for the benefit of the climate; and as it was necessary that he should not go unattended, George accompanied him. While in Barbadoes, Washington was attacked by small-pox, but recovered after a short illness. As his brother was not deriving any benefit from the climate, he resolved to go to Bermuda in the spring, and in the meantime Washington was to return to Virginia. From Bermuda, Lawrence was to write to him to rejoin him along with his wife. This arrangement, however, was never carried into effect; for though, in the spring, Lawrence did proceed to Bermuda, he found himself so much worse, that he saw it to be necessary to return to Virginia; and on the 26th of July 1752 he died at Mount Vernon, leaving a wife and an infant daughter. By his will, the property of Mount Vernon was bequeathed to his daughter; but in case of her death without issue, it was to devolve on Washington, with the reservation of a life-interest in favour of his wife. Washington was also appointed one of the executors.

Immediately on his return from Barbadoes, Major Washington had resumed his military duties with great zeal and perseverance; and when, on the appointment of Mr Dinwiddie as governor of Virginia, the whole colony was mapped out into four grand military divisions, so high was Major Washington's character, that the northern division was allotted to him. His duties were to "visit the several counties, in order to train and instruct the militia officers, review the companies on parade, inspect the arms and accoutrements, and establish a uniform system of manœuvres and discipline."

WAR WITH THE FRENCH ON THE FRONTIER.

Every day fresh accounts were received of the encroachments which the French were making on the British territory beyond the Alleghanies. These accounts had reached the government at home, and the British cabinet had sent out instructions to Governor Dinwiddie to build two forts on the Ohio, for the purpose of driving off the intruders, and asserting the British claim to the disputed territory. As a preliminary step, Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send a commissioner, in the name of his Britannic majesty, to confer with the commander of the intruding French troops, and demand his reason for invading the British territory, and also with a view to collect accurate information respecting the numbers and force of the invaders, their intended movements, and the extent to which they had gained the confidence and alliance of the Indians. Major Washington was selected as a person well qualified for this important mission, although yet only in his twenty-second year. Accompanied by seven others, two of whom were to act as his interpreters, one with the French, the other with the Indians, he performed a difficult and dangerous journey of 560 miles, in the depth of winter, through a region of forest, swamp, and wilderness, which had not yet been penetrated by civilisation; and after an absence of nearly three months, returned to Williamsburg, the seat of the Virginia government, having fully accomplished the main objects of his expedition. The three principal objects which Governor Dinwiddie contemplated by the mission were, the ascertaining of a suitable site for a British fort, a conference with the Indian tribes, with a view to secure their assistance against the French, and a visit to the French fort itself. Major Washington attended to them all. Proceeding to the French fort, he had several interviews with the commandant; but as nothing satisfactory resulted from these conferences, he took his departure, after having stayed long enough to obtain all the intelligence he wished to carry back to Governor Dinwiddie. Immediately on his return to Williamsburg, his journal of the expedition was published, and being regarded as an important official document, as affairs then stood between France and Great Britain, it was copied into almost all the newspapers both in the colony and in the mother country.

Governor Dinwiddie commenced his military preparations with great alacrity. He summoned an early meeting of the legislature, to adopt such proceedings as might appear proper in the emergency; and not content with this, he wrote to the governors of the other provinces, to rouse their flagging zeal. The colonists, however, showed no signs of sympathy with the bustling activity of the governor. They were in no hurry, they said, to precipitate themselves into a war with which they had no concern. What business had the governor of Virginia with the encroachments of the French on the Ohio? Was it even certain that they were encroaching on the king's lands? What claim had the king of Great Britain to these lands, any more than the king of France? Or, if the lands did belong to the king of Great Britain, why did he not send out his own soldiers to beat back the French, instead of leaving it to be done by the colonists, to whom it did not matter a pin's point whether the French kept possession of the lands or not? Such murmurs gave the governor great vexation. It is true that, after a long discussion, the legislature of Virginia voted ten thousand pounds for the defence of the colony; but the manner in which the vote was made was very displeasing to the loyal governor. "I am sorry," he wrote to the Earl of Holdernesse, "to find the colonists very much in a republican way of thinking."

A respectable militia force was nevertheless raised. An Englishman, Colonel Fry, was appointed to the first command, and Washington was named his second, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. While the governor and Colonel Fry were engaged in trying to recruit the army by appeals to the colonists, and by holding out bounties in land to such as would enlist, Colonel Washington, with three small companies, was sent to occupy an outpost in the very line in which the French were advancing. It was destined that the first battle in the war should be fought by him. Hearing that the French had succeeded in obtaining possession of the British fort at the Ohio fork, and that a party was approaching in the direction of his post, he deemed it advisable to advance himself into the wilderness; and on the 27th of May 1754, meeting a party of fifty French soldiers under the command of M. de Junonville, an action ensued, in which Junonville and ten of his men were killed, and twenty taken prisoners. Only one of Washington's men was killed, and two or three wounded. As war had not yet been formally declared, the importance of this skirmish was greatly magnified both in France and Great Britain, and Washington did not escape blame. In France, the death of Junonville was pronounced to be nothing else than a murder in cold blood; and it was even made the subject of a heroic poem, in which Washington did not appear to advantage. Nor does the transaction appear to have been regarded with more favour in England, if we may believe the following passage in Horace Walpole's "Memoirs of George the Second," written not long after the event. "In the express which Major Washington despatched on his preceding little victory," says Walpole, "he concluded with these words, 'I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound.' On hearing of this, the king said sensibly, 'He would not say so if he had been used to hear many.' However," adds Walpole, "this brave braggart learned to blush for his rhodomontade." A gentleman once asked Washington whether he ever used the expression attributed to him. "If I said so," replied Washington, "it was when I was young."

Colonel Fry dying when on his way to join the army, the command devolved on Washington; for although Colonel Innes, a Scotchman, was appointed, he never assumed the office. Washington was involved in great difficulties, owing to the complaints of the officers and men, whom an ill-timed parsimony deprived of part of their pay. Doing his best, however, to preserve order among his men, amounting now to upwards of 300 militia, and about 150 regulars under Captain Mackay, he continued the campaign. Fearing that a French force would advance from Fort Duquesne and overpower him, he withdrew to the Great Meadows, nearer the inhabited parts of the colony. Here, his men being fatigued by the labour of transporting the guns and baggage, and there being a scarcity of provisions, he resolved to intrench himself, and wait for reinforcements. Accordingly, a fort was built, called Fort Necessity. Unexpectedly, the fort was besieged by a French force amounting to nearly 900 men; and after some resistance, Washington was obliged to capitulate on honourable terms, and retreat to Wills' Creek. So skilful, however, was his conduct on this occasion, that he and his little army received the thanks of the House of Burgesses.

Governor Dinwiddie had now conceived some scheme for organising the militia on what he considered a better footing; but as this scheme had the effect of reducing Washington to the rank of a captain, and not only so, but of making him inferior in that rank to captains bearing the king's commission, he resigned his command, and retired from the army. "If you think me capable of holding a commission which has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it," was the answer he gave to Governor Sharpe of Maryland, who had solicited him to remain in the army, "you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself." He therefore passed the winter of 1754-5 in retirement. In the spring of 1755, however, General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of soldiers from Great Britain, and Washington was prevailed on to join him as aid-de-camp, retaining his former rank. "I may be allowed," he said, "to claim some merit, if it is considered that the sole motive which invites me to the field is the laudable desire of serving my country, not the gratification of any ambitious or lucrative plans."

The unfortunate issue of Braddock's expedition is well known. Having, by means of the vigorous exertions of Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster-general of the provinces, been provided with 150 wagons, and the number of horses requisite to transport his cannon and baggage—a piece of gratuitous labour on Franklin's part, which Braddock, in his letter to the English ministry, complaining of the inactivity of the colonial authorities, speaks of as being "the only instance of address and integrity he had seen in the provinces"—he marched westward to attack Fort Duquesne, and finally, as he thought, expel the French from the British territory. The march was rough and difficult, and Braddock consulted Washington as to the best mode of proceeding. "I urged him," says Washington, "in the warmest terms I was able, to push forward, if he even did it with a small but chosen band, with such artillery and light stores as were necessary, leaving the heavy artillery and baggage to follow with the rear division by slow and easy marches." This advice prevailed; the army was divided into two, General Braddock leading the advanced division of 1200 men, and Colonel Dunbar bringing up the rest more leisurely. During the march, Washington was seized with a violent fever, which detained him several days. When he rejoined General Braddock on the evening of the 8th of July, the troops were on the banks of the Monongahela, within fifteen miles of Fort Duquesne. In approaching the fort, it was necessary to cross the river twice, and march part of the way on the south side. "Early on the morning of the 9th," writes Mr Sparks, "all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogany, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern bank of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations." They had just crossed the river a second time, and were ascending a wooded acclivity on their way to the fort, when suddenly they were attacked and thrown into confusion by two heavy discharges of musketry from an unseen enemy. Alarmed and bewildered, the troops did not know what to do; they fired at random into the woods, and huddled together in disorderly masses, shrinking from the deadly discharges which were poured in from the right and the left simultaneously. For three hours this unequal combat continued, the Indians and French taking deliberate aim from the ravines in which they were concealed, the British firing upon each other in their confusion and desperation. The carnage was terrible: more than half the men were either killed or wounded. Out of eighty-six officers, six were killed and thirty-seven wounded; and General Braddock himself received a wound which proved mortal. During the battle, Washington exposed himself with the most reckless bravery, riding about in every direction, and giving the general's orders—a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets. "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence," he wrote in a letter to his brother after the battle, "I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectations; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me."

The failure of this expedition was the subject of universal conversation for a long time afterwards, and many were the reproaches cast out against the memory of the ill-fated Braddock. Washington was the only person engaged in the affair who derived honour from it. It was proved that he had given General Braddock advice which had been neglected; in particular, that he had insisted on the necessity of sending out Indian scouts to precede the army; and it was entirely owing to his bravery and presence of mind that the remains of the army were enabled to cross the river and effect a retreat. Wherever, therefore, the unfortunate battle of the Monongahela was spoken of, Washington's name was mentioned with honour. In the meantime, having no permanent commission in the army, he had retired to Mount Vernon, which, by the death of his late brother's child, had now become his own property. Here he employed himself assiduously in fulfilling his duties as adjutant-general of the district. The attention of the whole colony, however, was turned to him, and he was not allowed long to live in retirement. Such was the military ardour which had been excited in all classes by General Braddock's defeat, that the language of war and patriotism was even heard from the pulpit. The clergy preached sermons stimulating the martial spirit of their congregations; and one sermon preached at that time became memorable afterwards. It was in a sermon preached by the Rev. Samuel Davies before a volunteer company, that a reference was made to Washington, which made a deep impression then, and was often quoted afterwards as prophetic. Speaking of the courage displayed by the Virginia troops, the preacher used these words: "As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." This was but the common feeling of the colony; and it was in accordance with this feeling that, the legislature having made a grant of £40,000 to be employed in fresh military preparations, Washington was requested to assume the chief command of the Virginia forces. Before accepting this command, he made several stipulations; "among others, that he should possess a voice in choosing his officers, and that there should be a better system of military regulations, more promptness in paying the troops, and a thorough reform inducing activity and method in all the departments for procuring supplies."

Elected in the autumn of 1755, Washington continued in his command nearly three years. It is unnecessary, and it would be tedious, to give a detailed account of all that he was engaged in during that period. Suffice it to say, that the qualities he was required to exercise during that time were those for which he was all his life remarkable—prudence, patience, resolution, self-denial, and strict attention to order and method. As the tardiness and inactivity of the colonial authorities in all matters connected with the military service, obliged him to confine his operations to such as were merely defensive, he had not so many opportunities of signalising himself as a successful general in the field. The skill, however, which he thus acquired in conducting a defensive war, was of vast consequence to him afterwards. He kept his command till the close of the campaign of 1758, when, the great object of the war having been accomplished by the re-occupation of the Ohio, he resigned his commission, and again retired to Mount Vernon, carrying with him the good wishes of the army, and the esteem of the whole colony.

PRIVATE AND POLITICAL LIFE FROM 1759 TO 1775.

In 1755 Washington, while on a visit to New York, had a second slight attack of the tender passion. The object this time was a Miss Mary Phillips, the sister of the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Forced at length to leave New York, without making any declaration of his affections, Miss Phillips married Captain Morris, one of Washington's associates in Braddock's expedition. It was not till 1758, when he had reached his twenty-seventh year, that Washington fairly yielded to female charms. This time the object was Mrs Martha Custis, a beautiful, accomplished, and very wealthy young widow, with two children, between whom and herself her late husband's property was equally divided. To this lady Washington was married on the 6th of January 1759.

The next fifteen years of Washington's life were spent in fulfilling the duties of private life, which were not small, considering that they included the managing of an extensive property, and in attending to those other duties of a public nature which devolved upon him, in consequence of his election as a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

Washington's estate, like every other property in Virginia, was cultivated by negro slaves; and, according to the feelings of the time and place, he does not appear to have considered that the keeping of men in a state of degrading bondage was any way criminal or improper — a circumstance which one has cause to regret in estimating the benevolence and conscientiousness of his character. In his diary for 1760, the following passages respecting his rural occupations occur: "February

5th.—Visited my plantations, and found, to my great surprise, Stephens constant at work. Passing by my carpenters that were hewing, I found that four of them, viz. George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy, had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet yesterday from ten o'clock. Sat down, therefore, and observed Tom and Mike, in a less space than thirty minutes, clear the bushes from about a poplar stock, line it ten feet long, and hew each his side twelve inches deep. Then letting them proceed their own way, they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross-cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock off in two places, putting it on the blocks for hewing it square, and lining it. From this time till they had finished the stock entirely, required twenty minutes more, so that in the space of one hour and a quarter they each of them, from the stump, finished twenty feet of hewing. From hence it appears very clear, that, allowing they work only from sun to sun, and require two hours at breakfast, they ought to yield each his one hundred and twenty-five feet while the days are at their present length, and more in proportion as they increase. While this was doing, George and Billy sawed thirty feet of plank; so that it appears that, making the same allowance as before (but not for the time required in piling the stock), they ought to saw one hundred and eighty feet of plank. It is to be observed, that this hewing and sawing, likewise, were of poplar; what may be the difference, therefore, between the working of this wood and others, some future observations must make known." March 26th.—"Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention." March 18th.—"The lightning, which had been attended with a good deal of rain, had struck my quarter, and about ten negroes in it; some very badly injured, but with letting blood, they recovered."

Several interesting details of his ordinary habits as a planter are given by his biographer Mr Sparks. Tobacco was the staple product of his plantations: the greater part of his produce he sent to the London market; but he occasionally consigned smaller quantities to correspondents in Liverpool and Bristol. It was then the practice of the Virginia planters to import directly from London all the articles which they required for common use; and accordingly, "twice a year, Washington forwarded lists of such articles to his agent, comprising not only the necessaries and conveniences for household purposes—ploughs, hoes, spades, scythes, and other implements of agriculture; saddles, bridles, and harness for his horses—but likewise every article of wearing apparel for himself and the different members of his family, specifying the names of each, and the ages of Mrs Washington's two children, as well as the size, description, and quality of the various articles. In an order sent to his tailor in London, he describes himself as 'six feet high, and proportionably made; if anything, rather slender for a person of that height;' and adds that his limbs were long. In exact measure, his height was six feet three inches. He required the agent through whom he sent these orders to send him, in addition to a general bill of the whole, the original vouchers of the shopkeepers and mechanics from whom purchases had been made. So particular was he in these concerns, that for many years he recorded with his own hand, in books prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different merchants and tradesmen who had supplied the goods. In this way he kept a perfect oversight of the business, ascertained the prices, could detect any imposition, mismanagement, or carelessness, and tell when any advantage was taken of him even in the smallest matter, of which, when discovered, he did not fail to remind his correspondents the next time he wrote."

Washington, while thus intent on agricultural pursuits, did not withdraw himself from general society. "He was a frequent visitor at Annapolis, the seat of government in Maryland, renowned as the resort of the polite, wealthy, and fashionable. At Mount Vernon, he returned the civilities he had received, and practised on a large and generous scale the hospitality for which the southern planters have ever been distinguished. When he was at home, a day seldom passed without the company of friends or strangers at his house." During his occasional visits to Williamsburg and Annapolis, he frequently attended the theatre; and at home, his principal amusement was the chase. He used, at the proper season, to "go out three or four times a-week with horses, dogs, and horns, in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by a small party of gentlemen, either his neighbours or visitors at Mount Vernon."

As a landed proprietor, Washington had to take part in many kinds of local business. His neighbours used frequently to ask his assistance in settling disputes, or advising them in matters of importance, and his sagacity and judgment in such affairs gave him a strong and extensive influence. Being a vestry-man of Truro parish, in which he resided, parochial affairs occupied much of his attention. The clergyman of the parish used to tell the following story of him in his capacity as vestry-man. The church being old and ruinous, it was resolved to build a new one, and several meetings of the parishioners were held to determine on the site. At length the parishioners divided into two parties, one insisting that the new church should be built on the site of the old one, the other insisting on its being built in a more central situation. The conservatives appeared to have the majority; and when, at a final meeting, Mr George Mason, a friend and neighbour of Washington, and an influential man in the colony, made an eloquent speech about not deserting a spot hallowed by so many venerable associations, and in which the bones of their fathers were buried, such was the effect, that it seemed the resolution to adhere to the old site would be carried without a dissenting voice. At this critical moment Washington rose up, and taking from his pocket a plan of Truro parish, in which were marked the two disputed sites, and the positions of the houses of all the parishioners, spread it out before them, bidding them forget Mr Mason's eloquent speech, and attend to the difference of the distances they would have to travel in going to church, as exhibited by the map. The result was, that the new site was agreed on.

Washington was punctual in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It is related that when he took his seat, the speaker, in compliance with a vote of the house, rose up to return him the thanks of the colony for his distinguished military services, and did so in such complimentary terms, that when Washington rose to acknowledge the honour, he blushed, trembled, stammered, and was unable to utter a single syllable. "Sit down, Mr Washington," said the speaker; "your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses any power of language that I possess." Washington made it a point of conscience to be present at almost every sitting. He spoke very seldom, but attended carefully to all the proceedings; and when he did speak, it was with a thorough understanding of the matter in hand, and strictly to the point. "It is not known," says his biographer, "that he ever made a set speech, or entered into a stormy debate." He was one of those who derive their influence in public assemblies not from their eloquence, but from their sagacity and the soundness of their judgment. It was owing to this, perhaps, that Washington's name was not so often mentioned as those of other colonists in the early stage of the dispute between the colonies and the mother country. It has even been argued from the same circumstance, that Washington's sentiments did not at first agree with those of the leaders of the American revolution. But the fact is, that, from the very beginning, he belonged to the party of Henry, Randolph, and Lee, although, like them, he long believed it possible that the rupture between England and the colonies might be healed. He spoke in terms of decided hostility to the stamp act, calling it an "unconstitutional method of taxation, and a direful attack on the liberties of the colonies."

The struggle was approaching its crisis. In March 1773, Lord Dunmore, who had succeeded Lord Botecourt as governor of Virginia, prorogued the unmanageable House of Burgesses. A few days after the session of 1774 had commenced, the intelligence reached the colony of the act which the English parliament had passed, shutting up the port of Boston. The excitement was immense, and on the 24th of May, the House of Burgesses passed an order appointing the 1st of June (the day on which the act of the English parliament relative to the port of Boston was to take effect) to be observed as "a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the divine interposition to avert the heavy calamity" which seemed impending over the colony. In consequence of this order, the house was next day dissolved by Lord Dunmore. A large number of the members immediately met in the Raleigh tavern, constituted themselves into an association, and threw out a public recommendation to enter into a correspondence with the other provinces, for the purpose of convening a general congress of deputies from all the thirteen British colonies in America. This idea of a general congress had been suggested by Franklin the previous year.

On the 1st of August 1774, deputies from the various counties of Virginia met at Williamsburg, and constituted themselves a convention. This convention named the following seven persons as representatives of the colony of Virginia in the congress about to be held—Peyton Randolph, Richard Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

On the 5th of September these seven persons met at Philadelphia with the deputies appointed by eleven of the other colonies; namely, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Such was the celebrated first continental congress, which now assumed the direction of affairs. Their proceedings consisted principally in drawing up humble petitions to the king, stating the grievances of the colonies, and letters to the people of Great Britain, appealing to their sense of justice.

The precise part acted by each member of congress cannot be ascertained, as the details of the proceedings were not published; but it is certain that Washington was regarded as one of the leading men in it, and that his opinion on all points was received with the utmost deference. The celebrated orator, Patrick Henry, was asked about this time " whom he thought the greatest man in congress." " If you speak of eloquence," was his reply, " Mr Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

The second congress met on the 10th of May 1775. The members were nearly the same as in the first, only we observe the new name of Benjamin Franklin as one of the deputies from Pennsylvania. The petition which the first congress had addressed to King George had produced no effect; and the disposition of the British parliament appeared more hostile than before to the liberties of the colonists. In these circumstances, the congress assumed a decided tone. It was unanimously voted "that the colonies be immediately put in a state of defence:"

the army then engaged in besieging the British troops in Boston was adopted by congress as a continental army; and on the 15th of June, Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief; the members of congress pledging themselves individually to stand by him with their lives and fortunes.

WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

At the time of his appointment as commander-in-chief, Washington was forty-three years of age. His life, during the next eight years, is identified with the history of the war between Great Britain and the American States. We can narrate only the leading particulars of the history of this important period.

Washington's first care, after being appointed to the command, was to form and systematise the army, which was miserably weak and ill provided with the necessaries of war. The task was no easy one, as he had to contend against the wishes of the soldiers themselves, against the mutual jealousies of the officers, and against the irresolution of congress. Nevertheless, he succeeded to a certain extent. "He arranged the army into six brigades of six regiments each, in such a manner that the troops from the same colony should be brought together as far as practicable, and act under a commander from that colony. Of the whole he made three grand divisions, each consisting of two brigades, or twelve regiments. The great work of creating a regular military system was to be executed mainly by the commander-in-chief. Congress might approve, sanction, and aid; but it was his task to combine, organise, establish, and sustain. To this end he kept up an unremitted correspondence with congress during the whole war. His letters were read to the house in full session, and almost every important resolution respecting the army was adopted on his suggestion or recommendation, and emanated from his mind. Besides his unceasing intercourse with congress, he was obliged to correspond with the heads of the provincial governments, and afterwards with the governors and legislatures of the states; with conventions, committees, and civil magistrates."

The first year of Washington's command was spent not so much in actual warfare, as in making these arrangements. At the end of the year, when the old army was dissolved, the whole number of the new establishment was nine thousand six hundred and fifty. More than a thousand of these men were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of re-enlistment. This result was peculiarly discouraging. "Search the volumes of history through," said Washington, "and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together without powder, and then to have one army disbanded, and another to be raised within the same distance of a re-enforced enemy." The advanced season of the year, however, rendered it impossible for the British troops to avail themselves of the advantage which these circumstances gave them.

Washington, when he accepted the command, had expected to be able to reside a part of every year at Mount Vernon. As, however, he found it impossible to do so, it was Mrs Washington's custom to join him in the camp every winter, returning to Mount Vernon at the opening of the campaign in spring. But though absent from his estates, Washington did not neglect his private affairs. In the midst of his pressing and multifarious business as commander-in-chief, he kept up a regular correspondence with Mr Lund Washington, to whom he had committed the management of his property during his absence. Twice or thrice a-month Mr Lund Washington sent him a detailed account of whatever had happened, or whatever was going on, at Mount Vernon; and all these letters were answered by Washington in the most punctual manner.

In the end of 1775, General Howe, who had been sent out to supersede General Gage in the command of the British forces, was fitting out an expedition which was imagined at first to be against New York, but which was, in reality, destined for North Carolina. Washington, on his side, was eager for an attack on Boston, but was overruled by a council of his officers; and it was agreed to attempt the occupation of Dorchester Heights. Accordingly, on the 4th of March 1776, the Americans took possession of the heights; and this was followed by the evacuation of Boston by the British on the 17th. On this occasion the thanks of congress were conveyed to Washington in a letter signed by the president, and a gold medal was struck in his honour. After leaving Boston, General Howe and his army hovered about the coast in their fleet, meditating, as it appeared, an attack on New York. When they did land at Sandy Hook, on the 28th of June, such was the state of Washington's army, that he was unprepared to offer any effective resistance; and accordingly, after the British had got possession of Long Island, he was obliged to evacuate New York, and fall back behind the Delaware. The defeat at Long Island made Washington more anxious than ever for a complete re-organisation of his army. "I am fully confirmed," he wrote to the president of congress, "in the opinion I ever entertained, and which I more than once in my letters took the liberty of mentioning to congress, that no dependence could be put in a militia or other troops than those enlisted for a longer period than our regulations heretofore have prescribed. I am persuaded, and as fully convinced as I am of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must of necessity be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defence is left to any but a permanent standing army; I mean one to exist during the war." In consequence of these representations, congress turned its attention earnestly to the state of the army: most of Washington's recommendations were adopted; and in the month of December he was invested with powers which made him, in fact, a military dictator.

Meanwhile, the famous declaration of independence had been passed, by which the name of *colonies* was abolished for ever, and the thirteen provinces constituted into the United States of America. This act was entirely in accordance with the wishes of General Washington, who, with all the leading men in the colonies, had long foreseen the impossibility of any reconciliation with the mother country. A short time after the declaration of independence was passed, Lord Howe, the brother of the British general, arrived from Great Britain as a commissioner from the king, bearing certain terms from the British government. The terms were such as might have had some effect, if they had been offered sooner; but now they came too late.

Lord Howe's mission having proved fruitless, the war was continued. The campaign of the year 1777 did not open till the month of June. During the winter, Washington had been employed in making those preparations which his increased authority now enabled him to effect. The months of June and July were spent in insignificant skirmishing between the two armies. The month of July, however, was signalised by an event of some importance; namely, the arrival from France of the Marquis de Lafayette, with the chivalrous design of fighting on the side of the Americans.

In the end of 1777, the American army was twice defeated—at the Brandywine on the 11th of September, and at Germantown, in Pennsylvania, on the 4th of October. The British entered Philadelphia, and Washington retired into winter quarters at Valley Forge. The winter was one of severe trial to the patience and patriotism of Washington. A volume of spurious letters, said to be his, had been published in London; and now they were reprinted at New York by some of his enemies, and widely circulated. But a more serious trial, and one more likely to produce fatal results, was a cabal against him formed by several of his own officers, assisted by a small party in congress. The leaders in this cabal were General Conway, General Gates, and General Mifflin, and the object they seemed to have in view was the removal of Washington from the supreme command. At first they did succeed in making some impression upon the public mind unfavourable to Washington, but at length the good sense of the majority of congress prevailed, and the cabal was crushed.

After a trying winter, during which all Washington's promptitude and skill were required to prevent his troops from breaking out into mutiny, owing to the want of supplies, the war was resumed in the spring of 1778. Upon the whole, the issue of this campaign was favourable to the Americans. The British were obliged to evacuate Philadelphia, and retreat towards the coast; and although the battle of Monmouth was a drawn one, its results to the Americans were nearly as good as a victory. But the event of the year 1778, which caused the most universal joy in America, was the conclusion of a treaty between the United States and France, by which the French king recognised the independence of the states. This treaty was concluded in May; and in July following, a French fleet, consisting of twelve ships of the line and four frigates, arrived on the American coast, to assist the states against the British. The rest of the year was spent rather in mutual menaces than in actual warfare, and in December the army went into winter quarters on the west of the Hudson. During the winter, a scheme was projected in congress for invading Canada; but in consequence of Washington's representations and remonstrances, it was thrown aside.

The year 1779 was marked by few events of consequence, although the general tenor of the war was in favour of the Americans. The only two circumstances which need be noticed are the expedition against certain Indian tribes which had gone over to the side of the British, and the storming of Stony Point on the 15th of July. In both these enterprises the Americans were successful. In the want of more interesting particulars connected with this period of Washington's life, we shall imitate his biographer's example, and introduce the following letter which he wrote to his friend Dr Cochrane, inviting him to dinner. It will give an idea of Washington's mode of life in the camp, and of his manner when he meant to be playful. The date is 16th August 1779.

"Dear Doctor—I have asked Mrs Cochrane and Mrs Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question whether, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear doctor, yours."

In April 1780, Lafayette returned from a visit to France, bringing intelligence that the French government had fitted out an armament, both of sea and land forces, to assist the Americans, and that its arrival might shortly be expected. Accordingly, on the 10th of July, the French fleet arrived at Rhode Island. It consisted of eight ships of the line and two frigates, commanded by the Chevalier de Fernay, and having on board five thousand troops, commanded by the Count de Rochambeau. A conference was immediately held between Washington and Rochambeau, and a plan of co-operation agreed upon. Nothing of consequence, however, was done during the remainder of the year—the only incident of note being the capture and execution of the unfortunate Major André. It may be proper, for the sake of most of our readers, to give a brief account of this melancholy transaction. One of the commanders of the American army under Washington was General Arnold, who had distinguished himself greatly by his courage and his military talents during the war, and who was at this time invested with the command of West Point and other forts in the highlands. A vain and extravagant man, he had contracted debts far beyond his means of payment; and to extricate himself from these embarrassments, he had fallen upon the desperate resource of treachery. Eighteen months before the period we are now arrived at, he had commenced a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British general, communicating intelligence respecting the plans and movements of the American army. The correspondence was at first anonymous; but at length Arnold threw off his disguise, and Sir Henry Clinton, perceiving the advantage to be derived from the treason, employed Major André, a young, brave, and accomplished British officer, to carry on the communication with Arnold. For some time letters passed between Arnold and André, under the assumed names of *Gustavus* and *John Anderson*, and written in such a manner as to be unintelligible to any party not in the secret. When, however, Arnold was invested with the command of West Point, he made proposals for delivering the fort up to the enemy, and it became necessary that André should have a personal interview with him, to make the final arrangements. An interview was accordingly arranged. The British sloop of war, *Vulture*, with André on board, ascended the Hudson to within a few miles of King's Ferry: André went on shore in the night-time, and met Arnold, who had come thither on purpose. Not being able to finish their business that night, Arnold persuaded André, contrary to his intention, to go within the American lines, and lie concealed during the day at the house of a person of the name of Smith. Leaving him here, Arnold returned in the morning to West Point. In the evening, André having exchanged his regimentals for an ordinary dress, and been provided with a written pass from Arnold, left Smith's house, crossed the river, and took the direction of New York, not being able, as he wished, to return to the Vulture. Next day he was stopped on the road by three militiamen, who searched him, and found papers concealed in his boots. They immediately conveyed him to the nearest American post, the commander of which, on examining the papers found on André's person, perceived them to be in Arnold's handwriting. Stupidly enough, he wrote to Arnold, telling him of the capture of a person calling himself John Anderson, and carrying very strange papers; and the consequence was, that Arnold had time to escape to the British camp. Meanwhile, intelligence of the affair had been conveyed to Washington. The unfortunate André himself wrote to Washington, telling his real name and rank, and explaining the manner in which he had been brought within the American lines. "Against my stipulation," he says, "my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more I must have been affected by the refusal to reconduct me back next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts."

André having been conveyed to the head-quarters of the army at Tappan, a board of officers was summoned by Washington to consider his case. The conclusion they came to was, that André ought to be regarded as a spy, and, according to the law and usage of nations, to suffer death. Washington approved of this decision. Great exertions were made by General Clinton, and by many others, to procure a remission of the sentence in a case so peculiar; but all considerations of private or personal feeling were overcome by the sense of public duty; and harsh as the death of Major André might appear, Washington felt himself bound not to interfere. The only possible way in which André could have been saved, was one which General Clinton could not, consistently with the honour of his country, adopt; namely, the surrender of the traitor Arnold. Meanwhile, the young and unfortunate officer met his fate nobly. On the 1st of October, the day before his death, he wrote as follows to Washington:—"Sir—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet." Even this request could not be complied with, and next day Major André was hanged as a spy. André was a young man of amiable manners and disposition, and his fate was universally lamented both in America and England; and in reading the history of his ignominious death, one is inclined to feel that Washington might with no stretch of humanity or justice have spared his life. It seems at least clear that André was seduced into the position of a spy, and was animated by no dishonourable intention. At the time of his melancholy death, his mother and three sisters were alive in England. Provision was very properly made for them, in testimony of public sympathy with them, and public admiration for the brave and manly conduct of their lost relative; and after the conclusion of the war, Major André's ashes were disinterred, brought to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

The years 1781 and 1782 passed away like those which preceded them, no decisive battles being fought or great victories obtained on either side, but the general tenor of events, both in America and Europe, being favourable to the cause of American independence. The latter year, however, was marked by a very singular incident in the life of Washington. During the whole war, the sluggishness and timidity of congress, and its dilatory method of passing measures the most essential to the public good, had been the subject of great complaint in the army, and at length the feeling of discontent gave rise to sentiments of an anti-republican nature. Judging from the specimen of republican government which they had in the proceedings of congress, the soldiers and officers began to think that affairs would never be well managed, until some one man of ability were placed at the head of the government, if not with the title of king, at least with some other corresponding title. So strong had this conviction become in the army, that at length a number of the officers met, and deputed a veteran colonel to express their sentiments to Washington himself. A long and skilfully-written letter was prepared, in which, after describing the wretched condition of the country, and especially of the army, the writer adds this important paragraph—"This must have shown to all, and to military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army have been able to make by being placed under a proper head. Therefore, I have little doubt that when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out and duly considered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so confounded the ideas of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may therefore be requisite to give the head of such a constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate; but if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages."

This was an important moment in the history of the United States. It has been remarked, that there are two classes of persons who play an important part in revolutions—lawyers and military men. The lawyers usually make themselves conspicuous *during* the revolution; but the military men at last obtain the ascendency, and restore society to order. It was by the power of the army that Cromwell and Napoleon were placed in the supreme civil command, and, in the present case, it was from the army that the proposal originated to make Washington king. Washington, however, declined the proposal, not, probably, from any mere scruple about injuring his fair name with posterity by appearing ambitious, but simply because, in the circumstances of the United States at that time, he may have seen that his accepting the offer would be attended not by good, but by ruinous consequences. The following is the answer which he returned to the letter containing the proposal:—

"NEWBURG, 22*d* *May* 1782.

"SIR—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to such an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, to do justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, sir, &c. GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In May 1782 Sir Guy Carleton arrived at New York, having been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Clinton in the command of the British army. It was apparent, from the tone of his first letters to Washington, that the British government was inclined to make concessions; and in August he gave formal notice that negotiations for a general peace had commenced at Paris, and "that the independence of the United States would be conceded as a preliminary step." By Washington's advice, however, the army was kept entire until the spring of 1783, when the news arrived that the treaty recognising the independence of the states had been actually signed. Nor was this a task of small difficulty; for so large were the arrears of pay due to the officers and men, that it required all the prudence and authority of Washington to prevent the troops from rising in rebellion against the congress which had employed them.

The proclamation of the final cessation of hostilities was made to the American army on the 19th of April 1783, "exactly eight years from the day on which the first blood was shed in this memorable contest at Lexington." Eight years' war had converted what had been a few flourishing colonies of Great Britain into a new and independent state, likely to become ere long one of the most powerful nations on the face of the earth. The war had not been one of daring achievements and brilliant exploits. If viewed in this light, the war of American independence would seem but paltry and insignificant compared with other struggles recorded in history. We do not see in it any of those glorious victories of hundreds over thousands, those flashing acts of individual heroism, or those daring stratagems of military genius, which characterise other wars of similar importance. It was a cool, cautious, defensive war, in which patience and perseverance were the qualities most essential. Nor was Washington a Cæsar or a Napoleon. It would be absurd to name him as a military genius along with these two. But he was gifted with those great moral qualities which the circumstances of the American people required; and if he gained no victories of the first class, and astonished the world by no feats of warlike skill, it is still not the less true, that if the British colonies had not possessed such a man, they would in all probability have failed in the struggle, and remained British colonies still. Let the truth, indeed, be spoken. It was not the bulk of the American people, as represented in congress, who achieved the independence of their country. That congress, by its perverse wrangling and incapability; that people, by their slowness in furnishing supplies, would have ruined all, but for the intrepidity, the patience, and the powers of management of George Washington. Although not what might be called an amiable man, or a man of refined sentiment, few have ever appeared of so well-balanced a character, and uniting the same power of command over men's minds with the same self-denial and want of personal ambition; and probably none but a man of his rigid methodical habits would have been able to preserve order in the American army. Some of Washington's orderly-books during the period of his holding command, contain striking proofs of his strictness as a disciplinarian, and of his watchfulness of everything going on among the troops likely to injure the cause for which they were contending. To complete our idea of Washington as commander-in-chief, we shall select one or two of these entries in the orderly-book.

"November 5, 1775.—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture—at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to express public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

"August 3, 1776.—That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, and on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing—a vice heretofore little known in an American army—is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavour to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

"September 20.—Any soldier or officer who, upon the approach or attack of the enemy's forces by land or water, shall presume to turn his back and flee, shall be instantly shot down; and all good officers are hereby authorised and required to see this done, that the brave and gallant part of the army may not fall a sacrifice to the base and cowardly part, nor share their disgrace in a cowardly and unmanly retreat."

"November 22, 1777.—The commander-in-chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person who shall, by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw hides. The commissary of hides is to furnish the hides, and the major-general of the day is to judge of the essays, and assign the reward to the best artist."

What were Washington's thoughts and feelings at the restoration of peace, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter which he wrote to Lafayette in April 1783:—"We are now an independent people, and have yet to learn political tactics. We are placed among the nations of the earth, and have a character to establish; but how we shall acquit ourselves, time must discover. The probability is (at least I fear it), that local or state politics will interfere too much with the more liberal and extensive plan of government which wisdom and foresight, freed from the mist of prejudice, would dictate; and that we shall be guilty of many blunders in treading this boundless theatre, before we shall have arrived at any perfection in this art."

Part of the summer of 1783 was spent by Washington in a tour through the northern states; and it was during this tour that he struck out a plan of great importance, which has since been carried into effect—a water communication between the Hudson and the great lakes. Returning from this tour, he attended the congress then sitting at Princetown, where he was received with the highest honours. On the 18th of October the army was disbanded by congress; on the 2d of November Washington issued his farewell address to it; on the 4th of December he dined with his officers at New York, now evacuated by the British troops; and on the 23d of the same month he resigned his commission into the hands of congress. "Having now," he said in the conclusion of his address, "finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life." Next day he left Annapolis, and proceeded to Mount Vernon, which he had only visited twice during more than eight years.

RETIREMENT INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

Washington was now once more a private citizen, devoting himself to those agricultural pursuits in which he took so much delight. Arrived at the age of fifty-two, he again "trod the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction." "Envious of none," he wrote to a friend, "I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I shall move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

For three years Washington pursued this equable course of life, finding his delight in farming, planting, and gardening. Mount Vernon had been celebrated for its hospitality even before Washington had risen to the high station which he had recently occupied; and now, when visitors were constantly pouring in upon him, Europeans and Americans, noblemen and commoners, old friends and new acquaintances, authors and ordinary men, authoresses and ordinary women, the hospitality had to be resumed on a more extensive scale, and Mrs Washington's powers of household arrangement were sufficiently tested. During these three years of private life, Mr Sparks informs us Washington's "habits were uniform, and nearly the same as they had been previous to the war. He rose before the sun, and employed himself in his study, writing letters or reading till the hour of breakfast; when breakfast was over, his horse was ready at the door, and he rode to his farms, and gave directions for the day to the managers and labourers. Horses were likewise prepared for his guests whenever they chose to accompany him, or to amuse themselves by excursions into the country. Returning from his fields, and despatching such business as happened to be on hand, he went again to his study, and continued there till three o'clock, when he was summoned to dinner. The remainder of the day and the evening were devoted to company, or to recreation in the family circle. At ten he retired to rest. From these habits he seldom deviated, unless compelled to do so by particular circumstances."

The even tenor of Washington's life was soon to be interrupted. The war was now over, but much remained to be done. The great difficulty was, to devise a federal form of government, one which would give the states the strength of a united nation, without trenching on the privileges and interests of each particular state. The general feeling was against investing congress with much controlling authority. Washington saw the evil of this; and, in his letters to his friends, he spoke strongly on the necessity of a central and supreme government.

At length, after considerable prevarication and delay, a convention of deputies from all the states was agreed upon, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Washington was unanimously elected one of the deputies to this convention from the state of Virginia; and although somewhat reluctant, he consented to attend. Immediately on his appointment, he set about preparing himself diligently, by the study of history, for the important duties which, as a member of the convention, he would be called upon to perform. He examined carefully, we are told, all those confederacies of the ancient and modern world which appeared most to resemble that which he was about to assist in erecting. He also read and abridged several standard works on political science, to store his mind with those general ideas for which he supposed he would have occasion in the convention. Thus prepared, he set out for Philadelphia, where the convention met on the 14th of May 1787, consisting of deputies from all the states except Rhode Island. Washington was unanimously called to the chair. After sitting five or six hours daily for nearly four months, the convention announced the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution for the United States of America. This constitution was accepted with remarkable unanimity all over the states. Benjamin Franklin, one of the members of the convention, thus expressed his opinion of it:—"I consent to this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good." And Washington's opinion was exactly the same. "In the aggregate," he said, "it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch."

After all the states had signified their acceptance of the constitution, congress passed an act, appointing the first Wednesday of February 1789 as the day on which the people were to choose the electors of the president, according to the provision made in the constitution, and the first Wednesday of March as the day on which these electors were to meet and choose the president. When the day of election came, the electors did their duty, by unanimously declaring George Washington the first president of the United States. Leaving Mount Vernon on the 16th of April 1789, he set out for New York. The journey was a triumphal procession; people gathered all along the road; and his entry into every town was celebrated by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannons. He made his public entry into New York on the 23d of April; and on the 30th, he was solemnly inaugurated, and took the oaths of office. He was now fifty-seven years of age.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As soon as Washington had assumed the presidency, he requested the heads of the various departments of the government, as it was then carried on—the secretary of state, the secretary of war, the secretary of foreign affairs, and the secretaries of the treasury—to draw up an elaborate report, each of the affairs of his own department. These reports Washington read and condensed with his own hand; and at the same time he perused with care the whole of the official records from the treaty of peace down to his own election to the presidency, making an abridgment of them for his own use. Thus he acquired a thorough understanding of the condition of the nation over which he presided.

We have seen that, while commander-in-chief of the armies, Washington exercised a vigilant superintendence over his private affairs, and this superintendence he continued to exercise while burdened with the cares of civil government. Every week he received accurate reports from the manager he had left in charge of Mount Vernon, these reports being drawn up according to a form which he had himself prepared. In this way he perceived what was going on at Mount Vernon almost as distinctly as if he had been on the spot; and once a-week at least he wrote a letter of directions to his bailiff, in reply to the reports sent. So laboriously accurate was he, that this letter of directions was usually copied from a rough draft. It is another proof of the extreme interest which Washington took in agricultural pursuits, that, during his presidency, he kept up a correspondence with the most skilful agriculturists both in Europe and America, exchanging his ideas on the subject with them.

At first there was no established etiquette at Washington's court as to the times when he should receive visitors; and the consequence was, that he had to receive them at all times, from morning till night, just as they pleased to come. To put a stop to this torrent of people, it was arranged that Washington should receive ordinary visitors on Tuesdays only, from three to four o'clock; while Mrs Washington in like manner received visitors on Fridays, from three to five o'clock, the president being always present at her levees. He never accepted any invitations to dinner; but every day, except Sunday, he invited to his own table a number of guests, official persons, private friends, or foreigners who were introduced to him. On Sundays he received no company: in the mornings he regularly attended church; and the evenings he spent in the society of his own family, and such intimate friends as were privileged to drop in. During the first year of Washington's presidency his mother died at the age of eighty-two.

The first session of congress under his presidency was spent in organising the several departments of the executive. Washington, as president, nominated the heads of these departments. The celebrated Thomas Jefferson he appointed secretary of state; Alexander Hamilton, whose political opinions were considerably less democratic than Jefferson's, was named secretary of the treasury; Henry Knox was continued in the office of secretary of war; Edmund Randolph was made attorney-general; and John Jay chief justice. These appointments reflected great credit on Washington's sagacity and impartiality.

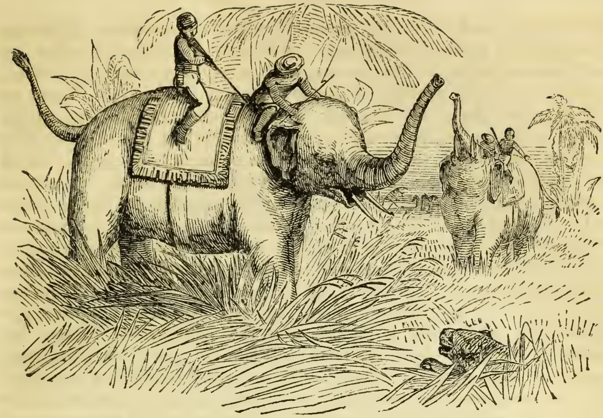
It is impossible, in such a paper as the present, to sketch the history of Washington's presidency; suffice it to say, that the same talents and probity which had characterised him hitherto, appeared conspicuously in the discharge of the new duties which now fell to his lot. In nothing was his ability more manifest than in the manner in which he maintained the balance between the two political parties into which his own cabinet and the nation generally split—the federal party, whose aim was to strengthen the central authority, and the democratic party, whose aim was to increase the power of the citizens in their local courts, and in the separate state legislatures. The head of the former party was Henderson; the head of the latter was Jefferson. Washington personally inclined to the former; but, as president, he made it his object to make the different elements work as harmoniously as possible. It was impossible, however, to prevent the parties from diverging more and more; and as Washington's term of presidency was drawing to a close, fears began to be entertained of the consequences which might result from such a division of opinion. The nation had not yet been consolidated, and a struggle between the federal and the democratic party might produce the most disastrous effects. The only means of preventing such a calamity, was the re-election of Washington for another term of four years. Accordingly, all his friends and the members of his cabinet earnestly solicited him to allow himself to be re-elected. With considerable reluctance Washington yielded to these solicitations, and suffered himself to be re-elected. The time of his re-election was just that at which the French Revolution was at its height; and it required all Washington's skill and strength of purpose to prevent the United States from being drawn into the vortex of a European war. But although he succeeded in preserving the neutrality of the states, there were many citizens who sympathised with the French revolutionists, and the democratic party, with Jefferson at its head, was gaining ground. So vehement did the struggle between the two parties become towards the end of Washington's second presidency, that even he did not escape the attacks of calumny, and the accusations of an excited public.

So disturbed was the state of political opinion in the union, that many were anxious that Washington should, for a third time, accept the office of president; but against this proposal he was resolute. Accordingly, in 1797, the election of a new president took place. John Adams, of the federalist party, having the largest number of votes, was declared president; Thomas Jefferson, of the democratic party, having the next largest number, was appointed vice-president. Adams was inaugurated on the 4th of March; and immediately after the ceremony Washington retired to Mount Vernon, where he resided for two years and a half, finding a recreation in his old age in those quiet agricultural pursuits which had always been his delight. On the rumour of the probability of a war with France, he was, indeed, appointed commander-in-chief; but he had no occasion to take the field. His health continued to be remarkably good; and, to all appearance, the day of his death was yet distant. But on the 12th of December 1799, having gone out as usual to give directions to his labourers, he was overtaken, when riding home, by a storm of sleet and rain. When he came in, his neck was wet, and the snow had lodged itself in the locks of his hair. Next day he felt that he had taken a cold, but anticipated no danger. He read the newspapers as usual, seemed very cheerful, and when asked to take something for his cold, said, "No; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came." Before morning he was much worse; he breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely speak. He had himself bled by one of his overseers, and his friend Dr Craik was sent for. The remedies tried produced no effect. A little after four, he desired Mrs Washington to bring two wills which she would find in his desk. After looking at them, he gave her one, which he said was useless, as it was superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it; which she did. Shortly after, he said to Mr Tobias Lear, who lived with him in the capacity of secretary and superintendent of his affairs, "I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun." To Dr Craik he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go." For some hours he was uneasy and restless, often asking what o'clock it was. About ten, he said with some difficulty to Mr Lear, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." Towards eleven o'clock, he died without a struggle or sigh. Mrs Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked, "Is he gone?" "It is well," she said, when told that he was; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

Washington died on the 14th of December 1799, aged sixty-seven years. He was buried at Mount Vernon on the 18th. The news of his death was speedily carried through America, and all over Europe; and everywhere men vied with each other in doing honour to his memory.

One circumstance connected with the death of this great man it is gratifying to record. On his estate, as we have already mentioned, there was a large number of negro slaves. Part of these belonged to Washington himself; the rest were the property of Mrs Washington. During his life, the founder of American liberty seems to have acted, in the matter of slaves, in no more humane or enlightened spirit than any other Virginia gentleman of the time; but at his death he left a benevolent clause in his will, directing that all the slaves he possessed in his own right should be emancipated after Mrs Washington's death. During her life, they were still to continue slaves, because their emancipation during that period, "though earnestly wished by him, would be attended with insuperable difficulties," on account of their intermarriage with Mrs Washington's own negroes, whom it was not in his power to manumit. At Mrs Washington's death, however, his executors, or the survivors of them, were solemnly enjoined to see the clause in his will respecting the emancipation of the slaves, and every part thereof, "religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay." Such of the negroes thus emancipated as should be old and unable to work, were to be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs so long as they lived. Such of the young negroes as might have no parents living at the date of their emancipation, or whose parents might be unable or unwilling to provide for them, were to be "bound by the court till they should arrive at the age of twenty-five years;" and negro children thus bound were to "be taught to read and write, and brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the commonwealth of Virginia providing for the support of orphan and other poor children." In the meantime, until the emancipation should take place, he expressly forbade "the sale or transportation out of the commonwealth of any slave he might die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever." To one of his slaves, a mulatto-man named William Lee, he granted immediate liberty, with an annuity of thirty dollars.

The character of Washington has been often sketched, but probably never with such truth and ability as by his contemporary, and, in many respects, his rival in greatness, Thomas Jefferson. "Although, in the circle of his friends," says Jefferson, "where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in the mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from men an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example."



ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

THE elephant is the largest and most powerful of all living quadrupeds, and may be regarded as a remnant of those gigantic races which were common at an earlier period of the earth's history. Specimens have been found upwards of twelve feet high from the sole of the foot to the ridge of the shoulder, above five tons in weight, and capable of carrying enormous burdens. In general figure, the animal seems clumsy and awkward, but this is fully compensated by the litheness and agility of his trunk. His legs are necessarily massive, for the support of such a huge body; but though apparently stiff, they are by no means the unwieldy members which many suppose. He can kneel and rise with facility; can use the fore-feet by way of hand in holding down branches while he strips off the foliage with his trunk; employ his feet in stamping his enemies to death; and has been known to travel even with a heavy load from fifty to seventy miles in twenty-four hours. His feet, which are internally divided into toes, are externally gathered into a round cushioned mass, protected by flattish nails, and are therefore unfitted for walking on roads or rocky ground. Less bulky in the hinder quarters, his strength accumulates in his chest and neck, the latter of which is short and well adapted for the support of the head and trunk, which are his principal organs of action and defence.

Compared with the bulk of his body, the head appears small; but not so when we take into account the weight and size of its appendages. These are pendulous ears, a couple of gigantic tusks in the male, and the proboscis or trunk, which in large specimens is capable of reaching to a distance of seven or eight feet. In the Indian species,* the ears are rather small, but in the African they are so large, that the Boers and Hottentots make use of them as trucks when dried. The tusks, which correspond to the canine teeth of other quadrupeds, appear only in the upper jaw fully developed in the male, and only partially so in the female. These he employs as his main weapons of defence, as well as in clearing away obstructions from his path, and in grubbing up succulent roots, of which he is particularly fond. The largest pair in the Paris Museum of Natural History is seven feet in length, and about half a foot in diameter at the base; but specimens of much larger dimensions are mentioned by early authors, whose accounts, however, have the disadvantage of being regarded as somewhat apocryphal. The eye of the elephant is small, but brilliant; and though, from the position in the head, it is incapable of backward and upward vision, yet this defect is remedied in a great degree by the acuteness of his hearing. Indeed all his senses are peculiarly keen, and concentrated, as it were, around the proboscis, for the purpose of directing more immediately the motions of that indispensable mechanism.

The trunk is of a tapering form, and composed of several thousand minute muscles, which cross and interlace each other, so as to give it the power of stretching and contracting, of turning itself in every direction, and of feeling and grasping with a delicacy and strength which is altogether astonishing. It encloses the nostrils, and has the power of inflating itself, of drawing in water, or of ejecting it with violence; it also terminates on the upper side in a sort of fleshy finger, and below in a similar protuberance, which answers to the opposing power of the thumb, and thus it can lift the minutest object. "Endowed," says an eloquent writer, "with exquisite sensibility, nearly eight feet in length, and stout in proportion to the massive size of the whole animal, this organ, at the volition of the elephant, will uproot trees or gather grass, raise a piece of artillery or pick up a comfit, kill a man or brush off a fly. It conveys the food to the mouth, and pumps up the enormous draughts of water which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat, or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks of the animal."

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* In systems of natural history, the elephant ranks with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned class of animals, and forms the type of the *Proboscidean* order; that is, those which are furnished with a proboscis or prehensile trunk. There are only two species of the genus *Elephas*—namely, the Asiatic and the African; the latter being distinguished from the former by its large pendulous ears, less elevated head, and some minor peculiarities interesting only to professed naturalists. The *Mammoth*, whose remains are found so abundantly in Siberia, is another species which appears to have become extinct within a very recent period.

The skin of the elephant, like that of the horse, is extremely sensitive; and though in domesticated specimens it appears chapped and callous, yet in a state of nature it is smooth, and sufficiently delicate to feel the attack of the tiniest insect; hence his care in syringing it with his trunk, in varnishing it with dust and saliva, and in fanning himself, as he often does, with a leafy bough. It possesses the same muscular peculiarity as the skin of the horse, and can, by its shuddering motion, remove the smallest object from its surface. The colour is generally of a dusky black, but individuals are occasionally found of a dull brown, or nearly white. Albinos, or rather cream-whites, are, however, extremely rare, and are treated with divine honours by some of the eastern nations, as in Siam, Ava, and the Burman empire.

NATURAL HABITS.

In its mode of life the elephant is strictly herbivorous, feeding upon rank grass, young shoots of trees, and succulent roots. His whole conformation is eminently fitted for such subsistence, and points to the tropical valley and fertile river-side as the localities where he can enjoy at all seasons herbage and water in abundance. Though created for the jungle and forest, where heat and moisture are the chief vegetative agents, yet the elephant, by his weight and size, is excluded from the swamp. He bathes in the river and lake only where the bottom is firm and secure, and rolls on the sward or in the forest glade, and not in the marsh, where he would inevitably sink beyond the means of extrication. Confined to the regions of an almost perpetual summer, he grubs up roots with his tusks, pulls down branches with his trunk to browse on their foliage, or feeds on the luxuriant herbage, enjoying greater ease and security than any other quadruped. His great size and strength place him beyond the dread of other animals; and, like all the herbivora, he is of mild disposition, having no occasion to wage war upon others for the satisfaction of his natural cravings.

In India, the head-quarters of the animal are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the Western Ghauts, but more especially the former. The forests on the Tippera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained; and there they are still numerous, being found in herds of about a hundred in number. In Africa, they were, till recently, pretty numerous in Cape Colony; but the progress of civilisation has driven them inland, and they are now to be met with in droves only in the more fertile plains and along the river margins of Caffraria. During the time of the Carthaginians, the north of Africa appears to have been also numerously stocked with elephants; but this district they have long since abandoned; and even in the western regions, which furnished ivory in abundance during the early settlement of the Portuguese, they have become almost extinct. We know too little of the interior of that great continent, to say in what numbers they may exist in the plains drained by the Tchad, Niger, and other tropical rivers; but there, we presume, they still roam in undiminished numbers. Like most vegetable feeders, they are gregarious; and the herd is generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail, and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. By these means food, friends, and foes appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance.

The elephant has three distinct notes of intercommunication. The first is rather clear and shrill—a trumpet note produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good humour, and all is safe; the second is a growl or groan issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; and the third, which is loud and long, like the roaring of the lion, is the war-cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. The members of the herd seldom roam far from each other, and even then the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength, will hardly venture to attack the elephant. Should he do so, the male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy, but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight. In their native forests, therefore, elephants, whether acting singly or in concert, are invincible to all enemies save man. The latter, even in his rudest state, has only to light a fire, and the huge brute flies in the utmost consternation; or he digs a pit and covers it with turf, and the animal falls into it, helpless, and at his mercy; or it may be that he tips his arrow with the vegetable poisons which experience has enabled him to practise, and the fatal substance benumbs and curdles the blood of his victim.

A herd of these gigantic animals browsing in their native forests must be an imposing spectacle: here a group stripping the well-foliaged branches, there another twisting the long grass into bundles; here a set listlessly flapping their ears under the shade, there another toying with each other, "making unwieldy merriment." The enjoyment of this primitive scene is, however, somewhat disturbed by the consideration of the ravage and destruction which the herd commits. It is not so much the amount of food which they consume, as the immense quantity they destroy with their feet; hence the dread of the settler on the confines of the forests they frequent—the labour of a season being often destroyed in a single night. Having satisfied their hunger, the herd either recline under the shade, or more frequently stand dosing with their sides leaning against the trunk of some stately tree. Thirst, however, soon drives them from their indolent repose; and nothing does the elephant enjoy more than to drink and bathe himself in the running stream.

"Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder palm, with waving motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He waves it to and fro."

Provided with a powerful structure, and enjoying abundance of ease and food, the elephant in general attains to a very old age. The ancients ascribed to him a life of three or four hundred years; but, without laying much stress on their opinion, we have undoubted evidence of even domesticated specimens reaching the great age of one hundred and thirty years. The peculiar provision made for the renewal of his teeth—which are unique in the animal creation—shows that nature intended him for a lengthened existence; for, while in a limited number of years the teeth of other animals wear down and fall out, the elephant's are in a continual state of progression, so that they are as powerful at the age of eighty as they were at eighteen. There is a limit, however, to the duration of all organised being; and in course of years the joints of the elephant become stiff, his skin hard and chapped, his appetite fails, and being unable to follow the herd, he gradually sinks under the weight of years and infirmity. The young elephant, which at its birth is little larger than an ordinary calf, is of slow growth, arriving at maturity in not less than eight or ten years. It is very playful and harmless; and though suckled for a considerable time, is said to receive but a very scanty share of maternal affection. On this head, however, we have few opportunities of judging; we know little of the animal in a truly natural state, and it breeds too seldom in captivity to be observed with accuracy.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

Man, standing in relation of superior to the brute creation, is necessitated to use this power for various purposes. He hunts them for their flesh, for their skins, or for some other substance of utility; he destroys them because they are obnoxious to his cultivated fields, or dangerous to his personal safety; he subjugates and trains them for the assistance they can yield him; or it may be that he chases them for mere amusement. Thus it is with the elephant. The Caffre hunts him for his flesh, which to him is a dainty, and for his ivory tusks, which he barters with the European; the settler digs the pit and levels the rifle, to protect his crops and enclosures; the Hindoo subjugates the powerful brute for the purposes of burthen; and the English officer in India talks of "bagging" elephants for sport. Whatever be the ultimate object, the pursuit of such a huge and sagacious animal must be attended with no small danger; hence the exciting descriptions with which books of eastern travel abound. Of these, with which we could fill volumes, we shall select one or two striking examples.

The ordinary modes of capture resorted to by rude nations are, poisoned arrows, pitfalls, and cutting the hamstrings of the animal. The two former are accomplished with little risk, but the latter requires great address and ingenuity. It is thus described by Bruce, as practised by the Africans, to whom elephant's flesh is a necessary as well as a luxury:—"Two men, absolutely naked, without any rag or covering at all about them, get on horseback; this precaution is for fear of being laid hold of by the trees or bushes, in making their escape from a very watchful enemy. One of these riders sits upon the back of the horse, sometimes with a saddle, and sometimes without one, with only a switch or short stick in one hand, carefully managing the bridle with the other; behind him sits his companion, who has no other arms but a broadsword, such as is used by the Slavonians, and which is brought from Trieste. His left hand is employed in grasping the sword by the handle; about fourteen inches of the blade being covered with whip-cord. This part he takes in his right hand, without any danger of being hurt by it; and, though the edges of the lower part of the sword are as sharp as a razor, he carries it without a scabbard.

"As soon as the elephant is found feeding, the horseman rides before him, as near his face as possible; or, if he flies, crosses him in all directions, crying out, 'I am such a man and such a man; this is my horse, that has such a name; I killed your father in such a place, and your grandfather in such another place, and I am now come to kill you; you are but an ass in comparison of them.' This nonsense he verily believes the elephant understands, who, chafed and angry at hearing the noise immediately before him, seeks to seize him with his trunk or proboscis; and, intent upon this, follows the horse everywhere, turning and turning round with him, neglectful of making his escape by running straight forward, in which consists his only safety. After having made him turn once or twice in pursuit of the horse, the horseman rides close up alongside of him, and drops his companion just behind on the off-side; and while he engages the elephant's attention upon the horse, the footman behind gives him a drawn stroke just above the heel, or what in man is called the tendon of Achilles. This is the critical moment; the horseman immediately wheels round, takes his companion up behind him, and rides off at full speed after the rest of the herd, if they have started more than one; and sometimes an expert agageer will kill three out of one herd. If the sword is good, and the man not afraid, the tendon is commonly entirely separated; and if it is not cut through, it is generally so far divided that the animal, with the stress he puts upon it, breaks the remaining part asunder. In either case he remains incapable of advancing a step, till the horseman's return; or his companions coming up, pierce him through with javelins and lances: he then falls to the ground, and expires with loss of blood."

In South Africa, the musket and rifle take the place of the knife, and as in this case the hunter requires to be on his feet, the danger of the chase is greatly increased. The life of the Hottentot elephant hunter is indeed one of imminent peril, and few practise it for many years without being maimed or crushed to death by the infuriated animals. They are a brave, fearless set of men, encountering every species of risk, and enduring fatigue with a courage that is truly wonderful. Accompanied by a few such spirits, the European resident generally sets out on a hunting expedition—indeed it would be madness in him to enter the bush without such an escort. We have a spirited account of such an adventure in the following personal narrative of Lieutenant Moodie:—"In the year 1821, I had joined the recently-formed semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg, on the picturesque banks of the Gualana, beyond the Great Fish River. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the Royal African Corps) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure I had witnessed an elephant hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect, but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

"On the following day, one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters, but, from losing my way in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them until after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of '*Passop!*—Look out!' coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her or not. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the R. A. corps, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retiring, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind-feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow; but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

"On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me alone and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr Knight of the Cape regiment, and I, were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the R. A. corps, of the name of M'Clane, attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing, carried him some distance in his trunk, then threw him down, and bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore-legs. Then seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the furious animal, but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly.

"Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore-leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female before-mentioned (my personal antagonist), regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him; and when he attempted to walk, she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from Mr C. Mackenzie of the R. A. corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon after received a mortal wound also from the same officer.

"Thus ended our elephant hunt; and I need hardly say that what we witnessed on this occasion of the intrepidity and ferocity of these powerful animals, rendered us more cautious in our dealings with them for the future."

We might extend our narrative of such adventures almost indefinitely, and the recital would present but little variation. The same mode of life, the same difficulty in getting near the watchful animals, the same accounts of resentment when they are wounded or infuriated, and the same tale of butchery when neither necessity nor safety requires the sacrifice. In the jungles of Hindostan and Ceylon, similar hunting-matches are sometimes got up by British officers, but the entangled state of the bush, and the danger of encountering the tiger or lion, happily render such "sport" of comparatively rare occurrence. The African values the elephant only for his tusks and some tid-bits of his carcase; the Indian regards him as a powerful auxiliary in labour and war, or as an indispensable adjunct of royal equipage. The former presents himself as a mere destroyer; the latter becomes a guardian and preceptor, and finds himself rewarded in proportion to the pains and kindness he bestows upon his gigantic captive.

CAPTURE OF THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA.

The object of the hunter in India being to obtain a large and powerful assistant in toil, he accordingly practises more merciful methods of capture. It is obvious, however, that to secure an animal so sagacious and strong, not only great ingenuity, but very forcible means, must be called into operation. The means most commonly employed are the noose, the pitfall, decoy females, and the kraal or keddah. Pliny, speaking of the capture of elephants in his time, says, "The Indian hunter mounts an individual already tamed; and meeting with a wild one separated from the herd, he pursues it and strikes it, until it becomes so exhausted, that he can leap from the one to the other, and thus reduce the animal to obedience." The animals in Pliny's time must either have been more stupid, or the hunters more expert than they are now, for no such procedure would at present be found effectual. The capture and subjugation of an elephant is a work requiring great skill, caution, and patience; and we presume the Roman naturalist took his ideas from the trained ones accompanying the armies of the Empire, rather than from the wild specimens of the Indian jungle.

The noose or slip-knot is seldom resorted to, unless with very young and small specimens. This mode is something similar to that practised by the American gaucho in capturing the wild horse of the Pampas—the slip-knot or *phaum* of the Hindoo being the equivalent of the *lasso*. Mounted on well-trained elephants, two or three hunters surround a wild one, and entangle him with their phaums: he strains and struggles, but the tame ones resist his efforts, or he is strapped to a tree, till hunger and exhaustion reduce him to submission. He is then released, and driven off between the tame ones; and in a few months yields his master all but implicit obedience. The pitfall is a less skilful and more dangerous method, in so far as the safety of the animal is concerned. A pit, carefully concealed with green boughs and turf, is dug in a path, over which the hunter endeavours to force the animal by blazing the herbage behind him. The alarmed elephant blindly hurries forward, and is precipitated into the excavation, where he is allowed to remain till he exhausts his rage, and begins to feel the cravings of hunger. Grass, rice, cane-shoots, and other delicacies, are supplied him by degrees; and being well secured with ropes, he is at last encouraged to raise himself from his confinement. This is done by throwing into the pit fagots and bundles of forage, which he places under his feet, till he is brought near to the surface, when forth he steps fettered, but sufficiently subdued to be mounted by a skilful driver.

Decoy females are often used, and in some of the countries bordering Hindostan, are said to be the only means employed in the capture of the large solitary males. Having watched a strayed one till a favourable opportunity occurs, the hunters urge the decoys, or *koomkees,* forward; and so thoroughly conscious are these of their duty, that they approach their victim with all possible wiles and blandishments. The hunters having concealed themselves in the bush, the females begin to browse, gradually nearing the male, yet all the while feigning the utmost indifference. By and by he begins to approach them, and offer his attentions, caressing them with his trunk, and being caressed in return. During the intoxication of his pleasure, the hunters creep cautiously forward, and entangle his legs with thongs; an operation in which they are sometimes assisted by the wily koomkees. Having attached these thongs to well-secured ropes, the decoys are ordered aside, and the victim feeling his position, struggles, roars, and becomes infuriated. Occasionally, in the paroxysms of his rage, he bursts asunder his fetters, and escapes to the forest; but in general he is too well secured, and merely exhausts himself by his fruitless efforts.

In India proper, and in Ceylon, the capture of elephants is generally conducted on a more extensive scale by the kraal or keddah. This is a large enclosure formed of one, two, or three rows of strong posts, into which the animals are driven from the surrounding country, and then secured by means of skilful hunters, and tame elephants trained for the purpose. Books of eastern travel abound with descriptions of keddah hunts; but instead of gleaning from these, we shall transcribe the narrative of a friend, who several years ago participated in the sport in the district of Kundy. After describing the preliminaries, which seem to have thrown the whole district into a ferment, he thus proceeds with his spirited description:—"With respect to the kraal, it was nothing more than an enclosure about two hundred yards long, and nearly square in form, made with very strong posts, or rather small trees, stuck into the ground, and bound together. The inside was a thick jungle, with large trees in it, and the outside the same, excepting where it was cleared sufficiently to admit of the fence and a path round it. The entrance was about ten feet wide, with deep holes ready for the stakes to be driven in the moment the poor brutes were entrapped. It was covered over by a few green boughs, and is generally so contrived as to be in a track the elephants are in the habit of following. Kraals are only constructed in parts of the country frequented by elephants, and when it is known that there is a herd in the neighbourhood. As soon as the enclosure is finished, the elephants are surrounded by a crowd of people, who form a circle from the entrance of the kraal, and enclose them within it. This circle of course is very large, and varies according to circumstances; in this instance, when we arrived, the animals were enclosed in a circle of about two miles. Whenever they attempt to break through, they are driven back by the people, who shout and yell with all their might, beat the tom-toms, discharge guns, and at night fires are lighted at every ten or twelve yards' distance round the circle, and this always frightens the elephants. The natives are most anxious to have them destroyed, as they do much mischief, particularly to their paddy-fields; so that at all the kraals the natives in hundreds volunteer their services, which of course are gladly accepted. Government gives a premium of £3 for every elephant captured.

" A very large tree at one end of the enclosure was selected for the spectators, on which, about one-third of the height up, was laid a platform capable of holding thirty or forty people, and formed of small branches fastened together by what is called jungle rope, which is nothing more than the creepers which are twisted round every tree and bush. A very large party of us sat down to an excellent breakfast in the tents; and the yelling appearing to come nearer and nearer, we were advised to make the best of our way to the tree, which we ascended by a steep ladder, and found it very comfortable, as we were completely shaded from the sun by an awning of cocoa-nut leaves. Having gained this commanding point, our patience was tried for several hours; for though the elephants were often so near the entrance that we could see the bushes move, and sometimes their ears flapping, yet they always broke away again, till at last, about three o'clock, eight elephants were driven into the kraal. Then the noise of the people became deafening, and their shouts and yells of triumph drove the poor creatures on; and we had a fine view of them as they came rushing towards us, crushing the jungle in every direction. The posts were immediately put down at the entrance, and the natives stationed themselves all round the fence; and whenever the animals came near it, they were driven back by their howling and waving white sticks at them. It is said that the elephant particularly dislikes white, which is the reason the wands are flourished; but perhaps it is that white is more conspicuous than anything else among the dark green. They were driven back several times, till they had half-exhausted themselves, and were then comparatively quiet in the thickest cover they could find, and all we saw was an occasional shower of earth that they tossed over their bodies with their trunks.

"Having thus so far succeeded, the next thing was to secure them; and for this purpose the tame elephants were introduced into the kraal. Six very large ones were brought in, just under our tree, and began breaking down the jungle and clearing a space round the large trees, to which it was intended to tie the wild ones. It was really wonderful to see them twining their trunks round some of the smaller trees, and with two or three good shakes laying them flat. They sometimes pushed their head against a tree, so as to bring the whole force of their body upon it, and then down it came; as for the brushwood, part of which was upwards of six feet high, they really mowed it down with their trunks. In about an hour's time the whole was, comparatively speaking, clear, and the poor herd had no longer any hiding-place, but stood all huddled close together in a little thicket about the middle of the kraal. There was one very little thing among them, not much bigger than a large pig, and they seemed to take the greatest care of him, keeping him in the centre of them.

"Each tame elephant had two men on his back, one to guide him, and the other to noose the wild ones, who did not seem to be much afraid of them, as they allowed them to come very near, and then walked rather slowly away. One of the tame ones then followed in the most stealthy and treacherous manner possible; and when he came close enough to the wild one, he began coaxing and tickling him with his trunk, whilst the man with the noose, which is fastened round the tame one's neck, slipped off his back with it, and watched his opportunity to throw it over the hind leg of the other. He soon did this, as apparently the tame one gave the wild elephant a poke with his tusk, which made him lift his leg as if to move on; and in a moment he was a prisoner. While the man was thus employed, it was curious to see the care which the tame elephant took of him, interposing his huge head in such a manner that the wild one could not touch him; and if he should fail of securing the wild elephant, which sometimes happens, the tame one puts out his leg for the man to mount on his back, and sets off in pursuit again, which is sure to be successful in the end.

"When the poor animal was noosed, he set up a dreadful yell, and tried to escape; but that was impossible, for the other tame elephants came up and headed him, whichever way he attempted to go; whilst the one to which he was fastened bent his body the way he wished to take him, and pulled him along with all his strength to the tree to which he was to be tied. When he was dragged close to it, the tame one walked round it two or three times with the rope, till he was quite secure. Another came to his other side, and thus he was wedged so closely between them, that he could not make much resistance; and if he did, he was immediately thrust at with the tusks of both of them. In this way his legs were all firmly tied to two trees by great cable ropes.

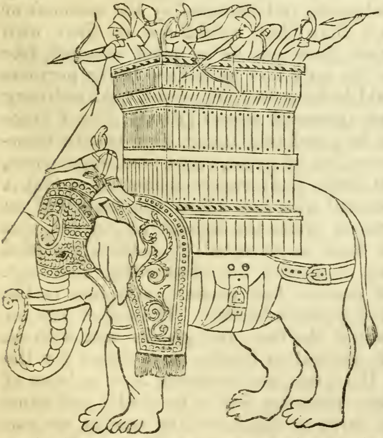
"When the tame ones left him to go in search of the others, he began struggling most furiously, and moaned and bellowed in a very melancholy manner, frequently throwing himself on the ground, and digging his teeth into the earth, while the tears were rolling down his face. Although I came on purpose to see all this, and should have been much disappointed if I had not, still I could not help feeling very sorry to see the noble animal suffering so acutely. My consolation was, that some day he would have the pleasure of doing the same to others; for it really seemed a pleasure to the tame ones. His cries brought back the rest of the herd, who looked at him through the bushes, but did not attempt a rescue, which they often do, but took to their heels whenever they saw the tame ones turn in their direction.

"In this manner they were all secured, excepting the little one, as he could not do much harm, and always kept close to his mother, who was very quiet, and was therefore only tied by three legs. A young elephant is, I think, the drollest-looking creature possible. This one was supposed to be about three months old, and was not above three feet high; but it made more noise than all the rest, and trumpeted and charged in great style."

DOMESTICATION AND EMPLOYMENT.

Strictly speaking, the elephant cannot be classed with domesticated animals. When tamed and trained, he is no doubt a useful assistant, and is capable of performing duties which no other of the brute creation could approach; still he is not domesticated in the sense in which we apply the term to the horse, the ox, and the dog. These live with us, breed with us, die with us; their progeny partaking of the qualities of the parents, and being subject in course of time to innumerable modifications, as man may desire. Not so with the elephant. The huge, docile brute, adorned with the trappings of eastern pomp, was but a few months ago the inhabitant of the jungle—the same as his progenitors have been for ages. In captivity, the animal breeds but sparingly, grows slowly, and is expensive to maintain; and thus man is nearer his purpose to throw the noose or erect the keddah, when his stock requires to be replenished. Subjugation has effected no change on the form of the elephant, as on that of the horse and ox, either for better or for worse; and though his natural endowments admit of ingenious training, yet is he not domesticated. He is the servant-captive rather than the associate of man.

At what time the elephant was first subjugated, and trained to take part in the court and military equipage of the East, we have no means of knowing. His form appears on the most ancient Hindoo sculptures; he figures in their mythology; and he is spoken of with pride and veneration in their earliest records. In that fertile and luxurious region he had been trained for centuries before the names of Greece and Rome were known, and even long before the people of Western Asia had passed from the primitive or pastoral condition. By the time of Herodotus, who visited Babylon about 500 years before the Christian era, elephants were common at that city; and about a century later, Ctesias witnessed them in the same place "overthrow palm trees at the bidding of their drivers." In the expedition of Cyrus against the Derlakes, the latter were assisted by the Indians with war-elephants, who put to flight the cavalry of their opponent; and from contemporary notices, it would seem that about this period the Persians and others were also in the habit of using them in war. It was to Alexander the Conqueror that the western world was first indebted for the elephant: he it was that made the sports of Persia and India familiar to the Greeks and Macedonians. The acquisition of the war-elephant gave new pomp and splendour to his squadrons, and his example was followed by degrees by other nations. In time, the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Romans, all made use of elephants, both to assist in the march by carrying enormous loads of baggage, and to join the ranks, mounted by numbers of spearmen and archers. "These animals," says Potter, "were wont to carry into the battle large towers, in which ten, fifteen, and, as some affirm, thirty soldiers were contained, who annoyed their enemies with missive weapons, themselves being secure and out of danger. Nor were the beasts idle or useless in engagements; for besides that, with their smell, their vast and amazing bulk, and their strange and terrible noise, both horses and soldiers were struck with terror and astonishment, they acted their parts courageously, trampling



under foot all opposers, or catching them in their trunks, and tossing them into the air, or delivering them to their riders. Nor was it unusual for them to engage with one another with great fury, which they always doubled after they had received wounds, tearing their adversaries in pieces with their tusks. But in a short time they were wholly laid aside, their service not being able to compensate the great mischiefs frequently done by them; for though they were endued with great sagacity, and approached nearer to human reason than any other animal, whereby they became more tractable to their governors, and capable of yielding obedience to their instructions, yet, when severely wounded, and pressed upon by their enemies, they became ungovernable, and frequently turned all their rage upon their own party, put them into confusion, committed terrible slaughters, and delivered the victory to their enemies; of which several remarkable instances are recorded in the histories both of Greece and Rome." For the same reason, but more especially since the introduction of firearms and artillery, the war-elephant has been greatly abandoned even in the East, and is now chiefly used in carrying baggage, in doing other heavy work, and, above all, in adding to the "pomp and circumstance" of Oriental authority.

The present employment of the elephant in India, according to Von Orlich and other recent authors, is exceedingly varied—from the piling of firewood and the drawing of water, to the dragging of artillery and the carriage of royalty. In captivity he is well fed, regularly cleaned, and attended by the *mahouds* or drivers with greater care than they would one of their own species. On entering upon bondage, he is never maimed, like the horse, ass, and dog; the only loss he suffers being portions of his tusks, if these should be long and dangerous. An ordinary animal will cost about one thousand rupees (£100); but if large and tractable, he cannot be purchased under four or five thousand. His keep, which consists of grass, roots, rice, sugar-cane, and other vegetables, costs fully forty rupees a month, so that it is only the rich and powerful who can afford the luxury of an elephant stud. When placed under the *howdah* (a covered seat for persons of rank), his back is protected by a thickly-stuffed hair cushion, over which is spread an ornamented covering. The howdah is made to contain two persons, and this is the amount of the travelling elephant's burden. The driver sits on his neck, immediately behind the ears, and guides him with an iron prong; and he is in general so docile, as to kneel for the parties to mount him. His great use, however, is as a beast of burden in a country where there are few or no roads; and since an ordinary elephant will carry as much as five camels, we can readily perceive their value in marching not only with the commanders and sick, but with the tents and furniture. He is equally serviceable as a beast of draught, pulling with ease what it would take ten horses to move; and it is for this reason that the Indian army has recently yoked him to their heavy artillery. Another power which the animal possesses, and one which is unknown to the horse or ox, is that of pushing; and if his forehead be protected by a leathern pad, he will push forward weights which perhaps he could not draw. These and many other duties the elephant performs willingly and accurately; and, if gently treated and well fed, with a regularity of disposition which seems almost mechanical. Last, but not least, for purposes of splendour he plays an important part in the immense retinues of great persons in India. When Sir Jasper Nicholls, the commander-in-chief during the late war, arrived at the camp at Ferozpoor, eighty elephants swelled his train. He had, in addition, three hundred camels, and one hundred and thirty-six draught oxen; and above one thousand servants were present, merely for Sir Jasper's personal service, and to attend to the animals. When the late governor-general made his entry, he brought along with him one hundred and thirty elephants, and seven hundred camels!

It is in a state of bondage, therefore, and in the discharge of these multifarious duties, that we are now to consider the elephant, and to seek for those instances of docility, affection, memory, sagacity, and other dispositions, the display of which have rendered his history remarkable beyond that of any other animal—the dog and horse alone perhaps excepted.

DOCILITY AND OBEDIENCE.

In point of docility or teachableness, the elephant is inferior to none of the brute creation; and yet he is not so far superior as many naturalists would have us to believe. The dog, the horse, ass, parrot, canary bird, and even the pig, sensual and stupid as it is generally considered, can each be taught to perform many astonishing feats; and if the elephant surpass them, it is only because he is furnished with an instrument of higher capability. Apart altogether from the question of sagacity or mental endowment, which will be considered in another section, he could not be taught to uncork a bottle, unscrew a nut, fan himself with a branch, or lift his master on his back, any more than the horse could, were it not that he possesses the wonderful grasping powers of the trunk, which in this respect is all but equal to the human hand. Indeed it is argued, upon very obvious grounds, that were the horse or dog endowed with an organ of the same aptitude, either would far excel the elephant in docility and performance. Be this as it may, the feats of the latter are not the less attractive, as the following anecdotes and illustrations will show.

According to Ælian, the elephants of Germanicus were trained to take part in the performances of the Roman theatre. There, among the assembled thousands, they appeared quite at home, lost all dread of the clashing of cymbals, and moved in cadence to the sounds of the notes of the flute. "Upon one occasion (we quote the account given in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge), when a particular exhibition of the docility of these elephants was required, twelve of the most sagacious and well-trained were selected, who, marching into the theatre with a regular step, at the voice of their keeper, moved in harmonious measure, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes divided into parties, scattering flowers over the pavement. In the intervals of the dance, they would beat time to the music, still preserving their proper order. The Romans, with their accustomed luxury, feasted the elephants, after this display, with prodigal magnificence. Splendid couches were placed in the arena, ornamented with paintings, and covered with tapestry. Before the couches, upon tables of ivory and cedar, was spread the banquet of the elephants, in vessels of gold and silver. The preparations being completed, the twelve elephants marched in, six males clad in the robes of men, and six females attired as women. They lay down in order upon their couches, or '*tricliniums* of festival recumbency,' and, at a signal, extended their trunks and ate with most praiseworthy moderation. Not one of them, says Ælian, appeared the least voracious, or manifested any disposition for an unequal share of the food, or an undue proportion of the delicacies. They were as moderate also in their drink, and received the cups which were presented to them with the greatest decorum. According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks, fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope, or rather parallel ropes, bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick. This feat of dancing or walking upon a rope might perhaps be doubted, if it rested merely upon the testimony of a single author; but the practice is confirmed by many ancient writers of authority, who agree with Pliny that the elephants trained at Rome would not only walk along a rope forward, but retire backward with equal precision."

Even in our country the elephant has been taught to take part in the performances of the theatre—in other words, to appear as an actor requisite to the plot of the drama. This took place in the London Adelphi and in the Coburg, about twelve or fourteen years ago; and however questionable might have been the taste, there is no doubt that the "sagacious brute" was the most applauded player of the time. This animal, a female, was marched in procession, knelt down at the waving of the hand, placed the crown on the head of "the true prince," uncorked and drank several bottles of wine with decorum, supped with her stage companions around her, and made her obeisance to the audience. Above all, she assisted the escape of some of the *dramatis personæ* from prison, by kneeling upon her hind legs, and thus forming an inclined plane for the safe descent of her friends; and this she did, unmoved by the glare of numerous lights, the sounds of music, and shouts of the admiring spectators. Equally curious with this is the feat mentioned by Arrian, of an elephant that he saw beating a measure with cymbals. This was performed by having two cymbals attached to its knees, while it held a third in its proboscis, and beat with great exactness the while others danced around it, without deviating from the time indicated. Busbequius, who visited Constantinople about the middle of the sixteenth century, there witnessed an elephant not only dance with elegance and accuracy, but play at ball with great skill, tossing it with his trunk, and catching it again, as easily as a man could with his hands. Nay, if we can credit Ælian, he has seen an elephant "write Latin characters on a board in a very orderly manner, his keeper only showing him the figure of each letter."

Among the most interesting elephants kept in this country, without any reference to profit, was one which was lately at the Duke of Devonshire's villa, at Chiswick, the gift of a lady in India. This animal was a female, remarkable for the gentleness of its disposition; and from the kindness with which it was treated, and the free range that was allowed it, probably came nearer to an elephant in a state of nature than any other which ever appeared in this country. The house erected for her shelter was of large dimensions, and well ventilated; and she had, besides, the range of a paddock of considerable extent. At the call of her keeper she came out of her house, and immediately took up a broom, ready to perform his bidding in sweeping the grass or paths. She would follow him with a pail or watering-pot round the enclosure. Her reward was a carrot and some water; but previously to satisfying her thirst, she would exhibit her ingenuity by emptying the contents of a soda-water bottle, which was tightly corked. This she did by pressing the bottle against the ground with her foot, so as to hold it securely at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and gradually twisting out the cork with her trunk, although it was very little above the edge of the neck; then, without altering the position, she turned her trunk round the bottle, so that she might reverse it, and thus empty the contents into the extremity of the proboscis. This she accomplished without spilling a drop, and she delivered the empty bottle to her keeper before she attempted to discharge the contents of the trunk into her mouth. The affection of this poor animal for her keeper was so great, that she would cry after him whenever he was absent for more than a few hours. She was about twenty-nine years old when she died, early in 1829, of what was understood to be pulmonary consumption.

It is not always, however, for mere amusement or curiosity that the docility of the elephant is exhibited: it would say little for human ingenuity, were not the strength of such a powerful animal brought to bear upon useful and necessary operations. We have seen that in India he is made a beast of carriage and draught, carrying indifferently the howdah and baggage-chest, and dragging the ponderous artillery-car; but besides these, there are many other minor occupations in which he can be successfully engaged. Thus elephants were at one time employed in the launching of ships, being trained to push in unison with their powerful fronts and heavy bodies. It is told of one that was directed to force a large vessel into the water, but which proved superior to his strength, that, on being upbraided for his laziness, the distressed animal increased his efforts with such vehemence, that he fractured his skull on the spot. In piling wood, drawing water, removing obstructions from the way of an army on march, &c. the elephant is highly serviceable; and if properly directed, will perform his duties with astonishing precision. "I have seen," says M. D'Obsonville, "two occupied in beating down a wall which their keepers had desired them to do, and encouraged them by a promise of fruits and brandy. They combined their efforts; and doubling up their trunks, which were guarded from injury by leather, thrust against the strongest part of the wall, and by reiterated shocks continued their attacks, still observing and following the effect of the equilibrium with their eyes; then at last making one grand effort, they suddenly drew back together, that they might not be wounded by the ruins." It is also told of an elephant at Barrackpoor, that would swim laden with parcels to the opposite shore of the Ganges, and then unload himself with undeviating accuracy. In the year 1811, a lady, staying with her husband, an officer in the Company's service, at a house near the fort of Travancore, was astonished one morning to observe an elephant, unattended, marching into the courtyard, carrying a box in his trunk, apparently very heavy. He deposited this, and going his way, soon returned with a similar box, which he placed by the side of the other. He continued this operation till he had formed a considerable pile, arranged with undeviating order. The boxes contained the treasure of the rajah of Travancore, who had died in the night, and of whose property the English commander had taken possession, thus removing the more valuable for greater security.

Much of what is called docility in animals arises from mere unreasoning habit, forced upon them by frequent repetition, by food, punishing them when the act is ill executed, and by giving them delicacies when it is well performed. Thus a horse will go to his own stall, and stand in it untied as well as when tied; go to and from the water, place himself between the shafts of the cart, and do other similar acts without any interference;

just as an elephant will tie its own legs at night, or kneel when a person of rank passes by. But there are many duties which the latter will learn to perform almost at first sight, the knowledge of which he acquires with an aptitude that would do credit even to human reason. "I have myself," says the author of Twelve Years' Military Adventure, "seen the wife of a mahoud (for the followers often take their families with them to camp) give a baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. If the child had crawled to such a distance as to verge upon the limits of his range (for the animal was chained by the leg to a peg driven into the ground), he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it started."

Perhaps the docility of the elephant could not be better illustrated than by the aptitude and precision which it manifests in the capture of its wild brethren. The female decoys are the very impersonations of duplicity and cunning: they can be taught not only to lavish their false caresses, but to bind the fetters of the captive; nay, they even outstrip their lessons, and seem to rejoice in the capture. Dr Darwin tells us, that he was informed by a gentleman of veracity, that in some parts of the East the elephant is taught to walk on a narrow path between two pitfalls which are covered with turf, and then to go into the woods and induce the wild herd to come that way. The decoy walks slowly onward till near the trap, and then bustles away as if in sport or in fear, passing safely between the pits, while some of those which follow in the wake are inevitably entangled. The same gentleman says also, that it was universally observed that such wild elephants as had escaped the snare, always pursued the traitor with the utmost vehemence; and if they could overtake him, which sometimes happened, they beat him to death.

ATTACHMENT AND GRATITUDE.

The elephant, when carefully tamed, is one of the most gentle, most obedient, and most affectionate of all domestic animals. He is so fond of his keeper, that he caresses him, strives to please him, and even to anticipate his commands. His attachment, indeed, sometimes becomes so strong, and his affection so warm and durable, that he has been known to die of sorrow when in a paroxysm of madness he had killed his guide. This disposition, however, is wholly acquired; in a state of nature, he has no regard for man, but shuns rather than seeks his presence. Whether this acquired regard be the result of fear, of habitual obedience brought about by a system of rewards and punishments, or of an innate gentleness which insensibly attaches itself to that which daily surrounds it, it would be difficult to decide, though, along with most naturalists, we are inclined to adopt the latter opinion. The animal is naturally gregarious, and when denied the companionship of its fellows, will, like the horse, dog, &c. expend its sympathies on those creatures with which it is most familiar.

In the Philosophical Transactions, a story is related of an elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he was never happy but when it was near him. The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle and place it between its feet. This he at length became so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food except when it was present. When the child slept, he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis; and when it cried, he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus rock it again to sleep. Nor will this instance of sagacious affection appear at all improbable to those who are acquainted with the thorough intimacy which generally subsists between the family of the Indian mahoud and his elephant, which may be said literally to live under the same roof, eat the same bread, and drink the same water.

We have seen how attached the Duke of Devonshire's elephant became to her keeper, crying after him when absent, and even refusing to be comforted. The same affection almost always subsists between the Indian mahoud and his charge. Nor is it at all surprising, seeing that he is ever with it, feeds it, cleans it, adorns and caresses it, with unfailing attention.

The following instances of gratitude are in the highest degree praiseworthy, and might well put to the blush many who lay claim to a higher position in the scale of intelligence:—An elephant in Ajmeer, which passed frequently through the bazaar, or market, as he went by a certain herb woman, always received from her a mouthful of greens. At length he was seized with one of his periodical fits of rage, broke from his fetters, and, running through the market, put the crowd to flight, and among others this woman, who in her haste forgot a little child she had brought with her. The animal, gratefully recollecting the spot where his benefactress was wont to sit, laid aside his fury, and, taking up the infant gently in his trunk, placed it safely on a stall before a neighbouring house. Again, there was a soldier at Pondicherry who was accustomed, whenever he received his share of liquor, to carry a certain quantity of it to one of these animals, and by this means a very cordial intimacy was formed between them. Having drunk rather too freely one day, and finding himself pursued by the guards, who were going to take him to prison, the soldier took refuge under the elephant's body, and fell asleep. The guard tried in vain to force him from this asylum, as the animal protected him most strenuously with his trunk. The following morning, the soldier, recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered with horror to find himself stretched under the belly of this huge animal. The elephant, who, without doubt, perceived the man's embarrassment, caressed him with his trunk, in order to inspire him with courage, and made him understand that he might now depart in safety.

RESENTMENT AND REVENGE.

Though generally mild, docile, and even affectionate, there are none of the domestic animals half so prone to resent injuries and insults as the elephant. The horse, for example, will endure patiently under the hardest labour, starvation, and the harshest treatment—rarely if ever avenging the brutalities to which he is exposed. Not so with the elephant; for, goad him beyond his accustomed speed, and he becomes furious; overload him, and he throws off his burden; refuse him a promised delicacy, and he punishes the insult; treat him harshly, and he will trample the aggressor to death. The manner in which he resents his insults is, however, frequently as ludicrous as his revenge is fatal.

Every one must have read of the mishaps of the Delhi tailor. This individual was in the habit of giving some little delicacy, such as an apple, to an elephant that daily passed by his shop, and so accustomed had the animal become to this treatment, that it regularly put its trunk in at his window to receive the expected gift. One day, however, the tailor being out of humour, thrust his needle into the beast's proboscis, telling it to be gone, as he had nothing to give it. The creature passed on, apparently unmoved; but on coming to the next dirty pool of water, filled its trunk, and returned to the shop-window, into which it discharged the whole contents, thoroughly drenching poor Snip and the wares by which he was surrounded. Again, a painter was desirous of drawing the elephant kept in the menagerie at Versailles in an uncommon attitude, which was that of holding his trunk raised up in the air, with his mouth open. The painter's boy, in order to keep the animal in this posture, threw fruit into his mouth; but as he had frequently deceived him, and made him an offer only of throwing the fruit, he grew angry; and, as if he had known the painter's intention of drawing him was the cause of the affront that was offered him, instead of revenging himself on the lad, he turned his resentment on his master, and taking up a quantity of water in his trunk, threw it on the paper which the painter was drawing on, and spoilt it.

A sentinel belonging to the present menagerie at Paris was always very careful in requesting the spectators not to give the elephants anything to eat. This conduct particularly displeased the female, who beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his interference by sprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when several persons were collected to view these animals, a bystander offered the female a bit of bread. The sentinel perceived it; but the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition, she, placing herself immediately before him, discharged in his face a violent stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little to one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon afterwards he found himself under the necessity of repeating his admonition to the spectators; but no sooner was this uttered, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round with her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it till she had twisted it nearly into the form of a cork-screw. It is stated, amongst the traditionary stories of elephant resentment, that Pidcock, to whom the Exeter 'Change menagerie formerly belonged, had for some years a custom of treating himself and his elephant in the evening with a glass of spirits, for which the animal regularly looked. Pidcock invariably gave the elephant the first glass out of the bottle, till one night he exclaimed, "You have been served first long enough, and it's my turn now." The proud beast was offended, refused the glass when he was denied the precedence, and never more would join his master in his revelries.

Innumerable stories of ludicrous resentment might be collected, but we shall close this section with the following abridgments from the "Menageries:"—"Mr Williamson tells an anecdote of an elephant who used to be called the Pangul, or fool, but who vindicated his claim to another character in a very singular manner. He had refused to bear a greater weight upon a march than was agreeable to him, by constantly pulling part of the load off his back; and a quarter-master of brigade, irritated at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head. In a few days after, as the animal was going from the camp to water, he overtook the quarter-master, and seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind tree which overhung the road, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and get down as well as he could. Lieutenant Shipp, to try this memory of injuries, gave an elephant a large quantity of Cayenne pepper between some bread. The animal was much irritated by the offence, and about six weeks after, when the unsuspecting joker went to fondle him, he endured the caresses very placidly, but finished the affair by drenching his persecutor with dirty water from head to foot."

It is not always, however, in this harmless and jocular manner that the elephant displays his resentment, as the following well-authenticated instances will show:—An elephant that was exhibited in France some years ago, seemed to know when it was mocked by any person, and remembered the affront till an opportunity for revenge occurred. A man deceived it, by pretending to throw something into its mouth: the animal gave him such a blow with its trunk as knocked him down, and broke two of his ribs; after which it trampled upon him, broke one of his legs, and bending down on its knees, endeavoured to push its tusks into his body; but they luckily ran into the ground on each side of his thigh, without doing him any injury. In this case the provocation was certainly not deserving of the punishment; though in many instances the animal is but too justly excited. M. Navarette tells us that at Macassar an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which, out of wantonness, he struck twice against his elephant's head to break. The day following, the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up with its trunk, beat it about the driver's head till the man was completely dead. "This comes," says our authority, "of jesting with elephants."

Recently, at Liverpool Zoological Gardens, after delighting groups of young holiday folks by his skilful and docile performances, the elephant gave some offence to one of the deputy-keepers, and was by him chastised with a broomstick. No one was by to see what occurred in the next few minutes; but at the expiration of that time, the unfortunate deputy-keeper was found dead at the feet of the insulted beast, having been killed, in all probability, by a single blow of the animal's trunk. The body presented a most appalling spectacle, the arms and legs being fractured in several places, the skull cloven, and the entire body crushed to pieces by the animal, who, it would appear, in his rage, had repeatedly trampled upon him.

MEMORY AND FORCE OF HABIT.

That the elephant remembers with precision the lessons taught him, that he will resent an injury long after it has been committed, and will recognise an old guide many years after he has been parted from him, are facts that sufficiently prove the possession of a very retentive memory. In this respect, however, he is by no means superior to the horse; but seems to associate his ideas more slowly, and with greater difficulty. Many feats ascribed to his sagacity and memory are eminently the effect of habit—meaning thereby the following of a particular line of conduct which one has been accustomed to, without any special effort of the understanding at the time of its repetition. The following instances, recorded in the Philosophical Transactions for 1799, seem to establish this position:—"A female elephant that had escaped to the forest, and had enjoyed her liberty for more than ten years, was at last caught, along with a number of others, in a keddah. After the others had been secured, with the exception of seven or eight young ones, the hunters, who recognised this female, were ordered to call on her by name. She immediately came to the side of the ditch within the enclosure, on which some of the drivers were desired to carry in a plantain tree, the leaves of which she not only took from their hands with her trunk, but opened her mouth for them to put a leaf into it, which they did, stroking and caressing her, and calling to her by name. One of the trained elephants was now ordered to be brought to her, and the driver to take her by the ear and order her to lie down. At first she did not like the koomkee to go near her, and retired to a distance, seeming angry; but when the drivers, who were on foot, called to her, she came immediately, and allowed them to stroke and caress her as before; and in a few minutes after, permitted the trained elephants to be familiar. A driver from one of these then fastened a rope round her body, and instantly jumped on her back, which at the moment she did not like, but was soon reconciled to it. A small cord was then put round her neck for the driver to put his feet in, who, seating himself on the neck in the usual manner, drove her about the enclosure in the same manner as any of the tame elephants. After this he ordered her to lie down, which she instantly did; nor did she rise till she was desired. He fed her from his seat, gave her his stick to hold, which she took with her trunk and put into her mouth, kept, and then returned it, as she was directed, and as she had formerly been accustomed to do. In short, she was so obedient, that had there been more wild elephants in the enclosure, she would have been useful in securing them.

"In June 1787, a male elephant, taken the year before, was travelling, in company with some others, towards Chittigong, laden with baggage; and having come upon a tiger's track, which elephants discover readily by the smell, he took fright and ran off to the woods, in spite of all the efforts of his driver. On entering the wood, the driver saved himself by springing from the animal, and clinging to the branch of a tree under which he was passing. When the elephant had got rid of his driver, he soon contrived to shake off his load. As soon as he ran away, a trained female was despatched after him, but could not get up in time to prevent his escape.

"Eighteen months after this, when a herd of elephants had been taken, and had remained several days in the enclosure, till they were enticed into the outlet, there tied, and led out in the usual manner, one of the drivers, viewing a male elephant very attentively, declared he resembled the one which had run away. This excited the curiosity of every one to go and look at him; but when any person came near, the animal struck at him with his trunk, and in every respect appeared as wild and outrageous as any of the other elephants. An old hunter at length coming up and examining him, declared that he was the very elephant that had made his escape.

"Confident of this, he boldly rode up to him on a tame elephant, and ordered him to lie down, pulling him by the ear at the same time. The animal seemed taken by surprise, and instantly obeyed the word of command, uttering at the same time a peculiar shrill squeak through his trunk, as he had formerly been known to do, by which he was immediately recognised by every person who was acquainted with this peculiarity.

"Thus we see that this elephant, for the space of eight or ten days, during which he was in the enclosure, appeared equally wild and fierce with the boldest elephant then taken; but the moment he was addressed in a commanding tone, the recollection of his former obedience seemed to rush upon him at once, and, without any difficulty, he permitted a driver to be seated on his neck, who in a few days made him as tractable as ever.

"A female elephant belonging to a gentleman at Calcutta being ordered from the upper country to Chotygoné, by chance broke loose from her keeper, and was lost in the woods. The excuses which the keeper made were not admitted. It was supposed that he had sold the elephant: his wife and family therefore were sold for slaves, and he was himself condemned to work upon the roads. About twelve years afterwards, this man was ordered up into the country to assist in catching the wild elephants. The keeper fancied he saw his long-lost elephant in a group that was before them. He was determined to go up to it; nor could the strongest representations of the great danger dissuade him from his purpose. When he approached the creature, she knew him; and giving him three salutes by waving her trunk in the air, knelt down and received him on her back. She afterwards assisted in securing the other elephants, and likewise brought with her three young ones, which she had produced during her absence. The keeper recovered his character, and, as a recompense for his sufferings and intrepidity, had an annuity settled on him for life. This elephant was afterwards in the possession of Governor Hastings."

These, and several other instances, establish the possession of a very good memory; but not a memory associated with any high degree of reasoning, otherwise the animals would never have allowed themselves to be again entrapped. It is clear that in the above cases habitual obedience was more powerful than reason; the sudden rush of recollection overpowering that faculty, and making them the slaves of that higher intelligence to which all flesh has been declared to be subject.

GENERAL SAGACITY.

According to some, the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, while others consider him inferior to the horse and dog. Taking the brain as the index of intelligence, there is nothing in the proportionate size of that organ which would lead to the former opinion, and therefore we must look to the general conduct of the animal for evidence of the assertion. His docility, obedience, attachment, and memory, all certainly point to no mean degree of endowment; but perhaps not more than is evinced by the horse and dog; while his actions are rendered more perfect only through the instrumentality of his trunk. How far he is superior in general sagacity, that is, in reasoning from cause to effect, and in adapting ways and means to an end, the reader will be enabled to decide from the subjoined anecdotes. And here it will be observed, that we distinguish between docility and sagacity; for although the former should be most apparent where the latter quality predominates, yet may animals, such as even the pig, be taught by force of habit to perform many astonishing feats, when they are avowedly destitute of general intelligence.

The following, given on the authority of the Rev. Robert Caunter, seems to be a purely deliberative act; and that, be it observed, by the animal when in a wild state, and perfectly unacquainted with the devices of human training:—"A small body of sepoys stationed at an outpost—Fort de Galle, in Ceylon —to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set our authorities at defiance. Two of our party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the sepoys withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them, in a language which to them needed no interpreter, that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace towards the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick; and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan tree, in order to escape mischief. The conduct of the four-footed besiegers was such as strongly to excite their curiosity, and they therefore watched their proceedings with intense anxiety. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well through the little vistas formed by the separated branches what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished; but four thick brick walls were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers. Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, laboured for some time to make an impression; but after a while, his strength was exhausted, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and exhausted his exertions, with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained, sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders. As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of them entered, and when they had taken their fill, they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd, upwards of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those that were still in the building immediately rushed out, and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter, and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle. The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a field-piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forests."

In general, the elephant makes less use of his strength than his address, often applying the most dexterous methods of accomplishing his ends. "I was one day," says Jesse in his Gleanings in Natural History, "feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter 'Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and he then without difficulty secured it." M. Phillipe, quoted by Buffon, was an eye-witness to the following equally wonderful facts:—He one day went to the river at Goa, near which place a large ship was building, and where an area was filled with beams and planks for the purpose. Some men tied the ends of heavy beams with a rope, which was handed to an elephant, who carried it to his mouth, and after twisting it round his trunk, drew it, without any conductor, to the place where the ship was building. One of the animals sometimes drew beams so large, that more than twenty men would have been necessary to move. But what surprised M. Phillipe most was, that when other beams obstructed the road, this elephant raised the ends of his own beam, or edged it forwards, as the case might be, that it might clear those which lay in his way. Could the most enlightened man have done more?

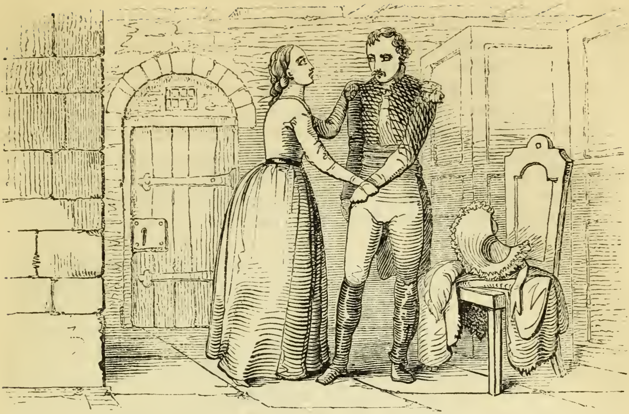
At Mahè, on the coast of Malabar, M. Toreesa tells he had an opportunity of admiring the sagacity of an elephant displayed in a similar manner. Its master had let it for a certain sum per day; and its employment was to carry with its trunk timber for a building out of the river. This business it despatched very dexterously, under the command of a boy; and afterwards laid the pieces one upon another in such exact order, that no man could have done it better. Again, it is remarked by Terry, in his voyage to the East Indies, "that the elephant performs many actions which would seem almost the effect of human reason. He does everything his master commands. If he is directed to terrify any person, he runs upon him with every appearance of fury, and when he comes near, stops short without doing him the least injury. When the master chooses to affront any one, he tells the elephant, who collects water and mud with his trunk, and squirts it upon the object pointed out to him." Indeed the same intelligence regulates him in the performance of his multifarious duties in the East—be these carriage of persons, goods, or baggage, the dragging of artillery, the piling up of wares, or the loading of boats. "To give an idea of these labours," says Bingley, "it is sufficient to remark, that all the tuns, sacks, and bales transported from one place to another in India, are carried by elephants; that they carry burdens on their bodies, their necks, their tusks, and even in their mouths, by giving them the end of a rope, which they hold fast with their teeth; that, uniting sagacity to strength, they never break or injure anything committed to their charge; that from the banks of the rivers they put these bundles into boats, without wetting them, laying them down gently, and arranging them where they ought to be placed; that when disposed in the places where their masters direct, they try with their trunks whether the goods are properly stowed; and if a tun or cask rolls, they go of their own accord in quest of stones to prop and render it firm."

The general exercise of the mental power, without reference to training, is well illustrated by the following anecdote, related in a recent edition of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom:—"At the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1805, an affair occurred between two elephants, which displays at once the character and mental capability, the passions, cunning, and resources of these curious animals. The British army, with its countless host of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when, on the approach of the hot season and of the dry hot winds, the water in the neighbourhood of the camps necessary for the supply of so many beings began to fail; the ponds or tanks had dried up, and no more water was left than the immense wells of the country would furnish. The multitude of men and cattle that were unceasingly at the wells, particularly the largest, occasioned no little struggle for the priority in procuring the supply for which each was there to seek, and the consequent confusion on the spot was frequently very considerable. On one occasion, two elephant-drivers, each with his elephant, the one remarkably large and strong, and the other comparatively small and weak, were at the well together; the small elephant had been provided by his master with a bucket for the occasion, which he carried at the end of his proboscis; but the larger animal, being destitute of this necessary vessel, either spontaneously, or by desire of his keeper, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it from his less powerful fellow-servant. The latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resent the insult, though it is obvious that he felt it; but great squabbling and abuse ensued between the keepers. At length the weaker animal, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces in a very quiet unsuspicious manner, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well.

"It may easily be imagined that great inconvenience was immediately experienced, and serious apprehensions quickly followed that the water in the well, on which the existence of so many seemed in a great measure to depend, would be spoiled, or at least injured, by the unwieldy brute thus precipitated into it; and as the surface of the water was nearly twenty feet below the common level, there did not appear to be any means that could be adopted to get the animal out by main force, at least without injuring him. There were many feet of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on its surface, and experiencing considerable pleasure from his cool retreat, evinced but little inclination even to exert what means he might possess in himself of escape.

"A vast number of fascines had been employed by the army in conducting the siege, and at length it occurred to the elephant-keeper that a sufficient number of these (which may be compared to bundles of wood) might be lowered into the well to make a pile, which might be raised to the top, if the animal could be instructed as to the necessary means of laying them in regular succession under his feet. Permission having been obtained from the engineer-officers to use the fascines, which were at the time put away in several piles of very considerable height, the keeper had to teach the elephant the lesson which, by means of that extraordinary ascendency these men attain over the elephants, joined with the intellectual resources of the animal itself, he was soon enabled to do, and the elephant began quickly to place each fascine, as it was lowered to him, successively under him, until in a little time he was enabled to stand upon them. By this time, however, the cunning brute, enjoying the pleasure of his situation, after the heat and partial privation of water to which he had been lately exposed (they are observed in their natural state to frequent rivers, and to swim very often), was unwilling to work any longer, and all the threats of his keeper could not induce him to place another fascine. The man then opposed cunning to cunning, and began to caress and praise the elephant; and what he could not effect by threats, he was enabled to do by the repeated promise of plenty of rack. Incited by this, the animal again went to work, raised himself considerably higher, until, by a partial removal of the masonry round the top of the well, he was enabled to step out. The whole affair occupied about fourteen hours."

Such are the accounts, which our limits will permit us to glean, as illustrative of the disposition and manners of this most powerful and intelligent animal. Making every allowance for the exaggeration of the writers, these records of his docility, obedience, attachment, and sagacity, place him in a very favourable light; and though somewhat prone to resentment, the results are seldom fatal, save where the provocation has been unusually great. On the whole, he is a patient and tractable animal, especially useful under a burning sun, and in a country where there are no roads; presuming always that there is an abundant and cheap supply of forage. He can never, however, become so endeared to man as the dog and the horse, for these are fitted by their constitution and habits to become the inhabitants of almost every region; whilst the elephant must ever be confined to the range which nature has originally assigned him. As a domestic animal, he can at best be but the associate of a half-civilised existence; for so soon as man begins to construct roads and invent machines, to cultivate their lands and economise the produce, the elephant becomes not only useless, but positively detrimental. Already he has receded from the interior of India, and is only found wild in the forests of Dshemna, Nepaul, some parts of Ghauts Tarrai, in Ava, and in Ceylon. In Africa, where he is hunted for his spoils, and not tamed, he has disappeared from Cape Colony, from the northern regions of that continent, and from Senegambia; and will in all likelihood be the more eagerly hunted the scarcer he becomes. As portion of our terrestrial fauna, the elephant may linger on for a century or two; but to us he appears rapidly approaching the period of his extinction—a period when he must pass away before adverse conditions, in like manner as his former congeners, the mammoth and mastodon.



THE STORY OF LAVALETTE.

EARLY LIFE.

MARIE CHAMANS COUNT DE LAVALETTE was born at Paris in 1769, his father, it is said, having been an obscure but honest shopkeeper. Being seen to be of a quick apprehension, an effort was made to give him a good education, in order to fit him for one of the learned professions. The church appears to have been what his father ultimately destined him for, as he wore for some time the dress of an abbé; but feeling a disinclination to the clerical profession, he afterwards studied the law, and was preparing to become a barrister, when an entire change was given to his feelings by the outburst of the Revolution. Ardent in the cause of social regeneration, he espoused the revolutionary doctrines, and became an officer in the national guard; but soon he was shocked at the sanguinary excesses which were committed in the sacred name of liberty, and shrunk from the cause. With a heroic disregard of his own safety, he now attached himself to the falling fortunes of Louis XVI., and narrowly escaped with his life when defending the royal family alongside the Swiss guard, at the storming of the Tuileries, on the memorable 10th of August 1792.

The horrors to which this formed a prelude, drove the indignant young national guardsman to join, at the suggestion of his friend and comrade Bertrand, a few young men in seeking service in the French armies abroad. What the party underwent and witnessed in traversing France, at the time in a state of wild commotion, made Lavalette doubly rejoice on joining his regiment; and though the change was at first very great from the ease and comfort of his father's house, to the hardships of a common soldier's life, yet his good conduct and attention to his duties soon insured his promotion, while his superior education and love of reading led him to devote the scanty leisure of a camp, and all the energies of a strong mind, to acquiring a scientific knowledge of his future profession. While yet only a sergeant, his colonel discovered his merits, and gave him lessons in strategy and fortification, and the construction of military maps.

From the rank of sergeant, young Lavalette rose, by good conduct and abilities, to that of lieutenant, in which, with his brother officers, all equally poor, he endured many privations when on active service. Of naturally good feelings, and repugnant to everything like the butchery of warfare, he was at first shocked with the horrors of an engagement, and quailed before the storm of bullets to which he was exposed. Viewing this as a weakness of character, he mentions in his memoirs that he resolved to conquer it, and achieve greater strength of mind. Speaking of the part he acted in the army of the Rhine, he observes—"When I joined, I was full of enthusiasm and desire to do right, but I had only confused ideas of war, and was wholly without experience. I had never yet seen an enemy, and was much taken up as to how I should behave in my first action. It was my good fortune to be attached to the division under General Dessaix, whose air of calm cheerfulness under the most murderous fire, first taught me that there is no true valour without those fundamental requisites. I took myself severely to task; I found I had not steadiness to keep my horse in the line of the bullets; nay, that I even sometimes caught myself taking a circuit when I might have pushed straightforwards. I felt ashamed of such paltry manœuvres, and got the better of myself so completely, that at last even grape-shot ceased to give me any annoyance. This was by no means the work of a day. How often had I to turn back and take my place in the thick of the fire, and in the midst of the sharpshooters! But when I had stayed there a good while, I was pleased with myself, and that is so satisfactory! It was this moral courage perhaps which made me worthy of being aid-de-camp to the conqueror of Italy, and contributed to gain me his esteem. To it also I am indebted for having borne prosperity with moderation; and when evil days came, what did I not owe to its invaluable aid!"

At Milan, after the battle of Arcola, he was attached as an aid-de-camp to Bonaparte, who, more than any other man, had the talent of selecting able individuals to assist him in his enterprises. Chosen from among a host of eager competitors to execute some dashing manœuvres, Lavalette acquitted himself satisfactorily in them all. On one occasion, when wounded in a perilous expedition into the Tyrol, he was complimented by Bonaparte, who said to him, in presence of the army, "Lavalette, you have behaved like a brave fellow; when I write the history of this campaign, you shall not be forgotten"—a promise he lived to fulfil.

But it was to other than military qualities that the young officer owed his general's special favour. It was his solid information, his acute spirit of observation, his marvellous sagacity, and, above all, the propriety of his manners, which Bonaparte (a great admirer of good-breeding) so highly appreciated; and at a subsequent period showed that he did so, by employing him first in the most delicate and difficult political missions, and afterwards in an important post in the state.

Desirous at once of rewarding and attaching to himself his confidential agent with the Directory, at a time when he had as yet little in his power in the way of recompense, Napoleon sought to promote his protegé's interests by uniting him in marriage with the amiable heroine of our story, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais.

This lady was the daughter of François, Marquis de Beauharnais, the elder brother of Alexander, Viscount de Beauharnais, first husband to Josephine, and father of Eugène: Emilie and Eugène thus were cousins. At the period to which we refer, Emilie was receiving her education in the well-known seminary of Madame Campan, where she had been placed with the concurrence of her aunt Josephine, now the wife of General Bonaparte. The manner in which Josephine, widowed by the execution of her husband, Viscount de Beauharnais, became known to Bonaparte is worth mentioning.

After putting down, by the most unscrupulous exercise of the military means in his power, the insurrections by which Paris was still harassed, Bonaparte issued peremptory orders for disarming the citizens, and weapons of every description were obliged to be given up. Among these, Madame Beauharnais was about to deliver up her late husband's sword, when her son Eugène, a boy of thirteen, threw himself on it, and declared that nothing in the world should induce him to part with it. The functionary employed refused to leave it without the express authority of General Bonaparte, but offered to take the boy to him. The beauty of the child, his deep emotion, the warmth and *naïveté* of his intreaties, and his father's well-known name and fame, all combined to touch the general. He gave him leave to retain his beloved sword, and begged to be introduced to his mother. She was young, amiable, and possessed a grace beyond beauty's self. The conqueror saw, loved, and married her; and their union, long even more happy than it was brilliant, owed its origin to a trait of filial piety to the memory of a beloved parent.

Now united to Josephine, Bonaparte considered himself entitled to negotiate the marriage of Emilie, and in looking about for a match, none appeared to him so eligible as that of his favourite aid-de-camp Lavalette. Sudden and energetic in all his movements, Bonaparte adopted the idea of the marriage when on the eve of his expedition to Egypt, in which, as a matter of course, his aid-de-camp was to accompany him. In vain did Lavalette remonstrate against so hasty and ill-timed a union, urging the probable disinclination of the young lady, and the chance of her being left a widow.

"In that case, and supposing the worst," said her imperious uncle, "she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp, and enjoy a pension and a place in society. As she is, the daughter of an emigré, no one will look at her, even under my wife's wing; and 'tis a pity, for she is a nice, pretty, accomplished, well brought up girl. Come! marry her you must, and within eight days. I'll give you a fortnight's leave afterwards." "At first I only laughed," says Lavalette, "during this harangue; then I began to get serious, and said, 'But the young lady!—I would not for the world force her inclination.'" "Oh, she is a child. She must by this time be dead tired of school, and never would be happy at her mother's. While you are away, she can go and live with her grandfather at Fontainbleau. You will not be killed, and in two years you will be back to her. Come! 'tis a settled thing. I'll talk of it to my wife."

On the evening of the day in which this proposal was broached, Lavalette visited Josephine, who expressed her satisfaction with the match, and promised to take him next day to St Germains, to introduce him to her niece.

"Next morn, accordingly," says Lavalette, "we—that is, Bonaparte, Josephine, her son Eugène, and I—got into a carriage, and drove to Madame Campan's. It was a great event; and as a holiday had been given, all the girls were either at the windows or in the drawing-room. We adjourned to the garden, and amid this flock of forty young ladies I looked out with no small anxiety for my intended. Her cousin Hortense soon brought her forward to salute her aunt and the general; and I was not sorry to recognise in her really the prettiest person present; a fine tall figure, full of grace and elegance, a beautiful complexion, heightened by natural confusion, but, withal, a timidity and embarrassment which set the emperor a-laughing. It was settled that we should breakfast in the garden on the grass. For my own part, I confess I was very thoughtful. Would this sweet creature be mine, or at least would she obey without reluctance? And if she did, this abrupt marriage and sudden departure were sufficiently annoying.

"When the party broke up, I requested Eugène to lead his cousin into a solitary walk, where I joined them, and he left us together. I then opened the conversation, and concealed from her neither my birth nor my lack of fortune. 'I have only,' said I, 'my sword and the good will of the general; and in a fortnight I must bid you adieu. Open your heart as freely as I do mine. I feel that I could love you with all my soul; but this on one side only will not suffice. If this union is not to your taste, confide in me frankly, and I engage to find a pretext for breaking it off without your secret transpiring, or your being tormented on the subject.'

"Without raising her eyes, which had been bent on the ground during the whole of my address, she answered it by a timid smile, and by putting into my hand the bouquet which she carried in hers. I embraced her, and we returned slowly to the party. Eight days after, we were married, not only civilly at the municipality, but in the chapel of a convent by a little non-juring concealed priest, a thing at that time all but absolutely prohibited, but on which Emilie insisted, for her piety was as sincere as it was fervent. When, a very few days after, I quitted her for Toulon, it was without a formal farewell, which would have been too painful for both. Eighteen months later, I returned, to falsify my own evil auguries. Of eight aides-de-camp, four had perished—Julien and Sulkowski murdered by the Arabs, Croisier killed at St Jean d'Acre, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir. Duroc and Eugène Beauharnais were severely wounded; Mulin and I alone escaped unscathed."

We are left to gather from other sources what Lavalette's modesty forbade him to mention, that this impunity was the more wonderful, from his being foremost in all the most perilous encounters of the romantic Egyptian campaigns, during which he rarely left Bonaparte, at whose side he fought at the battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, as well as at the murderous siege of St Jean d'Acre. The prominent part borne in these conflicts by our gallant countrymen has made them matter of British history, and would render repetition of their details useless. A few anecdotes only of a more personal nature, from the graphic pages of Lavalette's memoirs, who to the close of life loved to dwell on scenes which his education and temperament rendered doubly interesting, may be preserved from oblivion.

On one occasion he was ordered on a mission of no small difficulty and danger to Ali Pasha, whose character of Djezzar, or "the butcher," and his notorious want of faith and humanity, rendered the fate of any envoy to his barbaric court extremely doubtful. Fortunately, the pasha was absent; but Lavalette, though much relieved, had only escaped one danger to encounter another. Being ordered to sea, for the purpose of bringing tidings of the French fleet expected on the coast, he was chased and nearly captured by an English frigate, ere he could get on board L'Orient to communicate with the commander-in-chief, Admiral Brueyx. He was not even here in security, or in a creditable situation, and he was anxious to leave the vessel, which had already landed a large part of the forces it had brought from France. After a long conversation with the admiral, "I walked," says he, "alone during the night up and down this immense vessel of 130 guns, without meeting a single soul. I could have fancied myself in the cathedral of Notre Dame; and what added to the singularity of this solitude was, that, before being reduced by the disembarkation, its complement, now reduced to 600 persons, had been 2145! The more I contemplated this vast half-manned citadel, the less desire I felt to take part in the conflict. In fact, not being a marine officer, my evident duty was to rejoin the general. In the event of a victory, there would be found plenty of willing messengers, while I was sure of much blame and little pity if, in case of disaster, I should be made prisoner or killed. I therefore went to the admiral and said, 'Upon mature reflection, I have made up my mind to proceed and give an account of my mission, and of the position in which I have found you.'"

Having no reason to oppose this resolution, the admiral gave him a skiff to take him to Rosetta; but during the voyage, he had ample leisure to repent his decision. "The swell," he says, "created by the strife of the sea and the Nile was tremendous," and a violent storm came on to add to the danger. One vessel, laden with provisions, was lost before their eyes; another, rather stouter built, still struggled on, and, by charitably casting them a tow rope, saved their little craft from being swamped in the waves or hurled upon the breakers. "Seventeen hours," says Lavalette, "were thus passed, when the sea having calmed a little, I insisted on pushing forward for the mouth of the Nile. The sailors were very unwilling; but I was seconded by the officer commanding the boat, a young man full of energy and intrepidity. The first wave that came after us covered and well-nigh sunk us. One pull more was necessary; and though the men were as pale as death with fear, it was made, and we reached Rosetta."

The good fortune of our hero was not yet exhausted. While he achieved in safety the passage up the Nile, his less fortunate brother aid-de-camp, Julien, was massacred during the night by the Arabs, with all his escort. By the victory achieved by Nelson off Aboukir between the 1st and 3d of August 1798, the French fleet was annihilated, and the land forces of Bonaparte were necessarily deprived of any immediate succours from France. The manner in which the tidings of the defeat were received and communicated by Napoleon, is thus related by its eye-witness:—

"It was in returning from beating the Mamelukes at Salahich that the commander-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news had been brought by an aid-de-camp of General Kleber's, whose horse being knocked up, he had written a few details in an open letter which I took from the hands of a peasant. I read it, and begged the general to come aside a little from the midst of his staff. I then gave him the note, and when he had read it—'You know the contents,' said he; 'of course you will keep them secret.' We then returned to Balbeys, where breakfast was already on the table, and every one in the highest spirits, the troops having retaken from the Mamelukes the rich merchandise of which they had recently plundered the caravan. The soldiers would have sold them on the spot for half nothing, but Bonaparte strictly forbade any officer to become a purchaser, till there should be an opportunity of disposing of them for a fair price by the captors on their arrival at Cairo. In the middle of breakfast, the commander-in-chief said to his guests—'Well, gentlemen, you say you like this country; it is very fortunate, as we have no longer any fleet to take us back to Europe!' The news was received with the same *sang-froid* with which it was told; every one's mind was made up, and there was no more about it."

Of a piece with his former escapes, was the charmed life which Lavalette seemed to bear in the midst of a six weeks' sojourn in Alexandria, when the plague raged with such virulence, that two days after an inspector general and ten assistants had arrived there, one alone survived; and a secretary, who had merely, in signing some billets for the troops, come in contact for a moment with an infected paper, was a dead man in fifteen hours; while surgeons, physicians, and hospital attendants, were successively swept away. The escape of one alone of these last, who habitually washed himself with oil, confirmed the well-known fact of the impunity enjoyed by the oil porters of Constantinople.

A melancholy example of the summary punishments inflicted by Oriental functionaries came under the notice of Lavalette, while deputed by his general, then absent, to accompany the aga of police in a tour of inspection through the streets of Cairo. The aga, a Greek, was as usual accompanied by the executioner and his myrmidons, the sight of whom sufficed to clear the streets of all their petty traffickers, and of all such persons as had any peccadilloes on their conscience. While stopping a moment in front of a café, a man was dragged violently to the feet of the cadi's horse, who, after a very brief interrogatory, replied to by the trembling criminal, gave a slight horizontal wave with his hand, on which the cavalcade moved on. "Something in the cadi's gesture had struck me," says Lavalette, "and turning my head after we had got on a few paces, I saw a group assembled before the coffee-house, and galloped back to the spot. Imagine my horror when I saw a decapitated body, and the executioner very quietly putting the head into his bag! 'What does this mean?' said I to the aga. 'Oh,' replied he coolly, 'the fellow was a ringleader in the late revolt, and had hitherto contrived to escape me!' I made a point of his reporting the case to the general, and very likely the man was guilty; but I could not help suspecting that my presence, and the desire to give me a specimen of Ottoman inflexibility, cost the poor wretch his life. It must be confessed, however, that such examples are not unfrequent, and that the cadi never moves unaccompanied by the executioner."

At the memorable siege of St Jean d'Acre, fresh instances were afforded of the good fortune of Bonaparte and his companion Lavalette, in escaping dangers which carried off thousands around them. While one of the shells, thrown with unerring precision from the fortress, buried itself harmlessly in the earth at the very feet of Bonaparte, and in the midst of his staff, another exploded not far off, among eleven soldiers lying on the ground at their breakfast, not one of whom survived the explosion a single instant.

MIDDLE LIFE AND DANGERS.

After Bonaparte's return to Europe, he deputed Lavalette to act as plenipotentiary to Saxony. On this expedition he was accompanied by his young wife, Emilie, who, while in Germany, had the pleasing satisfaction of vindicating the ladies of France from the then too well-founded imputation of shamelessness in dress and behaviour, by the retiring delicacy of her manners, and rigid propriety of her costume. Lavalette afterwards visited Berlin, where the queen and court loaded his wife with flattering distinctions. Returning to France, Emilie was appointed mistress of the robes to her aunt Josephine, and this office she held until the divorce of her respected relative. She now retired into private life. Lavalette, however, continued in the service and confidence of Napoleon, by whom he was appointed to the onerous office of director-general of the posts, to which were successively added the dignities of councillor of state, and grand cross of the legion of honour, and finally the title of count. Lavalette discharged the offices so imposed on him for a period of twelve years, and all parties agree in bearing testimony to the honourableness of his conduct in the trying situation in which he was placed. While at the head of the post-office, he abolished the base practice of opening letters for purposes of state or private curiosity, and for this reform he drew on himself the hatred of many in power, and especially the relentless and treacherous Fouché.

It had not been without misgivings and remonstrances that Count Lavalette beheld the latter steps of Napoleon's ambitious and ill-advised career; and however these might interrupt the cordiality of their intercourse, the emperor never failed in any emergency to resort for truth, or in any disaster for consolation, to his disinterested counsellor. The confidence reposed in his integrity by that undoubted judge of character, Bonaparte, may be gathered from his having insisted on depositing with Lavalette, on the eve of his departure on the unfortunate Russian expedition, bills on the treasury for a million and a half of francs, with directions to convert them into gold, and keep them until farther orders. At a loss, he says, how to secrete such a mass of bullion, Lavalette had made, through an artillery officer of his acquaintance, boxes exactly resembling gigantic volumes, and lettered Ancient and Modern History, each capable of containing 30,000 francs, and put them into his bookcase. When the emperor came back, he seemed to have forgotten all about this money, and returned to Germany without giving any precise orders as to its disposal, only saying, when pressed on the subject, "We'll see when I come back." "At length," says Lavalette, "when, some months after, he was leaving Paris for his final campaign in France, I insisted on his ridding me of a deposit I could no longer be responsible for, amid the events with which Paris was threatened, 'Well,' said he to me, 'can't you hide it in your house in the country?' It was in vain I represented to him that this chateau, situated on the high road from Versailles, was liable to be pillaged and occupied by adverse parties, and that the slightest imprudence might betray the treasure. He would not listen to me, and there was nothing for it but to obey. I had a faithful steward, whom I employed for several nights in digging a hole under the flooring of a closet, which, after depositing beneath it the fifty-four volumes of a work, sure, if discovered, to be highly relished, we carefully replaced the floor. Shortly after, the chateau was occupied by 300 Prussians, fifteen of whom slept in the room, a plank of whose floor they had only to raise with their sabres to come upon these heaps of gold. My life during the two months they stayed was one perpetual agony, lest they should find out all, and I only breathed when they were gone." What ultimately became of the money we have not heard.

Pressed upon on all sides, and with a tottering power, Napoleon found it advisable to abdicate the throne of France in April 1814, and to retire to the island of Elba, where it was arranged he should continue to enjoy the title of sovereign, and an income of two millions of francs. On this dissolution of the imperial power, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., Lavalette, with the greater number of functionaries, civil and military, gave in their adhesion to the new dynasty; and to that dynasty they might have continued faithful, had it been faithful to itself, or cultivated the confidence and affections of the nation. The Bourbons, however, as was observed, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They were neither respected nor loved by the French people, while the discord of the European powers at the congress of Vienna disposed many to anticipate a new revolution in France. Taking advantage of the general dissensions, Napoleon once more appeared on the scene. Quitting his mock empire of Elba, he landed in France on the 1st of March 1815, and with what adherents could be collected, marched on to Paris, which he reached on the 13th; Louis XVIII. having previously fled, an event which, morally speaking, may be said to have dissolved the allegiance of his servants, and left them free to follow a new master. Influenced by old attachment, gratitude for past favours, as well as admiration of his genius, many of Napoleon's former generals and ministers either flocked to him before he entered Paris, or afterwards took office under him. Among these were Labédoyère, Ney, and Lavalette. With respect to the latter, it appears that, no sooner had the royal family quitted Paris, or the approach of the emperor become matter of certainty, than, urged on by a professional impulse which it is difficult to reconcile with our previous knowledge of his calm and considerate character, Lavalette proceeded, as early as seven in the morning, to take possession of his former office, vacated in his favour by its timid elderly occupant, the Comte de Ferrand. Some difficulty made in furnishing to the latter the order for horses to expedite his leaving Paris, and the refusal to permit him to follow the royal family to Ghent, were circumstances afterwards brought up against Lavalette, who, however, always declared that the whole arose from a misunderstanding.

More serious imputations, however, were ere long incurred, by the new director taking upon him not only to suppress and keep back the mails which were to circulate in the departments the royal proclamation, enjoining tranquillity and obedience, but to despatch in their stead a circular addressed to the different postmasters, in which the capital was stated to be enthusiastically in favour of the emperor, and deprecating all idea of resistance to his authority. To these steps, by which Lavalette unquestionably committed himself, he added the still more decisive one of sending a courier to meet his old master with a note, the satisfied smile of Napoleon on the perusal of which, and his verbal message in return, "So I am expected in Paris! Tell Lavalette to meet me to-night at the Tuileries!" sufficiently indicated its flattering, and, as it afterwards appeared, too sanguine tenor. That the sentiments it contained were sincere, and that the writer really rejoiced at the moment in the return of his benefactor, it is only natural to imagine, strenuously as he denies all conspiracy to bring it about, and early and painfully as he learnt to appreciate the hollow and delusive nature of the power thus marvellously resumed.

His account of the first interview with the emperor is striking, and a satire on the evanescence of all earthly greatness. On receiving, about eleven in the evening, the order to attend at the palace, he found Napoleon surrounded by his former ministers, talking as quietly over the details of the administration as if they had all been shoved ten years back. The subject and tone of the conversation, the presence of so many persons habitually employed under the emperor, would have completely effaced from the memory of Lavalette the existence of the Bourbons, and their reign of scarcely a year, had not some busts of the family been left in the confusion on a side table, which next morning quickly disappeared.

"The emperor, on seeing me," says the count, "advanced a few steps towards me, and pushing me gently before him into the next room, and pulling me by the ear—'Ah! so you are there, Mr Conspirator!' 'No, indeed, sire; you must be aware, if you have been told the truth, that I would have nothing to do ——' 'Well, well!' said he, interrupting me, and resuming his endless interrogatories. The conversation ended by his offering me the ministry of the interior, which I declined, pointing out the necessity of naming one already well known in the Revolution. The choice, an excellent one, fell on Carnot. My audience and others lasted great part of the night. At length, about three o'clock, the emperor returned to the *salon*. 'You will make out commissions,' said he to the proper functionary, 'for all these gentlemen. As for Lavalette, he has no need of one—he has taken the post by storm.' A slight shade of bitterness in the tone with which this was uttered, showed he had been piqued by my conduct."

Scarcely eight days had elapsed ere the sagacity of Lavalette enabled him to fathom the abyss about to open under their feet. Not only had the famous proclamation of the congress of allies convinced the emperor that the storm would ere long burst over France, but the revolutionary spirit which pervaded the country itself alarmed and perplexed him, and he sought in vain the profound respect and submission, nay, the etiquette, of the imperial court.

"He would send for me," says Lavalette, "two or three times a-day, to talk for hours together; but sometimes the conversation languished; and one day, after pacing several times in silence up and down the room, tired of this sort of work, and pressed by my own urgent duties, I bowed and took my leave. 'What!' exclaimed the emperor, astonished, but with a good-humoured smile, 'is this the way I am left?' I certainly should not have dreamt of doing it a year before; but somehow I had lost my courtier's routine, and could not again acquire it. One thing I have no doubt of. Had the emperor beaten the allies, and enjoined a peace, his power would have encountered the most imminent danger from intestine commotions. In appearance at least, however, no man could conform more admirably to his position. At no period of his life did I see him more imperturbably calm; not a word of anger or impatience, but listening patiently to everything—confessing his errors with affecting ingenuousness, and discussing his situation with a penetration his very enemies failed to equal." The result is matter of history. The battle of Waterloo caused Napoleon to abdicate the throne, and to flee from the country. It would appear, from the parting interview at Malmaison between the abdicated sovereign and his minister, that mutual presentiments as to the fate of each weighed on the other's mind. These were shared, on Lavalette's account, by nearly all his friends, who no sooner became aware that an extensive proscription was meditated, than they urged him, as its certain victim, to immediate flight.

From this step his wife's delicate health and advanced pregnancy might have probably sufficed to deter him; but so little apprehensive was one of the three state criminals to be excepted by the Bourbon family from their general amnesty, of the blow about to fall upon him, that while vainly bending all his energies to urge the escape from Paris of the young General Labédoyère, a similar infatuation prevailed, over all the hints and remonstrances of his friends, to detain Lavalette himself on the fatal spot.

Strong in the impression, if not of his entire innocence, yet that he had not committed any serious error in having resumed office during the hundred days under his old master, Napoleon, he persisted in remaining in Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons by the allies. He was at length arrested, and henceforward the account of what befell him must be given in his own words.

CAPTIVITY.

"On the 18th of July," says Lavalette, "I was at dinner with my wife and a friend, when an officer came to request me to speak to Monsieur De Cayes, the prefect of police. I was set down by a hackney coach, with two or three officers of police mounted behind it for footmen, in the outer office of the prison of the prefecture, where for some time (the turnkey being busy assigning lodgings to various new-comers) nobody took any notice of me; and seeing among them a Monsieur ——, long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, whom I knew well, looking very sad and sorrowful at seeing me there, I naturally experienced a reciprocal feeling, and was condoling with him on his misfortune, when, suddenly averting his head as he pointed to me, and rushing out of the place, he said to the turnkey, 'Take that gentleman to No. 17.' 'Yonder goes a man who has turned his coat quickly!' thought I, as, a little ashamed of my blunder, I followed my conductor.

"It was to a filthy garret, whose only window was in the roof, at a height of twelve feet, my only means of opening which was by an iron bar, so heavy that I was never able to move it a single notch. I suppose every one's first impulse on being put in prison, after the surprise is over, is to be very angry; and I launched out in pretty strong invectives against the head of the establishment, for not having condescended to see one whom he had sent for to speak with him. I was not yet *au fait* as to the code of politeness of prefects of police.

"There being no bell, I had to wait for three hours till the arrival of the jailer, who brought my sorry prison dinner, and I could not help asking him who were my next neighbours; as I had seen, through the key-hole, men carrying bottles, and all the apparatus of a feast. 'They are two aides-de-camp of General

Labédoyère,' said he. 'What!' exclaimed I, 'is he then arrested?' 'I believe so.' Little did I then know that these two wretches—who had denounced their late commander, when that ill-advised young man insisted on revisiting Paris and his family before proceeding to take refuge in America—were thus carousing with the rewards of their treachery!

"Towards ten at night I was sent for to go down to the chief of division, whose business it was to interrogate me; and as an examination was a relief from my own thoughts, I readily obeyed. The functionary, after a few pages of questions and answers, amused himself by telling me anecdotes, almost too atrocious for belief, of his skill in making prisoners criminate themselves; which he wound up by saying, 'As for you, your affair will not go far—it is not of consequence enough for me.'

"I remained a week longer in this preliminary incarceration, during which the bad air and prison hardships brought on an inflammatory illness, to which I owed my removal, and the hastening on of my trial, lest I should escape, by a natural death, the one intended for me.

"On the 24th of July I was abruptly put in a coach, and transferred to the too famous *Conciergerie*, of the very existence of whose dungeons, beneath the noble halls of the *Palais de Justice*, many even in Paris have not an idea. A tall and insolent turnkey, after reading aloud my description, marshalled me along a dark passage to my new abode. It was a long narrow slip of a place, having at one end a window so overhung by *jalousies* as to afford one a glimpse of about a foot square of sky, and its bare walls blackened with prisoners' names and effusions of despair. A wretched pallet, an old table, and two buckets, were its sole furniture, in the description of which I should not have been so particular, had it not formed for the previous three weeks the abode of Marshal Ney.

"I showed myself to be weaker than he, for he never complained, while I did; for when I found it would be impossible for me to read more than half an hour in the day, I wrote to the prefect of police to tell him I should soon be a dead man if they did not change my lodgings. That evening the turnkey came to take me out to walk in the courtyard called the *Préau*, and at nine, instead of taking me up again to my hole, he led me to a ground-floor room, which boasted of a fireplace, and a window looking into a smaller court, separated from that of the women by a pretty high wall. 'I could not put you here this morning,' said he, 'because General Labédoyère was confined next door; but he is removed to the *Abbaye*.' Next day I got him to show me the chamber, which was still more inconvenient than that I had left, and where the poor fellow had remained in total solitude for eight days, without books or any other recreation, seeing even a jailer only twice in the twenty-four hours, and deprived, by the narrowness of his cabin, from even such exercise as pacing its length would have afforded.

"I, too, was to spend six long weeks in secret, receiving no letters that were not first opened, nor seeing any friend except in presence of the prison clerk. I had but sorry news of my wife, whose assurances of perfect health were sadly belied by her trembling handwriting, and the sufferings I knew to be inseparable from her situation of advanced pregnancy, to which she carefully abstained from alluding. My slumbers, which these tidings were not likely to render sounder, were broken at all hours by the vicinity to my cell of a huge iron door, the incessant opening and shutting of which, when the sentries were relieving, shook me in my bed, and often made me start up in alarm; while the cold and damp obliged me, even at midsummer, to keep up a fire night and day."

During this period of suspense, Lavalette seems to have been chiefly supported under his misfortunes by reflections on the yet greater reverses of the emperor. It was not without a degree of melancholy satisfaction that he was permitted occasional short interviews at his window with Marshal Ney, who was confined in the same prison, and on a similar charge of breaking his faith with the Bourbons, and going over to Napoleon. Ney was cheerful under his reverses, consoling himself, like Lavalette, with the reflection that he had only done as his sense of duty and gratitude had dictated. Not a little of his time he spent in playing the flute, and when his companions in misfortune could not see him, they knew from the notes of his flute that he was still a living man. Of the three victims confined on a similar charge, Labédoyère was first tried and executed. "Labédoyère is gone," said Ney to Lavalette at their last interview; "it will be your turn next, dear Lavalette, and then mine." This anticipation proved correct. Lavalette was brought to trial in the course of November; but before proceeding with his story, we may present a few details respecting the unfortunate Ney.

MARSHAL NEY.

Michael Ney was the son of a poor tradesman of Sarre-Louis, on the borders of Germany, and, like Lavalette, rose to a high post in the army entirely by the force of his character. At first he was intrusted with only the command of a body of irregular troops, called partisans, who, knowing very little of discipline, yet exceeded all other men in the impetuosity of their attacks, and were ready for any enterprise, however daring or desperate. To execute missions of extraordinary peril, to traverse the enemy's lines, to reconnoitre his positions and strength, to cut off his convoys, and to destroy or make prisoners such separate detachments as they might encounter—such were their usual tasks; and it was in this adventurous service that Ney acquired the surname of the *Indefatigable*. A daring act of intrepidity which he performed at the siege of Manheim in 1799, raised him to the head of a division in the regular army. This act was his assumption of the character and costume of a peasant, and entering the town to spy the nature of its defences. German being his native language, and being well acquainted with the manners of the peasantry, he escaped suspicion, and returned in safety to the French camp. With the knowledge he had so gained, he proceeded, during the darkness of night, with a chosen band, and by the fury of his attack captured the place.

Now installed in the favour of Napoleon, Ney rose to distinction, and was created Duke of Elchingen, in reward for the victory he achieved at the battle of that name. In the French campaigns in the Peninsula, he was in active service, and conducted the retreat from Torres Vedras with an ability which greatly increased his fame. Colonel Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, has an anecdote about his brother, honourable alike to Marshal Ney and the French commander-in-chief, Soult. Major Napier, at the battle of Corunna, having been wounded and made prisoner, "he was returned among the killed. The morning after the battle, the Duke of Dalmatia, being apprised of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and, with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon, desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which (from the system of refusing exchanges) would have been destruction to his professional prospects. The marshal also obtained for the drummer (who had saved him from being murdered by a French soldier) the decoration of the legion of honour. The events of the war obliged Soult to depart in a few days from Corunna, but he recommended Major Napier to the attention of Marshal Ney; and that marshal also treated his prisoner with the kindness of a friend rather than the rigour of an enemy, for he quartered him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Nor did Marshal Ney's kindness stop there; for when the flag of truce arrived, and he became acquainted with the situation of Major Napier's family, he suddenly waived all forms, and instead of answering the inquiry by a cold intimation of the captive's existence, sent him, and with him the few English prisoners taken in the battle, at once to England, merely demanding that none should serve until regularly exchanged. I should not have dwelt thus long upon the private adventures of an officer, but that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity, and the demand is rendered imperative by the after misfortunes of Marshal Ney."

Ney served in the Russian campaign, and for his gallantry during this disastrous expedition he was created Prince of Moskwa. In 1813, when the power of Napoleon was crumbling to ruin, Ney still adhered faithfully to him. Like others, however, as has been already said, he went over to the Bourbons, and, more fortunate than many of his brethren in arms, was intrusted by them with a high military command, and created a knight of St Louis, and a peer of France. But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted. During the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favourite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew nor wished to know the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity. Contrary to his wife's inclinations, Ney seldom appeared at court, and it was while at his country seat, in March 1815, that he was surprised by a summons to join the division of the army of which he was commander. He undertook the commission, but the universal defection of the army caused him to abandon the attempt, and he hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.*

In the brief campaign of 1815, Ney had an important command, and at Waterloo, where the whole energies of Bonaparte were concentrated for a final effort, he led the attack on the enemy's centre; and after five horses had been killed under him, he remained the last French general on the bloody field. His clothes were full of bullet holes, and he fought on foot till night, in the midst of the plain. All being lost, and aware of the dangers to which he was exposed, he fled to Auvergne, a remote part of France, and found shelter and concealment in the castle of a friend at Aurillac. During an entertainment given by his friend, one of the guests observed a splendid sabre. The account of it reached the ears of the sub-prefect, and it was immediately recognised as the sabre of Ney. The castle was searched, the marshal taken, and imprisoned on the 5th of August. Ney might have escaped with ease, but he was confident of acquittal. He was brought before a court-martial, which on the 10th of November declared itself incompetent to take cognizance of his case. His trial was therefore referred to the Chamber of Peers, where the minister, the Duke de Richelieu, was eager for his punishment. His advocate was Dupin. The twelfth article of the capitulation of Paris, signed July 3, 1815, promising a general amnesty, was quoted in his favour; but Wellington affirmed that this was not the true construction of the article. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Marshal Davoust, who had made the treaty, and who explained it in favour of Ney, he was sentenced to death by 169 votes against 17. With the calmness which had distinguished him through the whole trial he listened to the sentence; but when the person who read it came to his titles, he interrupted him—"What need of titles now? I am Michael Ney, and soon shall be a handful of dust." When the assistance of a priest was offered him, he replied, "I need no priest to teach me how to die; I have learned it in the school of battle." He permitted, however, the curate of St Sulpice to accompany him to the scaffold, and compelled him to enter the carriage first, saying, "You mount before me now, sir, but I shall soonest reach a higher region." On the 7th of December 1815, at nine o'clock A.M., he was shot in the garden of the Luxemburg. When an attempt was made to blindfold him, he tore away the bandage, and indignantly exclaimed, "Have you forgotten that for twenty-six years I have lived among bullets?" Then turning to the soldiers, he solemnly declared that he had never been a traitor to his country, and, laying his hand upon his heart, called out, with a steady voice, "Aim true. France for ever! Fire!" He fell, pierced with bullets; and his melancholy fate will long be remembered as one of the most vengeful and imprudent acts of the elder Bourbons.

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* Court and Camp of Napoleon.

STORY OF LAVALETTE'S CAPTIVITY CONTINUED.

We now turn to Ney's companion in captivity, the Count Lavalette, the period of whose confinement previous to his trial in November 1815 was extremely irksome. "Time in prison passes but slowly," says he in his memoirs, "and to the evils of my own situation were now added deep anxieties about my wife, whom I had won upon to promise not to come and see me till after her confinement, well knowing the interview would be enough to kill her. On her account, and that of my family, I succeeded in persuading myself that I should get off with a few years' imprisonment, during which I could watch over and occasionally see them; and though the idea of the scaffold would intrude, it was as yet but as a vague threat, scarce likely, I flattered myself, to be realised. When such thoughts became too oppressive, I escaped from them by mentally following the bark which bore Napoleon over the wide waters to St Helena.

"One of the worst features of my domicile was the vicinity to it, right opposite, though separated by a wall, of the women's court, whence, from eight in the morning till seven at night, issued a perfect torrent of stunning vociferation, couched in the lowest and coarsest and most depraved terms to be found in our own or any language, and sounds of riot, which the jailers were often obliged to rush in to quell. On this same court, be it remembered, had looked out the two windows of the prison of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette! This chamber, which I had daily to pass through during my sojourn, was a large waste place, divided by a sort of pillar forming two arches, with a brick floor whose obsolete designs indicated extreme antiquity. How often did I walk up and down this prison when about to become a prey to despondency! How often did I blush there for complaining of a lot which, be it what it might, could not transcend in horror that endured by a queen of France!

"I had denied myself, since my imprisonment, the visits of my daughter, now nearly fourteen, from the dread of deepening her sorrows by the sad realities of a dungeon. But my wife having sent her to receive my blessing on the eve of her first communion, it was in vain that I strove to keep within bounds my long repressed affections. On seeing before me my only child, adorned with all the charms of youth, first drowned in tears in my arms, and then stretched in a deep swoon at my feet, my heart was torn with inexpressible parental anguish, and for the first time awakened to the full extent of my misfortunes. I was wholly unable to control my grief; my silent tears mingled with the sobs of my child; and when I laid my hands on her head, the words of blessing died away on my lips.

"This scene, as I have said, first roused me to a true sense of my situation, and my kind and zealous legal defenders drew aside, in their consultations, a part at least of the veil which had hitherto blinded me to it. My chief adviser, Monsieur Tripier, a clear, logical-headed man, prepared for my defence by first attacking me on every vulnerable point of my case. 'What business had I at the post-office? Why had I gone thither so early? Why did I despatch a courier to meet the emperor? Why take upon me to stop the royal proclamation, while accelerating by the same posts the bulletin of Napoleon?' My answers appeared to him candid and straightforward, but insufficient to secure my acquittal. Yet up to the eve of my sentence, his opinion was, that I should be condemned to five years' imprisonment for my unauthorised resumption of office. What, however, engrossed far more of my thoughts than even my trial, was the situation of my wife, whose new-born infant—the long-wished-for son on whom I reckoned to console her in the event of my loss, and her cares for whom might reconcile her to survive me—had been taken from her suddenly, after an illness of a few short hours. My anxieties on her account, in the event of my condemnation, grew quite dreadful—the calamities attendant on revolutions having deprived her of nearly all her near relatives. Her father, indeed, survived, and had returned to France, but bringing with him a second wife and family; and residing, as he did, at a distance from Paris, could offer little in the way of present protection.

"It was amid these dismal reflections that my trial began, the first day of which was marked by animosity, and was stormy and unfavourable; though towards its close, prejudices seemed giving way, and on the second, matters appeared taking a more favourable turn. Just as the jury, about six in the evening, were going to retire to consider their verdict, a question arose, on which its fate turned, between my counsel and that for the crown as to the order of putting the questions—'Was I guilty of conspiracy, or only of a usurpation of power?' If put in this order, and separately, no act of conspiracy having been proved, the capital offence and consequent penalty fell to the ground, and the misdemeanour, carrying imprisonment, alone remained. But this was not the aim of my prosecutors, and they prevailed to have the questions joined in one; and thus working partly on the timidity and partly on the humanity of the jury, by assuring them that an example of clemency was alone now wanted by the government, and an opportunity of pardoning in my person (Ney being already executed) the third great state offender.

"During the deliberation I was taken back to prison, and a kind young friend volunteered to keep me company. After a very melancholy dinner, wishing to keep up his hopes, though my own were at an end, I proposed to him our usual game at chess, and won it, contrary to my custom, as he was more than my match. But indeed, poor fellow! as the night wore on, his firmness gave way with it, and when, at ten o'clock, obliged to take leave, he fairly melted into tears. I remained alone two endless hours longer, and at midnight was summoned back to hear my sentence. The verdict had been read in my absence, and it was easy for me to gather its tenor from the ominous silence which reigned in the vast hall, whose benches were still occupied, and even by women, among whom I in vain sought for a single compassionate glance. One juryman alone had his face buried in his handkerchief. It was Monsieur Jurien, a returned emigrant, whose nomination I had looked upon as peculiarly disastrous, yet who, I afterwards learned, had for six hours advocated my cause in a jury where eight out of twelve had voted against me.

"The judges returned, for forms' sake, for a few moments; but I had read my doom in many a countenance ere the president pronounced aloud the article of the code which involved capital punishment! I was pronounced guilty, and doomed to death under the guillotine. As I went back to my cell, the turnkey met and questioned me. 'All is up with me!' said I; and the man recoiled as if he had received a shot. Hitherto, and in public, I had kept up; but night and solitude gave full effect to the terrible words, 'Guilty of death!' My first impulse was again an indignant one. I strode rapidly through my cell, appealing to France and the whole world against an iniquitous sentence; but by degrees I grew calm, and exhausted nature found oblivion in sleep.

"My earliest care next day was how to break the sad tidings to Madame Lavalette. I wrote to the Princess de Vaudemont and another old female friend, who hastened to her, and whose deep mourning garb made her at once aware of their mission. But the princess, a woman of firm, decided character, insisted on dictating a letter to the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the bedchamber, soliciting an interview with the king. It was granted, contrary to all expectation, Mesdames Ney and Labédoyère having been refused; but the hopes it gave rise to proved cruelly delusive.

"Led by the hand by Monsieur de Duras through all the assembled courtiers to the king's closet, my wife fell at the feet of Louis XVIII., who said to her, 'Madam, I have at once received you, to give you a mark of my deep interest.' He added no more; but the words had been overheard, and were whispered abroad in the anteroom as Madame Lavalette passed. Her grief, her beauty, the grace and nobleness of her demeanour, notwithstanding her deep dejection, affected all who beheld her. It was remembered that she was the daughter of an emigrant, and no one doubted that a pardon would follow, since the king had granted the audience. It was not, however, thus to be.

"The next day, for the first time during four months, we met, and her paleness, her thinness, her deep depression, shocked me dreadfully. She fell speechless into my arms, unable during the first hour to articulate a single word. At length she slowly came to herself, and I drew from her the particulars of her interview with the king. For her sake and that of my child I assented to appeal, as I had the right of doing, against my sentence to the Court of Cessation; though my first impulse had been to shrink from the torturing suspense of the month, perhaps, which might intervene before its decision. During this period I strove to familiarise myself, by means of closely interrogating the jailers, with all the horrible minutiæ of the scaffold and its preliminaries; and though at first the very marrow in my bones seemed frozen at their cold circumstantial recitals, by degrees I got wonderfully hardened, and could listen without blenching. The mode of execution alone revolted and disgusted me: and while the jailer, who informed me of poor Ney's fate, and told me he had been shot, thought me mad because I said he was 'a happy fellow!' I left no stone unturned to procure for myself a similar soldier's death.

"I failed; and not death itself could be more bitter than the terms in which this was conveyed by some on whose gratitude I had strong claims; while from others, especially the Duke of Ragusa (from whom circumstances had estranged me), I received the most unexpected testimonies of devoted interest. He proved it when, on the confirmation of my sentence, and the extinction of all hope, save from the royal clemency, he risked, and actually lost his favour at court, by introducing my poor wife once more to the presence of the monarch. It was in vain. Repulsed in all directions, she remained sitting for above an hour on the stone steps of the court, without one of the numerous comers and goers venturing to bestow on her the smallest token of recognition or compassion; and at length, worn out in body and mind, and deprived of all hope from man, she returned, broken-hearted, to my dungeon.

"My hours, I felt, were now literally numbered, only forty-eight remaining of the three days allowed for the condemned to apply for a pardon. All my friends were in consternation; the jailers themselves avoided my presence; even Eberle, the one employed about my prison, had no longer the heart to address me, but moved silently about the room, scarcely seeming to know what he was doing.

"On the Tuesday night I said to him, 'It is usually on Friday, is it not, that executions take place?' 'Sometimes on Thursdays,' said he, smothering a sigh. 'At four o'clock in the afternoon generally?' asked I. 'Sometimes in the morning,' he replied, hastily running out, without ever remembering to shut the door behind him. A female turnkey from the women's ward happening to pass by, and observing this, slipped into my room, and passionately kissing my cross of the legion of honour, rushed out again, drowned in tears; and thus it was to a woman I had scarcely seen, and never spoken to, I owed the certain knowledge of my impending fate.

"My wife came as usual at six o'clock to dine with me, accompanied by a female relation. When we were alone, she said, 'There no longer remains a hope for us but in one plan, which I am going to propose. You must leave this at eight o'clock in my clothes, along with my cousin, and go in my sedan chair to such a street; Monsieur Baudus will have a cabriolet in waiting, to conduct you to a retreat he has secured for you, where you will remain in safety till you can quit the country.' I listened and looked at her in silence. Her voice was so firm, and her aspect so calm, she seemed so persuaded of success, that I hesitated to reply; and yet her project appeared to me sheer madness, and I was obliged at last to tell her so. At the first word she interrupted me. 'No objections,' said she; 'your death will be mine; so do not reject my proposal. My conviction of its success is deep, for God, I feel, sustains me.'

"In vain did I urge the innumerable jailers who surrounded her every night when she left, the turnkey who always handed her to her chair, the impossibility of so disguising myself as to deceive them; and, above all, my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of miscreants who, in their first rage at my escape, might actually maltreat her. I was forced to leave off, her increasing paleness and agitation precluding all remonstrance. I could only pacify her by a seeming consent, remarking, however, that if success could be looked for in such a wild scheme, it could only be by stationing the cabriolet much nearer to the prison, as, in the course of nearly an hour's journey, a sedan chair could not fail to be overtaken, nor could I perform the distance on foot in women's garb without similar danger.

"These considerations induced her to agree to defer till next day (the last I had to call my own) the execution of her plan; and exacting my solemn promise then to make the attempt, she left me, in some degree quieted and comforted."

ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

The plan of escape proposed by Madame Lavalette was not new in the annals of female devotedness. The same means had been successfully employed by the Countess of Nithsdale to aid the escape of her husband from the Tower of London, on the night preceding that designed for his execution (February 23, 1716.)* Whether Madame Lavalette was acquainted with the particulars of this heroic incident, is unknown: they were not at least likely to be remembered on the present occasion by the functionaries of the conciergerie, and hence the plan of escape had all the benefit of being new and unexpected.

Lavalette himself, however, had serious misgivings as to the propriety of so hazardous a project. "The more," says he, "I reflected on the scheme suggested for my escape by my wife, the more hopeless did it appear. Not only was she taller than myself, but her figure was slight and agile; while I, greatly as confinement had reduced me, was still too much the reverse for the jailers, who saw both daily, to be taken in. And then I was so thoroughly prepared to die! I had so often, and at length so firmly rehearsed the cruel drama, even to the dreary journey in the cart, and the last offices of the executioner; and now I was to mingle a possible burlesque with all this tragedy, most likely to be retaken in my woman's disguise, nay, perhaps exposed in it to the derision of the public! But, on the other hand, my poor wife, so happy, so secure in the success of her project, to refuse my concurrence in it would be to kill her.

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* See tract, "Last Earl of Derwentwater."

"While lost in these tormenting conflicts, she arrived, and after communicating to me the distressing results of some other unavailing efforts she had been making on royal clemency and ministerial sympathy, she said, 'I am coming as usual to dine with you. Keep up your courage, for we shall require it all! As for myself,' added she, with a deep sigh of exhaustion, 'I feel I have just strength left for four-and-twenty hours, and not one moment longer, I am so thoroughly worn out!' Poor thing! her hours of energy and consciousness were indeed numbered!

"I had gone through a sad scene in taking leave, as I thought, of my daughter (who had been brought to me the day before by the porteress of her convent), when, to my surprise, she reappeared, along with her mother. 'I have bethought me,' said she, 'that you had better have our child to accompany you. She will do more punctually as I desire.'

"My wife had put on over her dress a merino pelisse, richly lined with fur, which she used to wear in coming home from balls, and had brought in her bag a black silk petticoat. Having sent the child out of hearing, she said to me rapidly in a whisper, 'These will suffice to disguise you perfectly. I could have wished to add a veil, but having, unfortunately, not been in the habit of wearing one, it is out of the question now. Be sure, before going into the outer room, to draw on these gloves, and put my handkerchief to your face. Walk very slowly, leaning on Josephine, and take care to stoop as you go out at these low doors, for if they should catch the feathers of your bonnet, all would be lost. The jailers will be as usual in the anteroom, and remember the turnkey always hands me out. The chair to-day will be drawn up close to the staircase. Monsieur Baudus will meet you very soon, and point out your hiding-place. God guide and protect you, my dearest husband! But oh! be sure and mind my directions, and keep calm! Give me your hand; I wish to feel your pulse. Now, feel mine, and see how quietly it beats; there is not the slightest quickness.' Poor thing! I ascertained she was in a strong fever! 'Nor, above all,' added she, 'no giving way to our feelings; we should be ruined.' I could not, however, forbear giving her my wedding ring, on the pretext that if stopped, it might help to betray me.

"She now called back her daughter. 'Listen well, my child,' said she, 'to what I am going to say, as I shall ask you to repeat it. I shall leave this evening at seven instead of eight o'clock. Keep behind me in going out, as you know the doors are narrow; but when we come into the outer hall, take care to be on my left, the side the turnkey comes on to hand me out, which I hate. When we are beyond the grating, and going up the outer stair, then come to my right, that the odious gendarmes at the guardhouse may not come and stare under my bonnet, as they always try to do. Do you understand me?' The dear girl rehearsed her lesson very faithfully.

"One or two friends who had dropped in with the kindest intentions, but whose emotions would have been fatal to the firmness of the parties, had to be got rid of ere dinner was served; and, more perplexing still, a poor old nurse of Madame Lavalette's, who had been left waiting outside, but whom grief and the heat of the stove had upset, was to be allowed to sit in the room, and yet be kept in ignorance of the scheme, which the slightest alarm or indiscretion on her part might have betrayed.

"This dinner, which might prove my last upon earth, was very frightful. The morsels stuck in our throats, and not a word was exchanged; and thus nearly an hour had to be spent. Three quarters past six at length struck, and my wife rung for the faithful valet, whose services I had dispensed with, that he might attend her. She spoke a few words to him in a whisper, and then added aloud, 'Take care that the chairmen are at hand; I am just coming.' And when he was gone, turning to me, 'Now you must be dressed.'

"For want of a dressing-room, I had luckily made them place a large screen in my apartment, behind which we now retired, and while my dear wife made my toilet with equal quickness and dexterity, she kept saying, 'Mind you stoop your head at the doors; be sure and walk slowly through the hall, like a person worn out with suffering.' In three minutes my disguise was complete, and we were back into the room; and Emilie said to her daughter, 'What do you think of your papa?' An incredulous smile was the poor child's only answer. 'But seriously, my dear, will he do?' 'Not very badly,' said she, on seeing me walk a few steps before her; but her head sunk on her breast, and her dejected tone betrayed her apprehensions. Not a word more was spoken till I was close to the door. I then said to Emilie, 'The turnkey looks in every evening as soon as he has seen you off. Take care and remain until then behind the screen, and make a noise by moving about some of the things: he will conclude all right, and give me the few minutes indispensable for my getting clear away.' She understood me, and as I put forth my hand to ring the bell, I gently pressed her arm: we exchanged looks: 'Adieu!' said she, lifting up her eyes to heaven. Had we ventured on an embrace, all would have been lost.

"The jailer's step was now heard. Emilie sprung behind the screen—the door opened: I passed out first, next my daughter, then the old nurse. On coming to the door leading from the passage to the outer room, I had at the same time to lift my foot and stoop my head, to prevent the catching of my feathers—no easy matter: but I succeeded; and had now to face in this large room a file of five seated jailers ranged along the wall. I held my handkerchief to my eyes of course, and expected my daughter to come, as directed, on my left; but in her flurry the poor child took the right, thus leaving the jailer at liberty to hand me out as usual. He laid his hand on my arm, evidently much moved (for he concluded we had taken an eternal leave of each other), and said, 'You leave early to-night, madam?' It has been said that my child and I gave way to screams and sobs. So far from that, we durst not so much as indulge in a sigh. At length I got to the further end, where, night and day, sat a jailer in a huge arm-chair, in a space sufficiently contracted to allow him to place his two hands on the keys of two doors; one an iron grating, the other (the outer one) called the first wicket. This man looked at me, but did not open. I had to put my hand through the bars to hurry him. At length he turned his two keys, and we were out! And now, recollecting herself, my daughter took my right arm. We had twelve steps of a stair to go up to get at the court where the chair waited; and at the foot of them was the guardhouse, where twenty soldiers, with an officer at their head, stood within three steps of me, to see Madame Lavalette pass! My foot was at length on the last step, and I got into the sedan, which was close by. But not a chairman was there—not a servant! only my daughter and the old woman standing beside it, and a sentry not six feet off, immoveable on his post, staring at me. My first surprise was giving way to violent agitation: I felt my eyes fixed like a basilisk's on that sentry's musket, which, at the smallest noise or difficulty, I should certainly have sprung on, and used it against any one who offered to take me. This dreadful suspense may have lasted some two minutes, which to me appeared the length of a night. At length I heard the voice of Bonneville my valet whispering to me—'One of the bearers has failed me, but I have found another!'

"I then felt myself caught up, the chair crossed the court, and we went down a street or two. When it was set down, the door opened, and my friend Baudus offering me his arm, said aloud, 'Madam, you know you have a visit to make to the president.' I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet which stood a short way off down a little dark street. I sprang into it, and the driver said to me, 'Hand me my whip.' I sought it in vain; it had fallen. 'Never mind,' said my companion, giving the reins a shake, which set off the horses at a round trot. As I passed, I caught sight of my daughter Josephine standing on the quay, with her hands joined, praying for me with all her soul before getting into the chair; which, as I had predicted, was quickly overtaken, and finding her only in it, was allowed to proceed.

"Beginning to breathe at length, when we had driven a long way, I had time to look at my coachman, and what was my astonishment to recognise the Count de Chassenon, whom I little thought of seeing in that capacity. 'Is that you?' asked I in unfeigned surprise. 'Yes; and you have at your back four well-loaded pistols, which I hope you will use in case of need.' 'Not I, indeed; I have no mind to involve you in ruin!' 'Well, then, I suppose I must show you the example, and wo to whoever attempts to stop us!' We drove on to the boulevard neuf, where we stopped, and I displayed my handkerchief, as agreed, on the apron of the cab; having, by the way, got rid of all my female paraphernalia, and slipped on a groom's frock, with a round laced livery hat. Monsieur Baudus sooned joined us: I took leave of the good count, and modestly followed in the wake of my new master. It was now past eight; the rain fell in torrents; the night was dark; and nothing could be more lonely than this part of the town. It was with the greatest difficulty I could keep pace with Monsieur Baudus before I lost one of my shoes, which did not mend matters. We met several gendarmes at full gallop, little aware that he whom they were probably in quest of was so near them! At length, after an hour's march, worn out with fatigue, and with one foot bare, we came to a large mansion. 'I am going in here,' said Monsieur Baudus; 'and while I engage the porter in conversation, slip into the courtyard; you will find a staircase on the left; go up it to the highest storey. At the end of a dark passage to the right is a pile of firewood; stand behind it, and wait.' I grew dizzy, and almost sunk on seeing Monsieur Baudus knock at the very door of the minister for foreign affairs, the Duke de Richelieu! But while the porter let him in, I passed on quickly. 'Where is that man going?' cried the porter. 'Oh, 'tis only my servant.' I found the staircase and everything else as directed, and was no sooner on the appointed spot, than I heard the rustling of a gown; my arm was gently taken; I was pushed into a room, and the door closed upon me."

Lavalette was now concealed in what was in all probability the least suspected place in Paris—the house of the minister of foreign affairs. For an asylum under this roof he was indebted to the gratitude of Madame de Brisson, the wife of the cashier. M. de Brisson, it appears, had been proscribed at the first revolution for voting against the king's death, and was two years in hiding, along with his wife, among the Vosges, a cluster of mountains on the east of France. Here they received so much kindness from the inhabitants, that Madame de Brisson made a vow to save, if ever in her power, a person similarly circumstanced. She now had it in her power to afford a shelter to Lavalette, and nobly did she redeem her vow. Every comfort, down to the minutest luxuries of the toilet (so acceptable to a prisoner long deprived of them), had been provided by this lady's thoughtful kindness; even the felt slippers in which alone he was to dare to move about, and the profusion of books and wax lights, which were to compensate to a studious man for the necessity of keeping his windows carefully closed all day. When the shades of night permitted him to open them, it was often to hear street-criers bawling forth proclamations, of which he could sometimes catch little more than his own name, threatening with the utmost penalties of the law all landlords or lodgers who might be giving him a harbour; and truly, considering not only the dangers to which their generous conduct in his behalf was exposing his benefactors, but the fearful risk to all involved, in a nephew (who slept next room to him) and a couple of faithful servants being necessarily in the secret, it may be imagined that Lavalette's was not a bed of roses. His meals had to be literally purloined from their own table by Madame de Brisson, who, on some refreshment not habitually consumed by the family being requested by her prisoner, was obliged to remind him of the recapture and death on the scaffold of Monsieur de Montmorine, from the trifling circumstance of some chicken bones being found near the door of his landlady—a woman too poor to indulge in such dainties. She was, however, able to afford him the more substantial alleviation of hearing that, spite of proclamations, at which every one laughed, his escape was the subject of rejoicing all over Paris; that Madame Lavalette was extolled to the skies, and every possible allusion to her conduct at the theatre received with rapturous applause.

It is now time to return to that interesting woman, whose agitating suspense after her husband's departure may be easily conceived. No sooner was Lavalette beyond the gates, than the jailer peeped as usual into the room, and hearing some one behind the screen, went out. He returned, however, in five minutes, and still seeing no one, bethought him of pushing aside a leaf of the screen, and at sight of Madame Lavalette, gave a loud cry, and ran towards the door. She flew to prevent him, and, in her despair, kept such fast hold of his coat that he left part of it in her hands. "You have ruined me, madam!" he exclaimed in a rage, and extricating himself by a desperate effort, and calling out as he went along, "The prisoner has escaped!" he ran, tearing his hair like a madman, to the prefect of police.

The intelligence of Lavalette's escape, hastily communicated to the prefect, spread universal surprise. Indignant at the trick which had been played, the prefect, who was officially responsible for the safety of the prisoner, instantly ordered the widest and most minute search to be made to recover the lost captive. Gendarmes galloped about in all directions, and every suspicious-looking individual was seized. Cafés, hotels, and all places of public resort, were visited. Every supposed lurking-place was searched. The pursuit continued all night, and domiciliary visits of the strictest kind were made, not only at the house of every acquaintance of the count, but of all who had ever held official connexion with him. The effort was vain. Clever as the police of Paris unquestionably are, they were completely baffled on this memorable occasion. To intercept a possible flight to the country, the barriers were closed, and no one was permitted to pass without undergoing a personal scrutiny. All, however, would not do. Lavalette, safe in the house of the minister of foreign affairs, who little knew what guest he entertained, continued undiscovered; and all Paris chuckled to see the police fairly at fault.

Defeated in their attempts to recover the fugitive, the police and other authorities meanly revenged themselves on Madame Lavalette, who for some time remained in an agony of suspense with respect to the fate of her husband. From the brutal insults of the enraged jailers, she was rescued by the arrival of the attorney-general, but only to be exposed to a set of formal interrogatories and reproaches from that functionary. In the eye of the law, she had been guilty at most of a misdemeanour, for which a severe punishment could not properly be inflicted. By the orders of the attorney-general, however, she was treated with unbecoming disrespect and severity; and being at the time in a poor state of health, this treatment was not only a sore aggravation of her immediate distresses, bodily and mental, but laid the foundation of complaints which afterwards unsettled her reason.

Instead of throwing open to this magnanimous woman the doors of the prison she had hallowed, her confinement was, for six weeks, as close and rigorous as that of the worst criminals. She was subjected to the nuisance of being within hearing of the reprobate of her own sex, while no female attendant was allowed her save a jailer; not a line was she permitted either to despatch or receive, and therefore a continual prey to anxieties on her husband's account, which, at every change of sentries, made her start up, concluding they were bringing him back, and for twenty-five nights wholly deprived her of sleep. Fortunately for her husband, he was kept in ignorance of these distressing details, and taught to believe that, though subject to restraint, she was enjoying every comfort under the roof of the wife of the prefect of police.

To him we must now return. In consequence of the unabated vigilance of the authorities, the friends of Lavalette were anxious to get him conveyed, if possible, beyond the barriers, and thence out of France. Several plans of escape from the country were suggested, without success. One, to escape in the suite of a Russian general, failed, from the dread inspired, by hearing the name of Lavalette, of himself being sent to Siberia. Another, more promising, to join a Bavarian battalion quitting Paris, whose commandant, a friend of Prince Eugène, would have earned praise instead of blame by conniving at it, was frustrated by the surveillance naturally enough exercised by the police over both men and officers of this suspected corps. At length, on the eighteenth day of his seclusion, Monsieur Baudus, in a transport of joy, announced to Lavalette his probable escape through the co-operation of Englishmen.

The political sentiments of some then in Paris had been too openly declared, against the execution of Marshal Ney especially, to make sounding them a matter of difficulty; and the office being undertaken by some French ladies of rank and the most amiable character, had all the success anticipated with Mr Michael Bruce in the first instance, and through him, with yet more efficient coadjutors, General Sir Robert Wilson, and Captain Hutchinson of the Guards. It was humanely resolved by these gentlemen that Lavalette should, if possible, escape from France by wearing the uniform of a British officer. This plan, which was accordingly put in execution, is described as follows by Sir Robert in a letter to Earl Grey, which was intercepted on its way to England, and led to the subsequent trial and imprisonment of the parties engaged.

"It was agreed," says Sir Robert, "that the fugitive, wearing, as well as myself, the British uniform, should accompany me beyond the barriers in an English cab. That I should have a fresh horse stationed at La Chapelle, and from thence get on to Compiègne, where I was to be joined by my own carriage, in which Lavalette and I would proceed by Mons to Cambray. At my request, and on my responsibility, I easily procured passports from Lord Stewart for General Wallis and Colonel Losack; names which we made choice of, because their initials corresponded with the real ones. On their being taken to be signed at the foreign office, one of the secretaries took it in his head to ask who Colonel Losack was? when Hutchinson coolly answered, 'Oh, the son of the admiral.' Bruce now found out that the brigade of his cousin, General Brisbane, was at Compiègne, and that his aid-de-camp was to leave Paris next day with his horses and baggage. With this young man, reluctantly as we involved him in the affair, it was agreed that he should provide for us a place where an individual, desirous of avoiding publicity, might remain *perdu* a few hours at Compiègne—a precaution which proved of the greatest use.

"Bruce next procured Lavalette's measure, and a uniform was ordered as if for a quarter-master of the Guards; but the regimental tailor happening to observe that it was for a very stout gentleman, and, moreover, that it had not been taken by a professional *snip*, the parties got alarmed, and fell on the plan of borrowing for the expedition the coat of a strapping brother guardsman—a very young man, whom they persuaded it was wanted to assist in an elopement."

It is not the least curious of the many odd features of this remarkable escape, that on Lavalette proceeding under cloud of night the previous evening to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings in the Rue de Hilder, he only exchanged one lion's den for another, having for a neighbour under the same roof the very judge who had presided at his trial! He was there met by Mr Bruce (whom he had once or twice seen at the queen of Holland's) and Sir Robert Wilson, who, after partaking of a bowl of punch (the ostensible pretext for the meeting), left him to take on a sofa such slumbers as, on the eve of such an expedition, he could hope to enjoy. These were rudely broken in upon about one in the morning by a prodigious noise and loud colloquy at the outer door, the object of which was plainly to effect a forcible entry. Lavalette, never doubting he was discovered, and firmly grasping his pistols, woke his companion, who, he tells us, went out very quietly, and after five minutes (which to Lavalette seemed ages) came back and said, "It is only a dispute between the porteress and a French officer who lodges on the third floor about letting him in at so late an hour; so we may go to sleep again."

There was no more sleep, however, for his guest, who got up at six and dressed himself, and at half-past seven was called for by Sir Robert in a general's full uniform, in Bruce's cabriolet, while Captain Hutchinson rode alongside, both to give it the air of a pleasure party, and that Lavalette, if hard pressed, might exchange the carriage for a swifter conveyance. "The weather," says our hero in his memoirs, "was splendid, all the shops open, everybody in the streets; and, by a singular coincidence, as we passed the Grève (the place of execution in Paris), they were setting up the gallows customarily used for the execution in effigy of outlawed criminals."

Numerous were the occasions on which the party were threatened with discovery; indeed, that one with such marked features as Lavalette—personally known, from his office, to half the postmasters in France, and, moreover, minutely described in placards in almost everybody's hands—should have escaped detection, seems little short of a miracle. Before they were out of Paris, they met an English officer, all surprise at seeing a British general with whose person he was unacquainted. The gendarmes at the gate took a hearty stare at him; but the ceremony of presenting arms screened at once his profile and his life. When they met people or carriages, Sir Robert took care to talk very loud in English, and Colonel Losack to sit well back in the carriage, the white feather in his regimental hat serving to divert attention from the wearer. Another object of the same colour had, however, nearly served to betray him; namely, a few white hairs straggling from beneath his wig, which Sir Robert observed ere entering Compiègne, and being fortunately provided with scissors, was enabled to act the barber's part.

Their chief peril was at the previous village of La Chapelle, where their relay horse had been stationed at a bustling inn, about the door of which four gendarmes were lounging, and were only got rid of by the presence of mind of Captain Hutchinson, who, by pretending to be on the look-out for cantonments for a corps of English troops, diverted their attention, and kept them drinking till the others had got clear off. Their stay of some hours at Compiègne, to await the arrival from Paris of Sir Robert's carriage, passed off equally well, and under cloud of night it arrived safe. With post-horses the rest of the journey could now be more expeditiously, and, thanks to the words English carriage and English general, passed on from postilion to postilion, was at length safely performed.

At Cambray three hours were lost at the gates by the supineness of the English guard, who, having no orders to call up the porter, refused to do so, and might have ruined all. At Valenciennes, the party were three times examined, nay, their passports carried to the commandant. A long time elapsed, and Lavalette felt as if on the brink of shipwreck when almost in port. Luckily, it was very cold weather (early in January), and day had scarcely dawned; and the officer, instead of coming to inspect the travellers, signed their passports in bed. "On the *glacis* of the same town," says Lavalette, "an officious douanier chose to examine if all was right. His curiosity, however, was satisfied, and we were ere long bowling joyously along the firm road to Mons. Now I would peep out of the little back window, to see if we were pursued; and then I would fix my longing eyes on a large building pointed out to me as the first Belgian customhouse, which, drive as we would, never seemed to me to get any nearer. At length we gained it: I was out of the French territory, and saved! Seizing hold of the general's hands, I poured forth, deeply moved, the whole extent of my gratitude, while he only answered me by a quiet smile." "Having made at Mons every arrangement for facilitating Monsieur Lavalette's ulterior proceedings, I returned," says his generous deliverer, "to Paris, from whence I had been absent only about sixty hours."

EXILE AND DEATH.

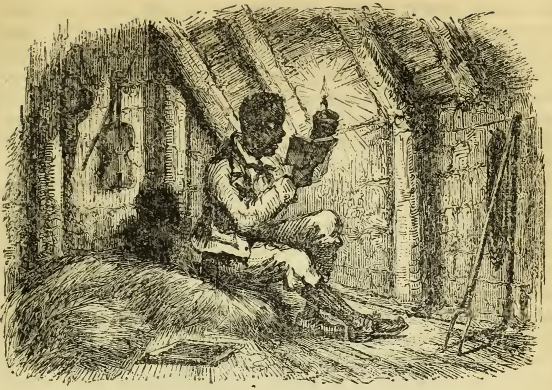
Lavalette was now safely sheltered in a foreign country. From the Netherlands he proceeded to Germany, and there found a refuge in the dominions of the king of Bavaria, though scarcely with the willing consent of that monarch. In a remote country retreat Lavalette lived for years, almost forgotten by the world. The only matter for serious regret was the absence of his affectionate wife, the state of whose mind rendered seclusion from the world indispensably necessary. The manner in which the count spent the greater part of his time may be gathered from a touching letter which he wrote to the Duchess of Ragusa, the wife of General Marmont.

"You ask me where I live, and how. I dwell on the banks of a lake not unworthy of Switzerland, for it is five leagues long by one broad. I have a room and a closet at the lodge of the keeper of a forsaken chateau. My view consists of a fine sheet of water, pretty low hills, and high mountains beyond, covered with snow. For walks, I have wild woodlands, abounding with game, which remain unmolested for me. My hosts are honest peasants, whose Spartan broth and black bread I partake of with tolerable relish. I dare not have in a servant a possible spy, so my sole companion is a poor artist unknown to fame, who smokes all day long, and does not know one word of my language; but I am learning his, and we get on very well. He wakes me every morning at six, and we labour together till nine. After the most frugal of breakfasts, we set to work again till noon, and after dinner from two till five. I then read a couple of hours; and at seven we go to walk till supper. I have taught him chess, and we play till ten, when I go to my room, but seldom to bed till one o'clock. These hours of night are for the heart's anguish, and a host of bitter reminiscences. I pray and weep over all those I love, and in thinking of my poor humbled subjugated country.

"But I do not at all times give way to such sad thoughts. I should be unworthy of my glorious misfortune did I not draw from it the sweetest consolations. I often feel less thankful at having escaped the scaffold, than for being saved from it by such generous hearts. Wife, child, friends, domestics, nay, those noble strangers, all combined to suffer, to sacrifice themselves; but, thank Heaven, ultimately to triumph in my cause. I of all mankind have no right to complain of my fellows. Never was unfortunate being honoured by so much devotedness and courage!

"I am so happy that you are within reach of my poor wife. You love and appreciate her. She is not understood in a world of base wretches, who little thought that that weak, dejected, unhappy woman would prove too strong and bold for them all! Oh! take care of her, I beseech you; watch over her, and shield her from every sorrow! And my poor little Josephine; good God! what will become of her? How fondly had I looked forward to perfecting her education! When I think of all this, I could beat my head against the very walls, and dread what I may be tempted to do! Above all, my wife!—see her often, console, and protect her if necessary."

It is consolatory to know that Lavalette outlived the vengeance of his enemies. After an exile of six years, the crime of which he stood guilty was remitted, and he was allowed to return to France a free man. He now had the additional happiness of being permitted to see his wife, and to repay by the most devoted attentions her exertions in his behalf. The acute mental malady brought on by anxiety and terror, under which she had for some years laboured, seems to have gradually yielded to a deep melancholy and frequent abstraction; "but she remained," says Lavalette, "as she had ever been, good, gentle, and amiable, and able to find enjoyment in the country;" where for her sake he chiefly resided, pretty much forgotten by the world, until his death in 1830. Whether Madame Lavalette ultimately recovered from her alienated mental condition, we have not heard: it is, however, gratifying to learn that her daughter Josephine, who was married to a man of worth and talent lived to contribute to her comfort and happiness, in that scene of rural quiet to which she had been removed by an affectionate and grateful husband.



INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

AMONG the large body of negroes held in a state of bondage, or otherwise living in a condition unfavourable to mental development, there have at various times occurred instances of intelligence far beyond what could have been expected in this unhappy and abused, or at least neglected race. In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man showing a remarkable skill in mathematical science. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact, as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent persons; and an almanac which he composed was produced in the House of Commons as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of the coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thraldom. Elsewhere, we have presented the history of the gallant and unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture, a negro of St Domingo, whose name will ever be cherished by the friends of suffering humanity; and we now lay before our readers a few sketches of the lives of coloured individuals, who, though less celebrated than Toussaint, are equally worthy of remembrance, and of being placed along with Richard Banneker. We begin with a notice of

THOMAS JENKINS.

THOMAS JENKINS was the son of an African king, and bore externally all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned over a considerable tract of country to the east of, and, we believe, including Little Cape Mount, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign, whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity, having observed what a superiority civilisation and learning gave to the Europeans over the Africans in their traffic, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire all the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick, in Scotland, who traded to the coast for ivory, gold dust, &c. that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and returned in a few years fully educated, for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of the latter parent, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was accordingly conveyed on ship-board, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.

Swanstone brought his protegé to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when, unfortunately, he was cut off from this life. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of everything that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn at Hawick, where Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where alone, of all parts of the house, could he find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs Brown for her kindness. After he had remained for some time at the inn, a farmer in Teviot-head, who was the nearest surviving relation of his guardian, agreed to take charge of him, and accordingly he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn, he understood hardly a word of English; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr L——'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced to the offices of cow-herd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account, which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr Laidlaw of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy for him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. "Black Tom," as he was called, became at Falnash a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He acted as cow-herd at one time, and stable-boy at another: in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his especial duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterwards became a regular farm-servant to Mr Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste for learning. How Tom acquired his first instructions is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty upon this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his parent. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr Laidlaw's children, or interested the servants to give him what knowledge they could.

In the course of a brief space, Mrs Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange liking for candle-ends. Not one about the farm-house could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceedings after he had retired to his den; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged, with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighbouring rustic, at which he made rapid progress—such, indeed, as to excite astonishment all over the country, for no one had ever dreamt that there was so much as a possibility of his becoming a scholar.

By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to *instruct himself in Latin and Greek.* A boy friend, who in advanced life communicated to us most of the facts we are narrating, lent him several books necessary in these studies; and Mr and Mrs Laidlaw did all in their power to favour his wishes, though the distance of a classical academy was a sufficient bar, if there had been no other, to prevent their giving him the means or opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treatment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteenpence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the lexicon as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the gray cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number XCVI. still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. "What, what do you mean?" said the poor negro in great agitation; "you know we cannot pay both that and the duty." His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked—what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild, unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindliness of manner which made him the favourite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and everybody was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland: only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular attender upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's great-coat, with the staring "XCVI." upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this, his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the field, enjoying the delightful reflection, that now he would be placed in a situation much more agreeable to him than any other he had ever known, and where he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a negro and born pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old *smiddy* [blacksmith's shop] was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed, as a matter of course, that the other school was completely deserted; and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants.

To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and as he contrived to carry on the usual exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles distant), in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there; thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. It farther shows his untiring zeal for religious instruction, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to an assistant for the winter; and this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices), in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was nevertheless truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things, the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do: the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands an order upon a merchant in Edinburgh for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity [Latin] for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P——, finding that he only spoke the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff's generous order; and next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Mr Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do wonders in civilising and instructing his father's, or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about ten years ago, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, animated by the best intentions, recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves; and he was induced to go out as a teacher to the Mauritius —a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There he has attained eminence as a teacher, and we believe he is still living.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

In the year 1761 Mrs John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave-market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl, whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger induced Mrs Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a strip of dirty carpet. These things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands the young African had been thrown, and in a short time the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupations of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that, in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child had so mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, as to read with ease the most difficult parts of sacred writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and in future she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanour.

At this period, neither in the mother country nor in the colonies was much attention bestowed on the education of the labouring-classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the mental cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa could afford. Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, *her mother poured out water before the rising sun*—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morning, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breakers-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land where a light, unknown in her far-off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family—admitted her to her own table—and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honours, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave-market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her genius, and overlooked in her favour all the disadvantages of caste and of colour. So far was Phillis from repining at, or resenting the prejudices which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the minds even of the most humane of a more favoured race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the great and the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of colour—a child of a long-degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley: her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world seem to have been written. Her favourite author was Pope, and her favourite work the translation of the Iliad. It is not of course surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began also the study of the Latin tongue, and if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The following little piece is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise :—

Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each princedom, throne, and power is o'er;
The scene is ended, to return no more.
Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
How decked with laurel, and enriched with gold!
Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
What shall my sympathising verse impart?
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look, gracious spirit! from thy heavenly bower,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour:
The raging tempest of their griefs control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God.

The following passage on sleep, from a poem of some length On the Providence of God, shows a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression :—

As reason's powers by day our God disclose,
So may we trace him in the night's repose.
Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
When action ceases and ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.
Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy;
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The labouring passions struggle for a vent.
What power, oh man! thy reason then restores,
So long suspended in nocturnal hours?
What secret hand returns* the mental train,
And gives improved thine active powers again?

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* *Returns*, a common colloquial error for restores.

From thee, oh man! what gratitude should rise!
And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,
Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
How merciful our God, who thus imparts
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot!

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, and we believe that many will concur in it, that these lines, written by an African slave-girl at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others of "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." Phillis Wheatley's lines are if anything superior in harmony, and are not inferior in depth of thought; the faults are those which characterise the models she copied from; for it must be recollected that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown; and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style introduced with the second Charles from the continent of Europe. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro girl's poetry; since it required minds such as those of Cowper and Wordsworth to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigour and simplicity of their country's earlier verse.

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in everything affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race, or colour. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home-government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung;
Whence flow those wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood—
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized his babe beloved:
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway!

A slight and rather curious defect of Phillis's intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of her memory, which, though it did not prevent her from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind mistress provided a remedy for this, by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis's room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thoughts that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen, her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business. The amiable negro girl had hitherto never been parted from the side of her benefactress since the hour of her adoption into the family; and though the necessity of the separation was acknowledged, it was equally painful to both.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
  To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender falling tear
  At sad departure's hour ;
Not unregarding can I see
  Her soul with grief opprest,
But let no sighs, no groans for me
  Steal from her pensive breast.

* * *

Lo ! Health appears, celestial dame,
  Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
  With soul-delighting mien.

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society; and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them. From this likeness, the countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing, and the form of her head highly intellectual. On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs Wheatley in America, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming, "See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?" But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress's desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarked immediately for the land of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she discharged the melancholy duty of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother, and friend, whose husband and daughter soon sunk also into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded for ever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends, she received an offer of marriage from a respectable coloured man of the name of Peters. In her desolate condition, it would have been hard to have blamed Phillis for accepting any offer of protection of an honourable kind; yet it is pleasing to think that, though the man whose wife she now became rendered her after-life miserable by his misconduct, our opinion of her is not lowered by the circumstances of her marriage. At the time it took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race; being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent, and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The war of independence began soon after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon after laid in one humble grave.

Thus perished a woman who, by a fortunate accident, was rescued from the degraded condition to which those of her race who are brought to the slave-market are too often condemned, as if for the purpose of showing to the world what care and education could effect in elevating the character of the benighted African. The example is sufficient to impress us with the conviction, that, out of the countless millions to whom no similar opportunities have ever been presented, many might be found fitted by the endowments of nature, and wanting only the blessings of education, to make them ornaments, like Phillis Wheatley, not only to their race, but to humanity.

LOTT CARY.

THIS self-taught African genius was born a slave in Charles city county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having, somehow, procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon; and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly £170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children, left him on the death of his first wife. "Of the real value of his services while in this employment (says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted), it has been remarked that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work, he was highly esteemed, and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five-dollar bank note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said that, while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book which he had left for a few moments, found it to be Smith's Wealth of Nations."

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at daybreak. Several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon them every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that "there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again."

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attention, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were for a long time rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilisation and Christianity among the natives.

In 1806 Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he discharged the duties of that important office till his death, which occurred in 1828 in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement—in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have been accidentally overturned, which ignited some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days. Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilisation on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results which dignify human nature.

PAUL CUFFEE.

From the foregoing instances of intelligent negroes, we now turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of intellectual endowment. The father of Paul was a native of Africa, from which country he was brought as a slave to Boston, in North America. Here he remained in slavery for a considerable portion of his life; but finally, by industry and economy, he amassed a sum which enabled him to purchase his personal liberty. About the same period he married a woman of Indian descent, and continuing his habits of industry and frugality, he soon found himself rich enough to purchase a farm of a hundred acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. Here a family of ten children was born to him, four sons and six daughters, all of whom received a little education, and were ultimately established in respectable situations in life. Paul, the fourth son, was born in the year 1759. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father died, leaving a considerable property in land, but which, being at that time comparatively unproductive, afforded only a very moderate provision for the large family which depended on it for subsistence. After assisting his brothers for a time in the management of this property, Paul began to see that commerce then held out higher prospects to industry than agriculture, and being conscious, perhaps, that he possessed qualities which, under proper culture, would enable him to pursue commercial employments with success, he resolved to betake himself to the sea. A whaling voyage was his first adventure in the capacity of a mariner, and on his return from this, he made a trip to the West Indies, acting on both occasions as a "common man at the mast." His third voyage occurred in the year 1776, at which period Britain was at war with America. Paul and his companions were taken prisoners by the British, and detained for about three months at New York. On being liberated, Paul returned to Westport, where he resided for several succeeding years, assisting his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstance most honourable to Paul Cuffee. The free negro population of Massachusetts was at that period excluded from all participation in the rights of citizenship, though bearing a full share of every state burden. Paul, though not yet twenty years of age, felt deeply the injustice done to himself and his race, and resolved to make an effort to obtain for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition were perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed at different periods by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme: an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul; but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm labours, only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own hands constructed a boat, complete from keel to gunwale. This vessel was without a deck, but his whaling experience had made him an adept in the management of such a bark. Having launched it into the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas, poor Paul!—he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport in a penniless condition.

Ardent indeed must the spirit have been which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate; he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of everything but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him: he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings to any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons' burthen, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coasts. In these he was so successful, that he thought himself justified in undertaking the cares of a family, and married a female descendant of the same tribe of Indians to which his mother belonged. For some years after this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural concerns, but the increase of his family induced him to embark anew in commercial plans. He arranged his affairs for a new expedition, and hired a small house on Westport river, to which he removed with his wife and children. Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged in the cod-fishing, and was so successful that he was enabled in a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons, which he navigated with the assistance of his nephews, several of whom had devoted themselves to the sea-service.

Paul Cuffee was now the most influential person in a thriving fishing community, which depended chiefly on his enterprise and voyages for employment and support. How deeply he interested himself in the welfare of those around him, may be estimated from the following circumstance. Having felt in his own person the want of a proper education, he called the inhabitants of his village to a meeting, and proposed to them the establishment of a school. Finding some disputes and delays to start up in the way, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built a school-house on his own ground at his own expense, and threw it open to the public. This enlightened and philanthropic conduct on the part of a coloured person, the offspring of a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and legislators of far higher pretensions. Though the range of his influence was limited, the intention of the act was not less meritorious than if it had extended over an empire.

About this time Paul proceeded on a whaling voyage to the Straits of Belleisle, where he found four other vessels much better equipped than his own. For this reason the masters of these vessels withdrew from the customary practice on such occasions, and refused to mate with Paul's crew, which consisted of only ten hands. This disagreement was afterwards made up; but it had the effect of rousing the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such a pitch, that out of seven whales killed in that season, two fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those of his crew. Returning home heavily freighted with oil and bone, our hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of his cargo, and with the proceeds purchased materials for building a schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795, when he was about thirty-six years of age, Paul had the pleasure of seeing his new vessel launched at Westport. The Ranger was the name given to the schooner, which was of sixty-nine tons' burthen. By selling his two other boats, Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth two thousand dollars on board of the Ranger; and having heard that a load of Indian corn might be procured at a low rate on the eastern shore of Maryland, he accordingly directed his course thither. It may give some idea of the low estimation in which the African race was held, and of the energy required to rise above the crushing weight of prejudice, when we inform the reader that, on the arrival of Paul at Vienna, in Nantichoke Bay, the inhabitants were filled with astonishment, and even alarm; a vessel owned and commanded by a black man, and manned with a crew of the same colour, was unprecedented and surprising. The fear of a revolt on the part of their slaves was excited among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an attempt was made to prevent Paul from entering the harbour. The prudence and firmness of the negro captain overcame this difficulty, and converted dislike into kindness and esteem. He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it three thousand bushels of Indian corn, which he conveyed to

Westport, where it was in great demand, and yielded our hero a clear profit of a thousand dollars. He made many subsequent voyages to the same quarter, and always with similar success.

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthiest and most respectable men of the district in which he lived, and all his relations partook of his good fortune. He had purchased some valuable landed property in the neighbourhood where his family had been brought up, and placed it under the care of one of his brothers. He built a brig likewise of a hundred and sixty-two tons, which was put under the command of a nephew. As may be supposed, he had in the meantime fitted himself also with a vessel suited to his increasing means. In 1806, the brig Traveller, of a hundred and nine tons, and the ship Alpha, of two hundred and sixty-eight tons, were built at Westport, and of these he was the principal owner. He commanded the Alpha himself, and the others also were engaged in the extensive business which he carried on at Westport.

The scheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from America and other quarters, on the coast of their native Africa, excited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose heart had always grieved for the degraded state of his race. Anxious to contribute to the success of this great purpose, he resolved to visit in person the African coast, and satisfy himself respecting the state of the country, and other points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the brig Traveller, with which he reached Sierra Leone after a two months' passage. While he was there, the British African Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs, applied for and obtained a license, which induced Paul to come to Britain with a cargo of African produce. He left his nephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone, to prosecute his disinterested views, and brought away a native youth, in order to educate him, and render him fit to educate others, on being restored to the place of his birth.

On arriving at Liverpool with his brig, navigated by eight men of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained the esteem of all with whom he held intercourse. He visited London twice, the second visit being made at the request of the members of the African Institution, who were desirous of consulting with him as to the best means of carrying their benevolent views respecting Africa into effect. This excellent and enterprising man shortly after returned to America, to pass the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and to do good to all around him, with the ample means which his industry had acquired. Whether he is yet alive, it is not in our power to say; his family at least, we know, are still engaged in the commercial pursuits in which he led the way.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the Liverpool Mercury at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article:—" A sound understanding, united with indomitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet, under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may be introduced. His person is tall, well-formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious. His prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends."

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

A YEAR or two ago, the case of the "Amistad Captives," as they were termed, created considerable sensation in the United States; and as little or nothing is known respecting them in England, we offer the following account, which we have collected from materials in the lately-published work of Mr Sturge.

During the month of August 1839, public attention was excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a long, low, black schooner, and manned by blacks. Government interfered, and the steamer Fulton and several revenue cutters were despatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various sea-ports.

The suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the Amistad, and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig Washington. On being taken possession of, it was found that the schooner was a Spanish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,* one of whom, named Cinque, acted as commander. They described themselves, with truth and consistency, to be persons who had been originally carried off from their own country as slaves, and taken to Havannah to be sold; bought there by two Spaniards, Jose Ruiz and Pedro Montez, who shipped them on board the Amistad, to be conveyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's estate; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their oppressors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the effort to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Montez they had not injured, but only placed in confinement till an opportunity occurred for liberating them. Lieutenant Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, and sent them to Newhaven county jail, where they were detained by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their property, and caused them to be indicted for piracy and murder. This was almost immediately disposed of, on the ground that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in the American courts; the alleged offences having been perpetrated on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, however, still kept in confinement; the question remaining to be determined, whether they should be handed over to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demanded them, or transmitted to the coast of Africa.

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* The exact number is not clearly stated by Mr Sturge: he speaks first of forty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five: as it appears there were several children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals who took a share in the fray.

It may be supposed that these proceedings excited a lively sensation among all the friends of the blacks in America, and every proper means was adopted to procure the liberation of the unhappy Africans. The American government finally came to the resolution of delivering them up either as property or assassins; and Van Buren, the president, issued an order, January 7, 1840, to that effect. But, after all, the order did not avail. The district judge, contrary to all anticipations of the executive, decided that the negroes were freemen; that they had been kidnapped in Africa, and were fully entitled to their liberty. They were accordingly set free, and allowed to go where they pleased. This event gave great satisfaction to the anti-slavery societies throughout the states; and many persons kindly volunteered to assist the late captives in their homeless and utterly penniless condition. Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of benevolent individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, and was deputed by his brethren to make an excursion with some of the Africans to different towns, in order to raise funds. In this he was aided by Mr Deming, and one or two others; and by their united efforts, several highly interesting public exhibitions were accomplished, and some money collected. The Africans, it appears, were natives of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of intelligence. Ten were selected from among the number as being considered the best singers, and most able to address an audience in English. These were named Cinque, Banna, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma, Kinna, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made a deep impression on the large audiences which came to hear them sing and tell the story of their capture. In a narrative written by Mr Tappan, we find the following account of what occurred at one of these exhibitions. After some preliminary statements, "three of the best readers were called upon to read a passage in the New Testament. One of the Africans next related in 'Merica language' their condition in their own country, their being kidnapped, the sufferings of the middle passage, their stay at Havannah, the transactions on board the Amistad, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience, with occasional explanations. They were next requested to sing two or three of their native songs. This performance afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing contrast, however, they sang immediately after one of the songs of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon the audience; and while these late pagans were singing so correctly and impressively a hymn in a Christian church, many weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its associations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts. Cinque was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe the novel and deeply interesting manner in which he acquitted himself. The subject of his speech was similar to that of his countrymen who had addressed the audience in English; but he related more minutely and graphically the occurrences on board the Amistad. The easy manner of Cinque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the rapidity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various expressions of his countenance, excited the admiration and applause of the audience. He was pronounced a powerful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds of his fellow-men.

"The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fuli, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follow:—These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as Kos-sa, and lies south-east of Sierra Leone, as we suppose, from sixty to one hundred and twenty miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other; nor did they know each other until they met at the slave factory of Pedro Blanco, the wholesale trafficker in men, at Lomboko, on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately, many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to Havannah in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named Tecora, except the four children, whom they saw for the first time on board the Amistad. It seems that they remained at Lomboko several weeks, until six or seven hundred were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to Sierra Leone for adjudication. After some time the Africans were put on board the Tecora. After suffering the horrors of the middle passage, they arrived at Havannah. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof, where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle markets in the vicinity of our large cities, until purchasers are found—when they were sold to Jose Ruiz, and shipped on board the Amistad, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The Amistad was a coaster, bound to Principe in Cuba, distant some two or three hundred miles.

"The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A single banana, they say, was served out as food for a day or two, and only a small cup of water for each daily. When any of them took a little water from the cask, they were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio, the cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped him on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, palm-oil, &c. upon the wound, so that they 'could know him for their slave.' The cook, a coloured Spaniard, told them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days they would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, and salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed to some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty barrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, by 'talking with his fingers'—he made them understand that they were to be slain, &c. At four o'clock that day, when they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a nail, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they held a council as to what was best to be done. 'We feel bad,' said Kinna, 'and we ask Cinque what we had best do. Cinque say, "Me think, and by and by I tell you." He then said, "If we do nothing, we be killed. We may as well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten."' Cinque afterwards told them what he would do. With the aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed himself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from the chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, wrested the irons from the limbs and necks of his countrymen.

"It is not in my power to give an adequate description of Cinque when he showed how he did this, and led his comrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In my younger years I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the representation of Othello, at Covent Garden; but no acting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I allude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, with the exception of the children, who were asleep, about four or five o'clock in the morning, armed with cane-knives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, leaped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The captain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two of the Africans, who soon after died, and cut severely one or two of those who now survive. Two sailors leaped over the side of the vessel. The Mendians say, 'They could not catch land—they must have swum to the bottom of the sea;' but Ruiz and Montez supposed they reached the island in a boat. Cinque now took command of the vessel, placed Si-si at the rudder, and gave his people plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold. They were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains; but Cinque replied, 'You say fetters good for negro; if good for negro, good for Spanish man too; you try them two days, and see how you feel.' The Spaniards asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup with which they had dealt it out to the Africans. They complained bitterly of being thirsty. Cinque said, 'You say little water enough for nigger; if little water do for him, a little do for you too.' Cinque said the Spaniards cried a great deal; he felt very sorry; only meant to let them see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves. In two days the irons were removed, and then, said Cinque, we gave them plenty water and food, and treat them very well. Kinna stated, that as the water fell short, Cinque would not drink any, nor allow any of the rest to drink anything but salt water, but dealt out daily a little to each of the four children, and the same quantity to each of the two Spaniards! In a day or two Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that, when they spoke a vessel, if he would give it to them, the people would take them to Sierra Leone. Cinque took the letter, and said, 'Very well;' but afterwards told his brethren, 'We have no letter in Mendi. I don't know what is in the letter—there may be death in it. So we will take some iron and a string, bind them about the letter, and send it to the bottom of the sea.'

"At the conclusion of the meeting, some linen and cotton tablecloths and napkins, manufactured by the Africans, were exhibited, and eagerly purchased of them by persons present, at liberal prices. They are in the habit of purchasing linen and cotton at the shops, unravelling the edges about six to ten inches, and making with their fingers net fringes, in imitation, they say, of 'Mendi fashion.' Large numbers of the audience advanced and took Cinque and the rest by the hand. The transactions of this meeting have thus been stated at length, and the account will serve to show how the subsequent meetings were conducted, as the services in other places were similar.

"These Africans, while in prison (which was the greater part of the time they have been in this country), learned but little comparatively; but since they have been liberated, they are anxious to learn, as they said 'it would be good for us in our own country.' Many of them write well, read, spell, and sing well, and have attended to arithmetic. The younger ones have made great progress in study. Most of them have much fondness for arithmetic. They have also cultivated, as a garden, fifteen acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of corn, potatoes, onions, beets, &c. which will be useful to them at sea. In some places we visited, the audience were astonished at the performance of Kali, who is only eleven years of age. He could not only spell any word in either of the Gospels, but spell sentences, without any mistake; such sentences as, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' naming each letter and syllable, and recapitulating as he went along, until he pronounced the whole sentence. Two hundred and seven dollars were received at this meeting."

Mr Tappan concludes as follows:—"On Wednesday, there is to be a large farewell meeting at Farmington; and in a few days the Mendians will embark from New York. May the Lord preserve them, and carry them safely to their native land, to their kindred and homes! Su-ma, the eldest, has a wife and five children; Cinque has a wife and three children. They all have parents or wives, or brothers and sisters. What a meeting it will be with these relations and friends when they are descried on the hills of Mendi! We were invited to visit other places, but time did not allow of longer absence. I must not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotallers. At a tavern where we stopped, Banna took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance said, 'This bad house—bar house—no good.' But the steamboat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, are about a thousand dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers."

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mendian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone November 27, 1841, on board the barque Gentleman, Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; their stay in the United States, as Mr Sturge observes, having been of immense service to the anti-slavery cause; and there was reason to hope that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

When the subject of slavery was much agitated towards the end of the last century, one of the most effective advocates for its abolition was a free black living in London in the capacity of valet or butler to a family of distinction. This individual had been born in a slave vessel bound for Carthagena, in South America, his father and mother being destined for the slave-market there. Shortly after their arrival his mother died, and his father committed suicide in despair. The little slave child was carried to England by his master, and made a present of to a family of three maiden sisters residing at Greenwich. Being of a droll and humorous disposition, he earned for himself the nickname of Sancho, after Don Quixote's squire; and ever afterwards he called himself Ignatius Sancho. The Duke of Montague, who was a frequent visitor at the house of Sancho's mistresses, took an interest in him, lent him books, and advised his mistresses to have him educated. At length, on their death, he entered the service of the Duchess of Montague in the capacity of butler; and on the death of the duchess, he was left an annuity of thirty pounds. This, added to seventy pounds which he had saved during the period of his service, might have enabled him to establish himself respectably in life; but for a while Sancho preferred the dissipated life of a wit about town, indulging in pleasures beyond his means, and hanging on about the green-rooms of theatres. On one occasion he spent his last shilling at Drury Lane to see Garrick act; and it is said that Garrick was very fond of his negro admirer. Such was Sancho's theatrical enthusiasm, that he proposed at one time to act negro parts on the stage; but as his articulation was imperfect, this scheme had to be given up. After an interval of idleness and dissipation, Sancho's habits became more regular, and he married an interesting West India girl, by whom he had a large family. At this period of his life Sancho devoted himself earnestly to the cause of negro freedom. His reputation as a wit and humorist still continued; and his acquaintances were of no mean sort. After his death, two volumes of his letters were published, with a fine portrait of the author; and in these letters his style is said to resemble that of Sterne. As a specimen, we subjoin a letter of his to Sterne, with Sterne's reply.

"REVEREND SIR—It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologise for the liberty I am taking. I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom: my chief pleasure has been books: philanthropy I adore. How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume, is this very affecting passage. 'Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries nor pity their distresses. Consider slavery, what it is, how bitter a draught, and how many millions are made to drink of it.' Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren excepting yourself and the humane author of Sir George Ellison. I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies. That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke perhaps of many; but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am you are an epicurean in acts of charity. You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail. Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief, you pathetically observe, is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses! Alas!—you cannot refuse. Humanity must comply; in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, reverend sir, &c. IGNATIUS SANCHO."

STERNE'S REPLY.

"COXWOULD, *July* 27, 1767.

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters came to me. But why *her brethren*, or yours, Sancho, any more than mine? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa. At which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so. For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least), but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the by, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more, he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about, 'tis at the service of the afflicted, and a much greater matter; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been, so long bound in chains of darkness and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one, and that, by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

"And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter. Yours, L. STERNE."

ZHINGA—A NEGRO QUEEN.

THE history of Zhinga, the famous negro queen of Angola, on the western coast of Africa, exhibits the power of negro character, even when untutored and left half savage. She was born in 1582, a time when the Portuguese were planting trading settlements on the African coast, and making encroachments on the possessions of the native princes. When Zhinga was forty years of age, and while her brother reigned over Angola, she was sent as ambassadress to Loanda, to treat of peace with the Portuguese viceroy at that place. "A palace was prepared for her reception, and she was received with the honours due to her rank. On entering the audience-chamber, she perceived that a magnificent chair of state was prepared for the Portuguese viceroy, while in front of it a rich carpet and velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, were arranged on the floor for her use. The haughty princess observed this in silent displeasure. She gave a signal with her eyes, and immediately one of her women knelt on the carpet, supporting her weight on her hands. Zhinga gravely seated herself on the woman's back, and awaited the entrance of the viceroy. The spirit and dignity with which she fulfilled her mission excited the admiration of the whole court. When an alliance was offered upon the condition of an annual tribute to the king of Portugal, she proudly refused it; but finally concluded a treaty on the single condition of restoring all the Portuguese prisoners. When the audience was ended, the viceroy, as he conducted her from the room, remarked that the attendant on whose back she had been seated still remained in the same posture. Zhinga replied, 'It is not fit that the ambassadress of a great king should be twice served with the same seat. I have no farther use for the woman!'"*

During her stay at Loanda she embraced Christianity, or pretended to embrace it; was baptised, and in other respects conformed to European customs. Shortly after her return to Angola, her brother died, and she ascended the throne, making sure of it by strangling her nephew. On her accession to the throne, she was involved in a war with the Portuguese; and, assisted by the Dutch, and by some native chiefs, she carried on the contest with great vigour. At length, however, the Portuguese were completely victorious, and as she refused the offer which they made of re-establishing her on the throne on condition that she should pay an annual tribute, another sovereign was appointed, and Zhinga was obliged to flee. Exasperated at this treatment, she renounced Christianity, as being the religion of the Portuguese; and, placing herself at the head of a faithful band of negroes, she harassed the Portuguese for eighteen years, demanding the restoration of her kingdom, and listening to no other terms. At length, softened by the influence of advancing age, and by the death of a sister to whom she was much attached, she began to be haunted with feelings of remorse on account of her apostacy from the Christian faith. The captive Portuguese priests, whom she now treated with kindness and respect, prevailed on her to declare herself again a convert. She was then reinstated in her dominions, and distinguished herself by her zeal in propagating her new religion among her pagan subjects, not a few of whom were martyred for their obstinacy by her orders. Among other laws, she passed one prohibiting polygamy, till then common in her kingdom; and as this gave great offence, she set an example to her subjects by marrying one of her courtiers, although she was then in her seventy-sixth year. She also abolished the custom of human sacrifices. She strictly observed her treaties with the Portuguese; and in 1657, one of her tributaries having violated the terms of peace, she marched against him, and having defeated him, cut off his head, and sent it to the Portuguese viceroy. Nothing, however, not even the influence of the priests, could prevail on her to become a vassal of the Portuguese king. One of her last acts was to send an embassy to the pope, "requesting more missionaries among her people. The pontiff's answer was publicly read in church, where Zhinga appeared with a numerous and brilliant train. At a festival in honour of this occasion, she and the ladies of her court performed a mimic battle in the dress and armour of Amazons. Though more than eighty years old, this remarkable woman displayed as much strength, agility, and skill, as she could have done at twenty-five. She died in 1663, aged eighty-two. Arrayed in royal robes, ornamented with precious stones, with a bow and arrow in her hand, the body was shown to her sorrowing subjects. It was then, according to her wish, clothed in the Capuchin habit, with crucifix and rosary."

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* Mrs Child's "Appeal."

PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

In the month of July 1844, twenty persons were executed together at Havannah, in Cuba, for having been concerned in a conspiracy for giving liberty to the black population—the slaves of the Spanish inhabitants. One of these, and the leader of the revolt, was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known by the name of Placido, the Cuban poet. Little is known of this negro beyond a few particulars contained in one or two brief newspaper notices, which appeared shortly after his execution, announcing the fact in this country. The *Heraldo*, a Madrid newspaper, in giving an account of the execution, speaks of him as "the celebrated poet Placido;" and says, "this man was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havannah, who united to purchase his release from slavery." The "Poems by a Cuban Slave," edited by Dr Madden some years ago, are believed to have been the compositions of this gifted negro. Placido appears to have burned with a desire to do something for his race; and hence he employed his talents not only in poetry, but also in schemes for altering the political condition of Cuba. The Spanish papers, as might be expected, accuse him of wild and ambitious projects, and of desiring to excite an insurrection in Cuba similar to the memorable negro insurrection in St Domingo fifty years ago. Be that as it may, Placido was at the head of a conspiracy formed in Cuba in the beginning of 1844. The conspiracy failed, and Placido, with a number of his companions, was seized by the Spanish authorities. The following is the account given of his execution in a letter from Havannah, dated July 16, 1844, which appeared in the *Morning Herald* newspaper:—"What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what arrests and frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close; the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret. Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council respecting him, till it was rumoured a few days since that he would proceed, along with others, to the 'chapel' for the condemned. On the appointed day a great crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along with singular composure under circumstances so gloomy, smoking a cigar, and saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintances. Are you aware what the punishment of the 'chapel' means? It is worse a thousand times than the death of which it is the precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung with black, and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant in a sepulchral voice the service of the dead; and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are then led out to execution. Can anything be more awful? And what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death! Placido emerged from the chapel cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome with the agonies they had already undergone.

The chief conspirator held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations were made for his death. And now the dread hour had arrived. At the last he arose, and said, 'Adios, mundo; no hay piedad para mi. Soldados, fuego.'—('Adieu, O world; here is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire.') Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up, and turned his head upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. 'Will no one have pity on me?' he said. 'Here (pointing to his heart)—fire here.' At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Thus has perished the great leader of the attempted revolt."

The following is a translation, by Maria Weston Chapman, of the beautiful lines composed by Placido, as above narrated. "They were written in prison the night before his execution, and were solemnly recited by him as he proceeded to the place of death, so that the concluding stanza was uttered a few moments before he expired." The original is in Spanish; but the following appears to be a pleasing version.

Being of infinite goodness! God Almighty!
    I hasten in mine agony to thee!
    Rending the hateful veil of calumny,
Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity;
    Efface this ignominy from my brow,
    Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now.

Oh King of kings! thou God of my forefathers!
    My God! thou only my defence shalt be,
    Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;
From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers—
    Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,
    Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth cherish,
    Revives to being at thy sacred voice.
    Without thee all is naught, and at thy choice,
In fathomless eternity must perish.
    Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
    When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God! I can deceive thee never;
    Since, as through ether's bright transparency,
    Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
Through every earthly lineament for ever.
    Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand
    Humbled, while Slander claps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
And men shall trample over my cold dust—
The corse outraging with malignant pleasure—
Speak, and recall my being at thy nod!
Accomplish in me all thy will, my God!

It is to be hoped that more may yet be learnt of the history of this unfortunate and gifted negro.

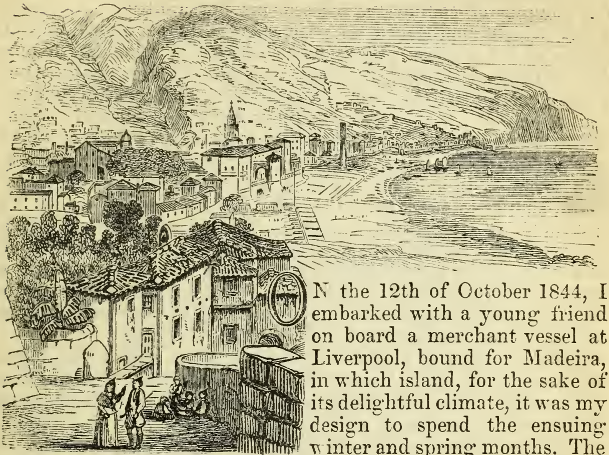
CONCLUSION.

While these notices may be of use in aiding the cause of the much oppressed negro, they are in no respect designed to establish the fact, that the white and dark races are upon the same native intellectual level, and that education and other circumstances effect all the difference which is observable between them. It would, we believe, be imprudent, however philanthropic, to attempt to establish this proposition, for it is inconsistent with truth, and can only tend to obstruct our arrival at a less ambitious, but still friendly and hopeful proposition respecting the negroes, which appears, both from their organisation and external manifestations of character, to be the only one that can be maintained: this is, that, in the mass, they are at present far behind the white races, but capable of being cultivated, in the course of successive generations, up to the same point; a small advance in each generation being all that can be achieved in the way of civilisation even among the white races, and being apparently the law of social progress. The negro intellect is, we believe, chiefly deficient in the reasoning powers and higher sentiments: these, though doubtless present in some rudimental form, could no more be called instantaneously into the same vigorous exercise in which we find them in Europe, than could the wild apple, by sudden transplantation to an orchard, be rendered into a pippin. They would require, in the first place, a species of tender nursing, to bring them into palpable existence. From infancy they would need to be fondled into childhood, from childhood trained into youth, and from youth cultivated into manhood. It is not a thin whitewash of European knowledge which will at once alter the features of the African mind. The work must be the work of ages, and those ages must be judiciously employed.

There is no fact more illustrative of this hypothesis than the occasional appearance of respectable intellect, and the frequency of good dispositions, amongst the negroes. Such men as Jenkins and Cary at once close the mouths of those who, from ignorance or something worse, allege an absolute difference in specific character between the two races, and justify the consignment of the black to a fate which only proves the lingering barbarism of the white.

A VISIT TO MADEIRA AND TENERIFFE.

VOYAGE AND ARRIVAL.*



ON the 12th of October 1844, I embarked with a young friend on board a merchant vessel at Liverpool, bound for Madeira, in which island, for the sake of its delightful climate, it was my design to spend the ensuing winter and spring months. The choice of our vessel was far from fortunate. The promises held forth as to the attention which would be paid on board to the comfort of passengers, proved fallacious. Everything was conducted in the most slovenly manner; salt meat was substituted for fresh, and our food otherwise was of the plainest and most unsatisfactory kind. From the petty discomforts of our situation, our minds were, however, turned by the spectacle of the open Atlantic, which met our eye on leaving behind us the coast of Ireland. I had previously sailed round nearly the whole of Britain, and had often been out of sight of land, and was familiar with the various shades of a greenish hue, from the palest to the deepest, which the sea assumes within soundings; but I had never witnessed till now the beautiful dark-blue colour assumed beyond soundings by the waters of the Atlantic, nor had I seen anything at all approaching in grandeur to the gigantic billows which roll on the bosom of the ocean opposite the Bay of Biscay.

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* The present account of Madeira, as far as personal narrative and observations are concerned, has been obligingly furnished to us by Mr Duncan Maclaren, an esteemed citizen of Edinburgh; and is respectfully dedicated to the use of those requiring a guide to this charming island. We have added an account of a visit to Teneriffe.—Ed.

The enormous magnitude and force of the waves, by which our ship was tossed like a child's toy, impressed me more powerfully than I had ever been before with a vivid idea of the utter helplessness of man and the almighty power of his Creator. One little incident in the course of the voyage, showing the progress and advantages of science and civilisation, united with the peaceful pursuits of commerce, pleased me not a little. The only vessel which approached us near enough to be hailed in the course of our voyage, proved to be a schooner belonging to one of the Barbary states. The hour was shortly after noon. Our captain, as is usual in such circumstances, showed his colours, and also a black board having the longitude chalked on it. Immediately thereafter, a seaman with a flowing Turkish dress of gay colours was observed climbing the rigging of the Barbary ship to assist in hoisting its flag; and another showed a black board, similar to ours, over the side, having chalked on it the longitude, as ascertained by them. Their figures differed from ours only by a single second, or less than one mile. The fact of two ships sailing from opposite quarters of the globe, and thus meeting in the middle of the ocean, with so little difference in their reckoning, afforded a pleasing proof of the general progress of science even amongst the dark children of Africa.

After a voyage of fourteen days, we came in sight of Madeira, which appeared like a huge peaked mass rising out of the bosom of the deep. The first impression was one of disappointment at the apparent barrenness of the mountain mass, an impression, however, which wore off on a closer inspection of the land. It was late on Saturday night when our vessel reached its anchorage in the bay of Funchal, the capital of the island, and situated on its southern side. Next morning I got on deck, nearly two hours before sunrise, to watch the approach of day. Never can I forget the effect produced by the rising sun shedding its first rays on the city of Funchal. It was one of the loveliest sights I ever beheld. The city is built on an amphitheatre of high hills, having numerous ravines, knolls, and other irregularities of surface, with very little level ground at the base. The hills face the south, and nearly surround the small bay in front. The beauty of the scene is increased by the verdure interspersed among the houses, and extending from the lower to the higher points, while the picturesque effect is enhanced by the dark mountain masses in the background, relieved against the clear blue sky.

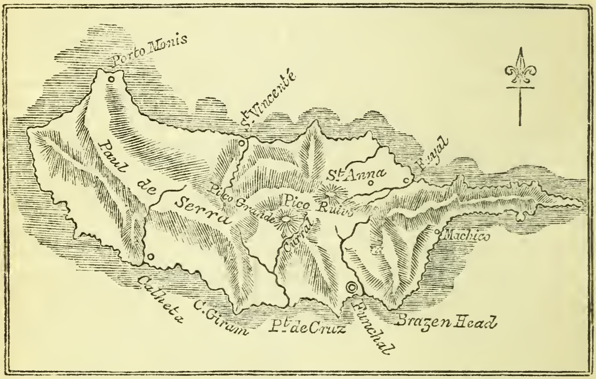
In front, near the beach, are some conspicuous structures, the principal being the governor's house, in various styles of architecture. The eye is also struck by the Peak fort, an imposing-looking fortress, built on a rocky eminence west of the town, and from whose battlements the flag of Portugal is observed to be flying. The houses of the town generally, beginning at the shore, are closely built together, forming narrow streets, but they are continued upwards in a much more straggling manner, to the height of about 2000 feet, where the region of the vine terminates. At the height of 1800 feet there is a handsome parish church (the Mount), which forms a striking object in the picture. The houses forming the city of Funchal (with the exception of the cottages of the peasantry in the higher districts, which are very small, built of loose dark stone without mortar, thatched, and therefore not easily seen from a distance) are nearly all plastered on the outside, and whitewashed; and, from the absence of all smoke and dust, have a beautifully clean appearance. Hence, as the rays of the rising sun lighted up the fronts of the houses, scattered as they were in many instances on conspicuous eminences, the effect was almost magical. No description could do it justice. The scene appeared more like a creation of fancy than a matter of reality.

On the arrival of vessels, it is usual for them to be visited by officers charged with guarding the public health against infection, and also by officers of the customhouse. In our case there was no disease on board, and we were accordingly permitted to land without any delay. Being prepared, as early as eight o'clock, for going on shore, the customhouse officers gave me and my young companion a passage in their boat. The mode of landing was novel and startling. As the boat approached the beach, I observed that it was exceedingly steep, and that a very heavy surf was breaking on it. One of the gentlemen belonging to the customhouse, who spoke good English, remarked that accidents often happened in landing; and I felt assured that we could not escape being pretty well drenched, although I had no fear of any serious accident. As our well-manned boat approached the breakers, the rowers turned its stern towards the shore, and kept balancing it with their oars for some time, to prevent its being driven to the land before their preparations were completed. At length, after calling to other men, stationed on the shore, to be ready to assist, they dexterously placed the boat on the crest of a large advancing wave, and, guided by their oars, in an incredibly short space of time it was safely dashed on the beach of shingle, stern foremost. A rope was at the same instant thrown to the men on shore, who, as the second wave approached, gave it a pull, which placed the boat, with its passengers and crew, on dry land. Thus we were enabled to walk out without getting even our shoes wet. Nothing could exceed the dexterity of the men employed in these operations. A pier has been for some time building, and when completed (if that shall ever be the case, which seems doubtful, for part of the erection has already been washed away), the occupation of the boatmen will be less hazardous, and the island rendered more accessible.

On the following day our luggage was landed, and removed to the customhouse for examination; but this was only a matter of form. When about to unlock my trunks, the principal officer inquired, in English, whether they contained anything else than our wearing apparel, and on my answering in the negative, he very politely said it was unnecessary to open them; and thus they were passed without giving me any trouble.

Our first residence was at the hotel, whence we removed after a few days to a boarding-house, and were now located in the island. Before describing our mode of life in this agreeable place, let me say a few words respecting the history and general character of Madeira.

HISTORY AND SCENERY OF MADEIRA.



Madeira, which lies about 360 miles distant from the coast of Africa, was discovered by a Portuguese voyager in 1419, and called by him *Madeira*, or the *Wood*, on account of the number and magnitude of its large trees, which have since almost disappeared. Attached to the crown of Portugal, it has followed the fortunes of that country, been settled by Portuguese, and received their language, laws, and institutions. The political position of Madeira is an improvement on the colonial system. The island is not reckoned a colony, but an integral province of Portugal. Locally, however, it is under the charge of a governor; and has judicial tribunals, from which there is an appeal to the supreme courts of Lisbon. The religion universally professed is the Roman Catholic, and, practically, no other, as respects natives, is tolerated. The native inhabitants who adopt Protestant opinions are imprisoned and otherwise persecuted. One grand means of oppression is the refusal of burial in the churchyards to those who die out of the pale of this communion. I saw the body of a man buried in a hole dug in a paved public street, by order of the authorities, as a mark of indignity, because of his being suspected of entertaining Protestant opinions. When I rode up to the place to watch the proceedings, the officer in charge seemed much ashamed of his position. Except my companion and a few poor Portuguese, there were no other persons present. Next day the hole was paved over like the rest of the street, so as to leave no trace of the interment. The priests had, it seems, refused sepulture in a public burying-ground. A bishop deputed from Portugal is the chief ecclesiastical authority in Madeira.

In its greatest length, the island is 45 miles, and 15 in its greatest breadth; the circumference being about 100 miles. The population, by the last census, taken in 1836, was 113,848, on which number, from various causes, it is doubtful if there be any increase. Madeira is, with some slight exceptions, an entire igneous mass. It had been projected upwards by volcanic agency at a remote period, and geologically consists of basalts, conglomerates, lava of various eras, and layers of scoriæ, the whole presenting the external appearance of a range or mass of mountains rising abruptly from the sea. In the central part of the island, the mountains rise to their greatest height; Pico Ruivo, the loftiest of the peaks, being 6164 feet above the level of the ocean. The great mountain ridge which runs along the island from east to west, is everywhere deeply cut up by ravines, which are separated from each other by branch ridges running down towards the coast, and terminating generally in precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea. There is no such thing as a level space for a pathway round or across the island. The valleys are only the bottoms of ravines, and are nowhere flat. The only ground of any extent in the whole island which is nearly level, is two upland tracts of table-land, forming the mountain ridge from which the high peaks project: the largest, called the Paul de Serra, is situated in the western division, the other, called the Serra, is in the eastern division of the island. Being considerably above the point of profitable cultivation, and often enveloped with mists, these plains are wild and uncultivated, and, like the moors of our northern climes, are covered with heath, mosses, and shrubs. On the loftiest of the central peaks overhanging these plains, snow is occasionally seen for a few days in winter; but never descends lower than 2000 feet above the level of the sea.*

The picturesque beauty of Madeira consists in its extremely abrupt and richly-clothed ravines, and beetling knolls and crags. It is rugged, grand, and in many places rich in vegetation, beyond the dreams of poets. There is likewise some variety in the aspect of the island. The north side, on which are the villages of St Vincenté and St Anna, is the most rugged and precipitous; on the south side, the land is more sloping, and, facing the sun, its vegetation is more bland and charming. It is customary for those who remain some time in the island to visit the northern side, generally going by way of St Vincenté, and returning by St Anna, by which some of the finest scenery may be seen in a tour of three days' duration; this, like all other journeys, in consequence of the steepness of the roads, being performed on horseback.

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* Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

Setting out from Funchal on this interesting trip, the road lies to the north-west, and commands in many places a fine view of the sea. At first, the country through which we pass is cultivated, and covered with luxuriant crops; the vine and corn are seen to be the principal produce, with occasionally gardens of fruit and vegetables for the supply of the city. On ascending from the lower grounds, the roads in many places become alarmingly steep, and apparently dangerous, from the great depth of the ravines, near the upper edges of which they are formed, without parapets, and so narrow as to be sufficient for only one horse at a time. Besides being steep, the roads are frequently of the worst possible kind. Portions of them resemble nothing so much as ditches filled with large stones loosely tumbled into them at hazard; and yet over these stones, and the rugged rocks in our path, the horses tread with astonishing confidence and security, and very few accidents of a serious kind occur. At the steepest places, the attendants usually strike the horses behind, so as to make them start off at a rapid trot, and then they seize hold of the tail, by which they are dragged up the acclivity.

Leaving the coast, the path takes an inward direction across mountains, and sometimes through plantations of chestnut and other trees, till it passes the quinta or villa of Mr Veitch, at one time the British consul of Madeira, and now resident at this lofty and airy spot. Shortly after we come to the Curral. This is incomparably the grandest thing in Madeira. Ascending the brow of a hill by a foot-path, we find ourselves on the brink of a precipice of great height, to all appearance the wall of a vast ravine or hollow, which had been the crater of a volcano. One side of the crater having given way, the bowl is not entirely complete, and various parts have been so dislocated and rent, as to cause a general irregularity of surface. A rivulet now winds along the rocky bottom to the sea; but this is not seen from the top. The Curral is a wild and tumultuous scene of rocks and trees, overshadowing the vast gulf beneath. The trees and shrubs, generally evergreens, are so far scattered, that, in looking down into the gloomy shade, we here and there get a glimpse, far beyond, of lighter and softer scenery, even down to the cottages and gardens and vineyards by the stream in the valley, more than two thousand feet below. From the top of the precipice there is a zig-zag pathway to the bottom, but as it can neither be descended nor ascended with safety or pleasure, a passage by it should not be attempted.

Proceeding onwards, after viewing the Curral, an eminence is crossed, affording a prospect of the Serra d'Agoa, a ridge with very deep and thickly-wooded ravines descending almost perpendicularly from its sides, and having a singularly picturesque appearance. Thence the road winds round the Pico Grande, over a heathy mountain district, every turn presenting new and diversified combinations of scenery. We have now crossed the central ridge of the island, and descend, amidst plantations, to the lovely valley of St Vincenté. In some places the valley is much contracted, and, at its outlet, only a narrow pass is left for the escape of the river. In a more open space, formed by the recession of the mountains to the west, and near the sea-cliffs which form the outlet of the valley, is situated the parish church and part of the village of St Vincenté. The road down the valley runs by the side of the river, or of water-courses derived from it, through a most charming district of vineyard, garden, and orchard ground. The banana, the cactus, and other plants of the south, are no longer common, but the orange and the citron still flourish. A considerable quantity of flax is grown, from which the coarse cloth of the island is manufactured. The gardens present some variety of culture and produce, both as to flowers and vegetables. The road, as it runs through the orchard grounds, is overcanopied by the foliage of the vines, which cross and interlace in every direction from the upper parts of the lofty trees, around which they are trained, forming lines of natural arbour-work to shade and shelter from the sun; while, through breaks in the foliage, are seen glimpses of the bright blue sky, or the dark rugged outlines of the mountains by which the valley is bounded.

The ride from Funchal to St Vincenté occupies eight hours, and is therefore sufficient for one day. Resting, therefore, at St Vincenté for the night, tourists on this excursion proceed next day to St Anna; and in the course of this journey, some of the finest parts of the northern shore are seen. The road runs sometimes through the narrow beach between the rocks and the sea, which is partly cultivated ground; sometimes it is carried across the high ground above; and in one place it goes, by a cut, along the face of the precipitous overhanging sea-cliffs. The gorge of St George, through which the road passes, is magnificent. In approaching St Anna, the path lies through a country more open and cultivated, although at a considerable elevation above the sea; and the house where travellers find accommodation is situated in a district of extreme loveliness. The plantations, gardens, and vineyards, are singularly beautiful. Tourists who have time to spare, stop several days at St Anna; and those who do not fear the fatigue, ascend from hence to the summit of the Pico Ruivo, from which most extensive and varied prospects are obtained. In crossing the island from St Anna to Funchal, there are also some fine scenes both of mountain and valley. An abyss like the Curral, called the Meya Metade, is passed on the way, and exhibits a combination of rock and ravine, forest and cascade, ravishing to the eye of an artist or lover of natural scenery.

Besides the points of interest revealed, in the tour of the island, by St Vincenté and St Anna, there are others scarcely less worthy of notice, which are the objects of special excursions from Funchal. One of the most favoured is that to Cape Giram, nine miles from the city. This cape, which is a cliff overhanging the sea, is said to be the highest in the world. It descends to the waters of the ocean a clear precipice of nearly 1800 feet, and it can be viewed neither from a boat below nor from the land above without a feeling of awe, approaching almost to terror.

Another favourite ride, with magnificent scenery, is to the Portella, which occupies about ten hours in going and returning. The district of Fayal, Machico, and the fossil beds at Canical, are also well worthy of a visit.

THE INHABITANTS.

At the time of its discovery, Madeira was uninhabited, and those now called natives are merely the descendants of the old settlers. They are a mixed race, though the majority of them unquestionably are of Portuguese lineage. The commercial habits of the inhabitants of Funchal, and the number of English and other residents there, have made the manners of the citizens little different from the European; and it is only on occasions of spectacles and festivals, when a large portion of the population of the island pours into the capital, that the true natives of Madeira are best seen by those visiting the port. At such times there may be seen the peasantry, a tall, well-built race of men, with complexions almost approaching to copper, dressed in loose white linen breeches or "quakes," made very wide, with boots of buff-coloured leather —but very often they are satisfied with a boot on one leg and a shoe on the other; a coarse white shirt, open at the neck, displaying their sun-burnt breasts; a "carapuca," or small cap, resembling an inverted funnel, just covering the top of a black bushy head; and a short blue jacket, sometimes ornamented with silver buttons, constitute the remainder of their dress, except in winter, when some classes occasionally wear long cloaks in addition, which, if it do not rain, are carelessly thrown over their shoulders.

The dress of the female peasants is not inelegant. It consists of blue petticoats mixed with red, or other bright colours; a short jacket, frequently of red or light-blue, and closely fitted to the shape; a short red cape or tippet; and a blue pointed cap or "carapuca," with gold or silver ornaments in the ears and hair. Some of the young women may be called handsome; but they are, generally speaking, of hard, yet not disagreeable features. They have high cheek-bones and dark complexions; their bodies are, however, well proportioned, and their eyes are lively, large, and black. The women of Madeira are condemned to severe labour: whilst the males are engaged in the vineyards, it is the duty of the females to procure fuel in the mountains, and carry loads of it to the city to dispose of for their subsistence, besides other household toils. The food of the rural population generally consists of yams, potatoes, pumpkins, bread, and fish—little flesh being consumed by them. Their common drink is a kind of poor wine, little better than small beer; and there is likewise a liquor used—extracted from the husks and stalks of the grapes after they have passed through the wine-press—which, when fermented, acquires some degree of tartness, but will not keep.

It will amuse visitors, on their arrival in Funchal, to go out into the highways and meet bands of these country-folks coming to market, or returning, with loads of fruit, vegetables, fowls, firewood, or other articles. Light-hearted, like the natives of southern Europe, they are fond of music, instrumental and vocal; and it will be observed that these bands are frequently attended by a guitar-player, who is performing an air which he accompanies with his voice, the whole group joining in the chorus.

I am bound to add, that the natives generally are an orderly and industrious race of people, with kindly dispositions, superior in many respects to the Portuguese of the mother country. They only require to be instructed and well governed, in order to assume a much higher tone of civilisation. That they are solicitous to learn to read, and acquire a more extensive knowledge of things, spiritual and temporal, has been satisfactorily demonstrated. Unfortunately, the constitution and laws of Portugal, though theoretically free and liberal, are, in their practical administration, opposed to mental enlightenment; and popular ignorance will in all probability continue to reign for many years to come among the Madeiranese.

PRODUCE—WINES.

Madeira is rich in the fruits of the earth, those of northern climes as well as of the tropics. It yields all that England does, and much more. Its fruits are among the finest in the world. Grapes, peaches, plums, apples, pears, walnuts, oranges, lemons, chestnuts, pomegranates, and figs, are the principal. Corn, arrowroot, yams, potatoes, the sugar-cane, and coffee plant, are cultivated in the open grounds, but, with the exception of the yams and potatoes, not on an extensive scale. In the waste grounds of the island, and in cool situations, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and bilberries, grow in great quantities; and many of them without culture.

The chestnut and walnut trees are numerous. The pine, too, is generally encouraged on the higher grounds, and grows to a size sufficiently large for domestic purposes. A tree of the laurel tribe is found in the cooler places of the island, and is termed the vinhatigo. It measures from four to ten feet in circumference, and its wood is of a beautiful colour, resembling mahogany. The til is another evergreen which is very abundant. The wood of it is darker than the "Madeira mahogany," and makes beautiful articles of furniture. The heath, which in the bleak climate of England is only a small shrub, becomes, in the mountains of Madeira, quite a tree. I measured one of these arborescent heaths, on the road to St Vincenté, the stem of which was a yard and a half in circumference at the height of two feet from the ground; and there were thousands, apparently of nearly the same size, growing in the same district. At the Pilgrim's house I saw several which I could not clasp round with both arms extended. The palm occasionally grows to a great height; it flowers, but the fruit scarcely ever arrives at perfection, nor do the seeds vegetate. A few cinnamon trees are found in gardens. The coffee plant is cultivated, and with such success, as to show that it only requires a general introduction to be rendered an article of commerce to the island. The quality of the coffee is excellent. As might be expected, from the number of flowering trees which Madeira produces, its real flowers are numerous, beautiful, and varied. Plants, nursed carefully in our British greenhouses, are to be found growing in the open fields; and the very hedges are frequently composed of geraniums, myrtles, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and roses continually in bloom. The cactus tribe thrives remarkably well.

From this brief description of the principal natural productions of the island, the reader will see that it would not be going too far to assert that Madeira might be made, in truth, the garden of the world, from the fineness of the climate, and the astonishing fertility of the soil; for not only the choicest products of the East and West Indies, but European fruits, and even those from the more northern regions, grow in the island in the greatest perfection, when proper attention is paid to their cultivation, which, however, is seldom the case. Three successive crops of potatoes are frequently produced on the same ground in one year.

The principal animals in Madeira are rabbits, ferrets, canaries, woodcocks, snipes, red-legged partridges, and quails. The coast supplies plenty of fish of excellent quality, though the inhabitants buy salt fish from other countries. They have ducks, turkeys, and domestic fowls of excellent kinds; but the sheep and goats of the island are both few in number and of an inferior order. Oxen are numerous, and of good breeds.

Wine may be called the staple produce of Madeira, the total quantity prepared being about 15,000 pipes. The vine has long formed an important object of culture, and is the chief means of subsistence of many families. A large proportion of all the wine exported from the island is that known in Britain as "Madeira" (a strong and peculiarly flavoured white wine), but Malmsey, Bual, Sercial, and other kinds, are also exported in smaller quantities. Particular situations are famous for certain kinds of wine.

Generally speaking, where there is a southern exposure, with a high background to shelter the vines from the northern blast, and, as it were, concentrate the heat of the sun on the cultivated plots, the best wine is produced. For example, on the narrow sea beach, in front of the huge cliffs beyond Cape Giram, which rise to the height of from 1000 to 1800 feet, facing the south, and nearly perpendicular, some of the best Malmsey wine in the island is produced. I landed there from a boat to look at the different cultivated spots, and, to my surprise, found the vines and other fruit trees growing, in appearance, among the dry loose shingle thrown up by the sea, almost without any earth mixed with it; but provision had been made for catching the rills of water which run down the face of the rocks, and spreading them all over the cultivated spots, by means of small conduits. With the direct rays of a powerful sun on those vineyards, and the radiated and reflected heat from the cliffs, the temperature was very high, and the vegetation proportionally early and luxuriant. I was presented when there, early in April, with peaches and figs from the trees nearly quite ripe, although these fruits were scarcely formed in many situations regarded as favourable around Funchal. In numerous little sheltered ravines with a southern exposure, near Cama de Lobos, in the district around Campanario, and also in the direction of the Brazen Head, I have observed similar results of early and luxuriant vegetation, although not to the same extent as at Cape Giram; and all these districts, as well as those surrounding Funchal, are celebrated for the good quality of their wines.

In all the best situations, and indeed in the whole of the south side of the mountain ridge which runs along the island from east to west, the vine is cultivated by being trained upon trellises. These are composed of a network formed of canes, with the meshes about two feet square, and placed from three to five feet above the ground. They are supported partly by the trunks of older vines, and partly by wooden and stone props, according to the situation. In looking down on them from a considerable height, before the vine-leaves cover the trellises, it might be supposed that the vineyards were all covered with a fisherman's net of immense size, for the purpose of keeping off the birds from something peculiarly valuable which had been sown underneath. But at a later period, when the leaf is fully out, the appearance of any network can scarcely be distinguished. There is then seen only a beautiful carpet of green spread over the surface in all directions. When the fruit is growing, the appearance is still more rich and charming.

On the north side of the island, where we spent a week riding over its truly magnificent scenery, the vines are trained to climb up other trees, like huge boa-constrictors. The climate being about ten degrees colder on the north than on the south side, and much more humid, the vine-growers say that when they attempt to raise the vines on trellises, the grapes decay, from the redundant moisture and deficient heat; but that when they are trained round tall trees, the air circulates freely around them, and preserves the fruit in a healthy state. The trees generally preferred for this purpose are chestnuts, with which there are thousands of acres planted in regular rows, perhaps about twenty feet apart, and each tree has a vine clinging round it for support. The crop of chestnuts is considered a valuable addition to the crop of grapes, serving as it does for food to the peasantry. Orange and other trees are likewise used for supporting vines, but they are not nearly so common. When used, their branches are lopped away every spring to a great extent, to allow the sun and air to get to the grapes.

In Madeira the system of irrigation is very perfect, and, from the nature of the soil, is essential to the proper growth of the vine. Unless for the rills of water conducted at different levels and in all directions over the face of the steeps, the vines would be scorched up by the heat of the sun, and all the hopes of the husbandman perish.

A tenth of the wine produced in Madeira belongs by right to government, and this quantity is sold yearly by public competition; and the prices so obtained being published, regulate, to a considerable extent, the prices between buyers and sellers all over the island. The price, according to quality, varies from half a dollar, or 2s. 1d., to three and a half dollars, or 14s. 7d. per barrel. A high average price is 10s. 5d. per barrel. This is for the *must* or juice of the grape in its original state. A pipe of wine contains about eleven and a half barrels; but it requires nearly fourteen barrels of the *must*, after allowing for the waste, to make a pipe of wine properly purified. The original average cost then of what may be called the raw material of a pipe of really fine wine, is fourteen times 10s. 5d., or £7, 5s. 10d. To this sum must be added the expense of transporting it in goat-skins, on men's shoulders, from the place of growth to Funchal, the labour and expense of purifying it, warehouse rent, and interest of capital, the brandy (of native produce, costing about 3s. a gallon) put into it, and £2 for the expense of the cask, together with other incidental expenses. By means of keeping the wine in what are called "stoves," or apartments constantly heated to from 100 to 120 degrees, for three months, which costs 20s. per pipe, the appearance of age is acquired, and it is then sent in large quantities to Russia and certain other markets; but I believe there is comparatively little of this forced description sent to Britain. It is, generally speaking, allowed to attain a natural age of a few years. The price charged by the wine merchants in Funchal for really fine wine for the British market, is about £50 per pipe; which, when bottled at home, with duty and all expenses added, is equal to about 43s. per dozen, as I am informed by a gentleman who has bottled it in the north of England for many years. At £50 per pipe, there would be a large profit, were the business conducted on an extensive scale, which is not the case: the trade is in too many hands to be a source of much wealth to any individual wine merchant. Latterly, the export of wines from the island has been declining. In 1844, the quantity sent to Great Britain was 1740 pipes; to the West Indies, 922; East Indies, 490; United States, 48; Russia, 977; Hamburgh, 1175; and to all other countries, 834—total, 6186 pipes, a decline of about 2000 pipes since 1839. The decline has chiefly taken place in the exports to the United States, which decreased from 3037 pipes in 1839, to 48 pipes in 1844. This arises to a considerable extent from the progress of temperance principles, but also from the more general use of sherry wine as a substitute. A recent reduction of the duty in America, to eightpence per gallon, has, within the last few months, given a new impetus to the trade. The quantity sent to Hamburgh has, on the other hand, increased from 186 pipes in 1840, to 1175 pipes in 1844. The cause of this change is not a little curious. Sending wine to Hamburgh must appear very like sending coals to Newcastle; but there is always a good reason for every commercial transaction, if we can only find it out. The Madeira wine exported to Hamburgh is, generally speaking, a low-priced, poor, sourish wine, grown on the northern side of the island, and other comparatively cold and unfavourable situations, where the grapes never ripen fully. It costs from seven to ten pounds per pipe of about one hundred gallons on ship-board, or less than fourpence per bottle; and after being landed in Hamburgh, it is all re-shipped to Britain, mixed up with the German wine, at an enormous profit, under the name of Hock. There can be no doubt whatever of the accuracy of this statement, which I have from various quarters of unquestionable authority.

AGRICULTURE—PROGRESS IN THE ARTS.

The husbandry of the island is in an extremely backward condition. The ground for the most part is dug by an instrument called the "enxada," which in shape is between a light pick-axe and a hoe. Ploughs drawn by oxen are used in a few situations; but they are of the clumsiest construction, being little else than a crooked stick with a piece of iron attached, which scratches the ground without turning over the earth. The cultivators likewise employ harrows equally primitive in their character. The thrashing and winnowing are conducted in the most primitive manner. On thrashing-floors, constructed on the top of small knolls in each parish or district, the corn is trod out by oxen; and the Scripture injunction, not to muzzle the animals so employed, is scrupulously observed. The winnowing is performed by throwing up the grain against the wind in these out-door situations. In some of the remoter districts, corn is ground by women "grinding at the mill," in the old Jewish fashion; the mill consisting of flat circular stones placed horizontally, one being hollowed out to receive the other. The upper stone is rapidly turned round by the women, and thus the corn between them is ground. I frequently saw this instrument in my rides over the island.

The field operations of the Madeiranese, backward as they are, cannot be said to be retarded by the relations between landlord and tenant. These relations are uniform, being fixed by law; and they are so equitable in principle, that, with certain modifications, they might be adopted in Britain and Ireland with great advantage to the tenantry. The leading feature of the system is, that whenever the landowner wishes the tenant to quit, he must pay him the full value of all the improvements, of whatever kind, which have been made on his land. And there can be no litigation about the value of these, from the admirable system of having public valuators appointed by the authorities, not for each separate case as it occurs, but for all the cases that may occur during the period of their holding office. They are thus persons somewhat similar to the deacons of the incorporated trades in the Scotch burghs in former times, to whom disputes about their respective callings were frequently referred. In Madeira, the system is, however, much better, because the value *must* in all cases be fixed by these public valuators, some of whom are competent judges of everything that can require to be valued; and their decision is final. They walk over the ground and measure the extent of drains or water-courses, of the terrace and other walls, and of any buildings that may have been erected: they likewise count the number of trees which have been planted, and for every tree, and every yard of drains or walls, or other improvements, they have a fixed scale of prices which they apply; and thus the sum to be paid by the landlord, before he can remove a tenant, becomes a simple rule-of-three question. The consequence is an advantageous "fixity of tenure:" tenants are scarcely ever removed, because it is not the interest of the landlord to remove them. But a tenant cannot throw up his land, and say to the owner, "Give me the value of my improvements." The law requires him to find another tenant to the satisfaction of the landlord; and if three are offered, one must be accepted. The outgoing and incoming tenant in such cases arrange between themselves as to the value to be paid for the improvements; and the sum paid at the present time is usually not one-half of what the public valuators would have fixed by their scale of prices. This difference arises from the present decaying state of everything connected with the island, and the consequent unwillingness of parties to embark capital except on very advantageous terms. But these private compromises do not affect the position of the landowners. Suppose a new tenant pays only £100 for what really cost £200 to execute, and what would have been valued at that sum by the public valuators, the landowner can only remove the new tenant as he could the old, by paying the full value of the improvements to be fixed at the period of removal by these public functionaries; and they always fix the value at what it would *then cost* to effect the improvements, if they were then to be made, and paid for in the usual way of business. On these conditions the tenants pay the landlords, as rent, one-half of the crop annually produced, whether of wine or corn; and thus no leases are required.

As in agriculture, so in nearly all the ordinary useful arts there is a remarkable backwardness. The general spirit of things is to stand still; improvements make their way by very slow degrees. The chief native manufactures are coarse clothing, shoes, wine casks, and household furniture. At the nunneries some pretty artificial flowers are made from dyed feathers, which are sold at high prices. The furniture produced by the native cabinetmakers is tolerably neat, yet how clumsy are some of the operations in its manufacture. The leg of a table, for example, to be turned, is fixed into two iron points at the ends, round which it revolves in the usual way, but at only a few inches above the ground. The turner sits on the ground, and, having in his right hand a light bow and cord on it—similar to the instrument used by our blacksmiths in drilling holes in iron—he causes the piece of wood to move round by drawing the bow backwards and forwards, the cord being passed round the piece of wood to be turned. In his left hand he holds the handle of the cutting instrument, directing its face against the wood; and with the great toe of his right foot clasped round the blade of the instrument, he moves it along the piece of timber, so as to cut accurately, according to the prescribed pattern. It is surprising with what precision they use this clumsy instrument, and what good workmanship they produce with it. But, after seeing the beautiful turning lathes used in Britain, one cannot help being astonished at this barbarous substitute being generally employed at Funchal, even by the best cabinetmakers.

The spinning-machine of the Madeiranese is of a kind equally rude. In forming their yarn for weaving, they have not even advanced the length of the spinning-wheel, which our grandmothers discarded half a century ago. Their substitute is merely a piece of cane, about two feet long, split near the top, around which the flax is fastened. They hold this upright in one arm, and spin from it with both hands, the thread being rolled on a pirn, which is allowed to hang down from it, and to whirl about in the air, so as to assist in the operation. It does not appear to be one iota in advance of the distaff employed by the Grecian dames during the period of the siege of Troy. We rode about the island the greater part of each day for five and a half months, making, probably, 1500 miles, including all parts except the extreme west; and I can safely state that I never saw any other spinning-machines than these employed in any part of the island; and I have seen many hundreds of the kind described. A few months before I left Scotland, I had been shown over the flax-spinning and weaving works of Messrs Baxter of Dundee, where about 1200 hands are employed in the different branches of manufacture, and all the most recent inventions of mechanical skill adopted to facilitate their operations. It has often occurred to me, in looking at the Madeira distaff, that one week's labour of Messrs Baxters' hands, with their beautiful machinery, would produce a greater quantity and a better quality of yarn and cloth, than all the spinners and weavers of Madeira would produce in a year with their clumsy contrivances.

Almost every article of a superior kind which one sees in Madeira, is of British manufacture. In the hotel in which I sojourned on my arrival, I noticed that one of the tables in the parlour was covered with oil-cloth of London manufacture; another had a coloured cotton cover from Dunfermline; the sofas were shrouded in striped cotton, which I knew to be made only in Glasgow; the breakfast and dinner dishes were evidently from Staffordshire; and the block-tin covers had an English stamp, showing their Birmingham origin; the knives and forks were of course from Sheffield; and the diaper table-cloths from Dunfermline. In my bedroom, the curtains were made of checked muslin of Manchester manufacture, and the printed sofa cover in the same room was evidently of the like parentage. The first women I happened to see after landing were peasants from the interior, and they wore shawls from Paisley, and printed cotton handkerchiefs on their heads from Glasgow. Except a few silks occasionally seen, and not remarkable for their beauty, all the finer articles of dress are of British fabrication.

Madeira does not raise more corn than is consumed in two months. The bulk of its corn is imported from foreign countries. Indian corn is brought to a large extent from Sardinia and the neighbouring states, and is sold at a very low price. It makes excellent food as a kind of porridge, similar to what is made from oatmeal, and it is more nutritious, according to the general opinion. It would be a great benefit to the poorer classes in Britain, if this cheap and nutritious article were allowed to be imported for their use free of duty. The total corn produce of the island in 1844 was 11,143 quarters, and there were imported 58,232 quarters. In 1844, the value of the exports (almost entirely composed of wine) was £157,620, and of the imports £133,740, the principal export and import trade being with Britain. Cotton goods form more than one-third of the articles imported from Britain. The chief imports from Portugal are salt, soap, and tobacco, which are monopolies of the Portuguese government. The entire annual revenue of the island from exports, imports, tithes, and all other taxes, was £37,248, the whole forming less than seven shillings a-head of taxation on each inhabitant.

CLIMATE.

Madeira is visited by persons from Great Britain chiefly for the sake of its fine climate. To avoid our cold winters and bleak springs, visitors usually depart from England from the middle of September till the end of November, and remain in the island till the end of May. Few remain all the year in Madeira, the summers being more warm than what is usually suitable for those in delicate health; although there are instances of perpetual residence being of use in warding off the attacks of disease.

The object of a winter's residence in Madeira is not alone the pleasure of enjoying a fine climate. The equability of the temperature and blandness of the air are believed to be advantageous in cases of consumption, anticipated or established. Whatever be the stage of this insidious disorder, it is of the first importance that the sufferer should breathe a mild, dry air, fresh and pure, and as nearly as possible uniform in its temperature. Sudden cold, keen blasts of wind, and heavy misty weather, are all dangerous to the consumptive; for such conditions of the atmosphere irritate the delicate air-vessels of the lungs, and promote the decay which it is important to arrest. Funchal, in Madeira, enjoys a deservedly high reputation as a winter retreat for the consumptive. The principal recommendation of its climate is its remarkable equability: there may be places more mild, but they are also more changeable, or more moist. November and December, which are usually cold months in England, with fogs and clouds, I found to be cheerful, sunshiny, and warm, better, in fact, than our best summer weather at home. Occasionally, in February, when the days are chilly, a fire is used; but this is principally for the sake of the more delicate class of invalids. So dry is the atmosphere, that all the year round clothes and other articles are dried only by the heat of the sun. The children of the poor, under six years of age, generally wear a coarse cotton or linen shirt as their only article of dress, in going about the streets and roads all over the island, and at all seasons.

To give a more accurate idea of the climate, I beg to introduce an abstract of the daily temperature during each month in the year, kept with great care by Dr M'Kellar. A register thermometer was employed, exposed in the open air, in the shade, and defended from all radiated or reflected heat, by means of a roll of cartridge paper wrapt round it. The first column of the abstract shows the daily average of the lowest degree of heat at any time during the twenty-four hours; the second shows the daily average of the highest degree of heat during the twenty-four hours—the averages in both cases being given for the whole of each month. The third column shows the mean between these extremes. The year is made to commence in October, that being the earliest period at which invalids usually arrive. In order to afford a criterion of comparison, I annex a fourth column, showing the mean average temperature for each month at Edinburgh (which may be considered a fair specimen of a British climate), as ascertained by the well known observations taken hourly at Leith Fort during the years 1824 and 1825. In all the columns I have omitted the decimals :—

1843.	Average lowest temperature.	Average highest temperature.	Mean temperature at Madeira.	Mean temperature at Edinburgh.
October, . .	64	74	69	49
November, .	59	68	64	41
December, . .	57	66	62	39
1844.				
January, . .	55	65	60	41
February, .	53	63	58	40
March, . .	54	66	60	40
April, . .	57	70	63	46
May, . . .	59	73	66	50
June, . .	64	74	69	56
July, . . .	68	78	73	60
August, . .	68	78	73	58
September, . .	67	77	72	56
Mean of year, .	60	71	66	48

It will be observed, from the above view, that the mean average temperature at Madeira, during the *coldest* hours of the night, is much higher than the mean average temperature at Edinburgh for the whole of the twenty-four hours. The difference betwixt the two places would be still more striking, if the mean average temperature at Edinburgh, taken during the *coldest* hours of the night by a register thermometer, were placed alongside the corresponding column at Funchal.

The following observations on the climate of Madeira, corroborative of my experience, are made by Sir James Clark, in his work on Climate, a production which may be advantageously consulted by the consumptive. "The mean annual temperature of Funchal is 64 degrees, being only about 5 degrees warmer than the Italian and Provençal provinces. This very moderate mean temperature, relatively to its low latitude, arises however from the summer at Madeira being proportionally cool; for, while the winter is 20 degrees warmer than at London, the summer is only 7 degrees warmer; and, whilst the winter is 12 degrees warmer than in Italy and Provence, the summer is nearly 5 degrees cooler. The mean annual range of temperature is only 14 degrees, being less than half the range of Rome, Pisa, Naples, and Nice. The heat is also distributed through the year with surprising equality, so that the mean difference of the temperature of successive months is only 2·41 degrees; this at Rome is 4·39 degrees, at Nice 4·74 degrees, at Pisa 5·75 degrees, and at Naples 5·08 degrees. Whilst there is much equality in the distribution of temperature through the year, there is no less so in the progression of temperature for the day; the mean range for the twenty-four hours being 10 degrees by the register thermometer, while at Rome it is 10 degrees, at Naples 13 degrees, and at Nice 9 degrees, by the common thermometer, which gives only the extremes observed during the day. The steadiness of temperature from day to day also exceeds that of all the other climates. In this respect it is not half so variable as Rome, Nice, or Pisa, and is only about one-third as variable as Naples. The degree of variableness from day to day at Madeira is 1·11 degrees, at Rome it is 2·80 degrees, at Nice 2·33 degrees, and at London 4·01 degrees. The annual range of atmospheric pressure is also very small, being about the same as that of Rome and Naples. Nearly the same quantity of rain falls annually at Madeira as at Rome and Florence; but at Madeira there are only 73 days on which any rain falls, while at Naples there are 97, at Rome 117, and at London 178. The rain at Madeira falls at particular seasons, chiefly in the autumn, leaving the atmosphere, in general, dry and clear during the remainder of the year. From this comparative view of the climate, it must be readily perceived how great are the advantages which this island presents over the best climates on the continent of Europe. It is warmer during the winter, and cooler during the summer; it has less difference between the temperature of day and night, between one season and another, and between successive days; it is almost exempt from keen cold winds, and enjoys a general steadiness of weather, to which the best of these are strangers; the rains are circumscribed, and generally fall at regular and stated periods."

Another writer, Dr Wilde, in his "Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira" (Dublin: Curry and Co. 1840), where, however, he appears to have remained only for a few days, thus speaks of the climate of this charming island:—"Various opinions have been expressed regarding the comparative merits of this island; but I think both medical men, and those who have tried it themselves, must now acknowledge that we have no European climate that can in any way be compared with it, or that affords the same advantages that it does as a winter residence for invalids, more especially since steam has brought it within a few days' voyage of England. Far be it from me to say that the climate of Madeira *can cure consumption;* but this I will say, that, independent of its acknowledged efficacy in chronic affections, it is one that will do more to ward off threatened diseases of the chest, or even to assist them in their incipient stages, than any I am acquainted with." Although no physician, my own views coincide with the above. It is too customary for persons in the last stages of pulmonary decay to try a visit to the island, when all other means have failed, instead of proceeding thither when their constitution was not destroyed. Indeed, from all I have heard or seen, I am fully convinced that many persons come here for the benefit of their health who would have been much better at home. The climate is no doubt delightful; it is immeasurably superior to that of Britain; but, except to a very trifling extent, it can only benefit those who are able to enjoy its advantages by taking exercise in the open air: for those who are unable or unwilling to ride on horseback, more gentle exercise may be obtained by means of palanquins, hammocks, and boats, which are strongly recommended, and much used. In cases where invalids are so weak as to be obliged to remain within doors, or may be endangered by the voyage, they should seldom risk a visit to Madeira. Yet many in the most feeble condition do so, and die in the island, as the monuments in the English burying-ground sadly testify. Many invalids who visit Madeira also suffer from heedlessly undertaking journeys to see the scenery of the island, for which their health is altogether unfitted. A want of care in this as well as in some other respects, is unquestionably the cause of not a few deaths.

It is the general opinion in Madeira, both of the medical profession and others, that no one should come out who is dangerously ill of long-continued active pulmonary consumption, unless in very peculiar circumstances, or with the view of remaining permanently in the island. Dr Wilde mentions a curious case of prolongation of life by means of a permanent residence. It is that of the late lamented Dr Heineken. "This gentleman came to the island when his case was pronounced, by some of the most acute physicians in Britain, as rapidly approaching to a fatal termination: yet under these circumstances he lived *nine* years in Madeira, certainly with the greatest watchfulness, until, going one day to collect some fossils on the neighbouring island of Porto Santo, a storm overtook him, and he suffered all its hardships in an open boat; he returned next day to Madeira, and died that night. He requested a professional friend to examine his lungs after death; and Dr Renton, who performed the autopsy, informed me that his astonishment was, how he could have sustained life with so small a portion of the respiratory apparatus; hardly a vestige of one of his lungs remaining, and the other in such a condition as could not exist in a northern climate. The death of this gentleman is the more to be regretted, as he had done much to investigate the climate of the island. His life was spent in the furtherance of science. He died in her cause, and bequeathed to her the most interesting legacy he or any mortal can bestow, the tenement of his immortal spirit, that his fellow-men might be enlightened and benefited by a knowledge of that fatal malady which had hastened him to an early death, as it has but too many of his countrymen."

FUNCHAL.

Funchal, the chief town of Madeira, is situated in 32 degrees 38 minutes 11 seconds north latitude, and in 16 degrees 54 minutes 11 seconds west longitude from Greenwich. With its widely scattered suburbs, the town contains about 29,000 inhabitants, or nearly a fourth of all that are in the island.

As already stated, Funchal is a neatly-built and clean-looking town, scattered over the picturesque slopes facing the ocean. Much of its beauty is owing to the houses being intermingled with trees and gardens, and generally whitewashed, the whole placed in various attitudes, lights, and shades. The interior accommodation of the houses resembles that in Portugal, being suitable for a climate in which close seclusion and artificial heat are not desirable. Few of the rooms have any fireplaces; and the windows of all apartments facing the sun are, for the sake of coolness, provided with jalousies which may be opened and shut at pleasure. The houses of the merchants are usually surmounted by a turret, commanding an extensive view of the sea, and from which the approach of vessels may at all times be observed.

The streets of Funchal are, for the greater part, well paved, either with small round pieces of basalt taken from the beach or mountain torrents—three of which intersect the city—or with the same kind of stone broken into thin flat pieces, from two to six inches long, and about an inch and a half broad on the upper surface; the depth is from four to seven inches. This species of pavement forms the most secure footing for horses which I have anywhere seen; but I fear it would scarcely stand the tear and wear of our heavy carriages. The horses are roughly shod, having large-headed nails projecting from their shoes, which catch the edges of the stones, and thus prevent their feet from slipping. Most of the country roads are formed with large stones, and therefore much less safe or agreeable for travelling.

The lower streets of Funchal present, occasionally, an air of liveliness and bustle of business. Instead of wheeled carriages, a species of sledge is used for transporting the barrels of wine and other merchandise to and from the stores. To assist the sledges to glide smoothly over the pavement, and to prevent them taking fire, men throw before them wet cloths, in order to moisten their surface. Wine from the interior is brought to town in bags made of skins, carried on the backs of men, whose loads have a grotesque appearance in the eyes of new-comers.

The town is governed by an elective municipal body, called the "camera" (or chamber), whose powers resemble those of town-councils in England. By means of the revenue drawn by this body from petty customs, licenses, and other sources, amounting in 1844 to about 54,000 dollars, it maintains roads and bridges, and otherwise provides for the social well-being of the place. The public markets are of the best kind. The fruit market, at the appropriate seasons, abounds in oranges, lemons, grapes, Cape gooseberries, walnuts, chestnuts, peaches, figs, bananas, guavas, custard apples, and pears. Here also may be purchased, at a comparatively insignificant cost, water and Valencia melons, gourds, and pumpkins. The fish market is equally good in point of variety; for the coasts of the island abound in fish of great richness and beauty, combining those of the Mediterranean with the fish of the West Indies and African coast. The tunny fish, an animal of large size, forms a cheap and favourite food of the lower classes.

MODE OF LIVING AMONG VISITORS.

It is customary for visitors to take passports; but, as far as I could observe, they are not absolutely necessary. On landing, however, it is necessary to procure a "ticket of residence," which is readily given for a small charge, and it requires no renewal.

Visitors to Madeira for the greater part live in Funchal or its immediate neighbourhood. For their accommodation there are good furnished houses, which may be obtained at from two hundred to three hundred dollars for the season of six or eight months; and when there are two or three persons together, with an English servant, this is the most comfortable as well as the cheapest way of living. But the majority of visitors live in boarding-houses, which, generally speaking, are exceedingly comfortable; and the charge is pretty much the same in all—about fifty dollars a-month for each person. There are houses where persons who prefer having a separate table may be so accommodated, without additional expense, if there are two or three together. At the commencement of the season, no one will let apartments for less than four months certain. Visitors should therefore reside in the hotel for a few days, that they may have time to look at the different houses, and make inquiries. Residents, in general, are rather unwilling to give opinions regarding the comparative merits of the different houses, but a few of them are understood to patronise particular establishments, irrespective of their merits. If visitors leave before the four months are completed, the rule is to charge half price for the unexpired period; and, for additional time, the charge is made up to the day on which the apartments are vacated. The hotel charges are as moderate as those of the boarding-houses; and in everything, except locality, it is exceedingly comfortable.

To give an idea of how invalids spend their time in Madeira, I may mention that my young companion and myself get up about seven o'clock; breakfast about half-past eight; ride out at ten; return in time to dress for dinner, which is at two; ride out again at four; return about half-past five (before sunset); take tea at half-past six; read till about half-past ten; when the party breaks up, and all retire to bed—the younger members having of course gone earlier.

Such was nearly the daily routine, except when we made long excursions. On these occasions we usually carried a lunch or dinner with us in the morning, and returned before sunset. Although there is occasionally cold and stormy weather in the mountains during winter, we never experienced any decidedly disagreeable weather, more than now and then a day's rain, during the whole season; neither during the winter, when our friends in England were shivering under frost and bleak winds, did we ever feel any cold worth mentioning. With the thermometer never below 53 degrees, which was in February, we did not on any occasion need the aid of a fire. Out—out daily in the cheerful sunshine, our spirits felt no oppression; and this of itself is no small boon to the easily-discomposed invalid.

The awkward thing about Funchal is the almost universal steepness of the thoroughfares. You are generally going either up or down, seldom walking on level ground. The streets, however, are kept very clean, rivulets of water are abundant, and the people are everywhere respectful in their demeanour. With the exception of one pony-phaeton, used perhaps once a month, and belonging to a Portuguese, there is no such thing as a carriage of any kind, not even a cart or a wheelbarrow. Everything requiring to be removed is either drawn by oxen on sledges, or carried on the backs of asses or mules; or, what is much more generally the case, on the heads of men and women.

Horses are not used for draught; but they are to be had, and very cheap, on hire for riding. For an excellent horse and pony, with a man and boy to take charge of them, and attend us wherever we went, I paid thirty-six dollars a-month, including food and every other charge. For riding, we occasionally substituted sailing in boats, and the charge was equally moderate—fifteenpence an hour for a boat with two men.

Those who make Madeira a place of permanent residence, will find that it is, on the whole, a cheap place of living; but it is generally regarded as a very dull place—a sort of genteel prison. During our stay, bread was rather dearer than in England; but the very best beef was only twopence-halfpenny per pound; fish, poultry, eggs, and fruit, are also lower than in Britain; butter, cheese, and hams, are dearer. Tea, sugar, wines, and other luxuries, are considerably cheaper.

During the season 1844-5, there were about two hundred and fifty visitors, including invalids and the friends and servants who accompanied them. In each of the preceding two years there had been from three hundred to four hundred. In addition to the visitors, there are about three hundred British residents. By far the larger portion of the mercantile business is transacted by the British race, who here, as in many other foreign countries, seem to outstrip all competition on the part of natives. Of the British mercantile and medical gentlemen resident here, and invalids, the Scotch appear to form a majority of the whole.

The British, generally, in Funchal may be said to form an agreeable society, or rather circles of acquaintances. For their mutual accommodation, they have established a reading-room, where may be seen two or three London newspapers; also English reviews and magazines. The establishment has likewise a pretty good collection of books, which may be taken out to read. The payment is very high, being eight dollars for three months. There is also a tolerably good collection of books, in some respects better than the other, to the extent of 450 volumes, connected with the Free Church, from which a supply may be obtained at the small charge of a dollar per annum.

For the use of the British population, there is an English Episcopal chapel, and another following the Scottish Presbyterian form, connected with the Free Church. At Funchal there is a British consul, charged with the protection of our trading interests; and besides this functionary, an officer is appointed by our government, styled the British Judge Conservator. It is the duty of this person to administer the law in judicial cases in which British subjects appeal to the native tribunals. The British judge conservator is a Portuguese; and, from his notorious incompetence and partiality, the office might as well be abolished; which, it is generally understood, will soon be the case.

In the currency of the island, dollars, to which I have often referred, perform a most important part. The dollar is reckoned to be worth 4s. 2d. sterling. Then there are "pistarines," worth 10d., and "bits," worth 5d. These are the only coins one requires to remember. In keeping accounts, "reis" alone are put down. The "rei" is an imaginary coin, of which there are 100 in a "bit," and 1000 in a dollar. Sovereigns are taken with the greatest readiness, and pass for their full value, in terms of a royal proclamation by the crown of Portugal to that effect, issued many years ago. Parties visiting Madeira save considerably by taking sovereigns with them; for there are no banks through which to negotiate bills: and the commission and exchange charged by merchants on letters of credit, frequently amount together to about four per cent., which is all saved by taking out gold.

The communication to Madeira is much more certain and regular than the communication from it, and hence the mails to England are precarious, though seldom at wider intervals than a month. When vessels are known to be going to England, all is bustle in preparing letters for friends. Vessels visit the island on the outward passage with considerable regularity.

The best way to come out, for those who desire *very quick* voyages, is by the West India mail steam-packets. They sail twice a-month from Southampton (on the 2d and 17th), and touch at Funchal always on the eighth day. The passage-money is £30 for the first cabin, with the best sleeping berths; and £25 for the first cabin, with less comfortable sleeping berths. Wines are charged additional. They are fine vessels, but are often very uncomfortably crowded. The Brazilian sailing packets leave Falmouth the first Friday after the first Tuesday of each month, and are always mentioned as the most comfortable vessels in which passengers can come. They are all vessels of war, commanded by lieutenants of the royal navy, who are allowed to take passengers as a perquisite of their own; and they provide the table for themselves and passengers, always in first-rate style. From having crews of more than double the number of mercantile vessels of the same size, they frequently carry a press of sail which, in doubtful weather, no vessel with fewer hands could venture on, and thus they always make comparatively quick passages—generally from eight to fifteen days. The fare is £25, including wines. There are three London packets, which take generally a few days longer, fitted up for the convenience of passengers, all of them very good. They are constantly coming and going. These are, the Grace Darling, the Eclipse, and the Dart. The days of sailing are always advertised in the first column of the *Times*, under the head of "Madeira." The fare is £20, including wines: children in this as in all other classes of vessels are charged only one-half, or, when older, at most two-thirds fare. The table and attendance are also good in these vessels, which is a matter of much importance for invalids. Judging from the usage we experienced on board a merchant vessel from Liverpool, I would warn intending visitors against the deceitful promises put forth by the owners and skippers of such craft. Private ships should be avoided, unless in special circumstances, and only when full confidence may be reposed in their owners and captains.

So closes my account of a visit to and residence in Madeira. I am glad to say that the object I had in view was accomplished, in the considerably improved health of my young charge; and accordingly I returned home in the summer of the present year (1845), taking, for the sake of variety, some of the continental countries of Europe in my route.

TENERIFFE.

At the distance of three hundred miles south from Madeira, and nearer the African coast, lie the Canaries, a cluster of small islands belonging to Spain. They are thirteen in number, but the following seven are the principal:—Teneriffe, Fuerteventura, Grand Canary, Palma, Lancerota, Gomera, and Ferro. Like Madeira, they are volcanic in their origin, and fertile and beautiful, with a delicious climate. They were called by the ancients the *Fortunate Islands*, which, from the abundance of their produce, was well deserved. All the islands yield good wine, the preference being given to that of Teneriffe. Among the animals common to the different islands is the canary, a bird now becoming scarce, in consequence of the numbers which have been exported. When wild, the plumage of this melodist is green, the yellow tinge of the canary in England being the effect of domestication. The camel is generally employed as a beast of burden in the larger islands.

Teneriffe, the chief of the Canaries, is in size 73 square leagues, with a population of about 70,000. Santa Cruz, a neatly-built town, with some handsome edifices, is the capital. The island consists almost entirely of one huge mountain, well known as the *Peak of Teneriffe*, with its sloping sides and parasitic hills; and to ascend this remarkable mountain, the island is often visited by travellers. Teneriffe is also visited by invalids from Madeira, for the sake of a short residence during the spring months, when Funchal is exposed to some unfavourable weather. At this time of the year, the sheltered vale of Oratava, in Teneriffe, is five degrees warmer than Funchal, and therefore offers a retreat for those to whom Funchal would be unsuitable. It remains a question, however, whether, for the sake of a difference of climate which may be, after all, uncertain, invalids in particularly delicate health should risk a sea voyage from Madeira to Teneriffe. On this point the medical advisers at Madeira ought to be the best judges. Wilde, in speaking of Teneriffe, observes, "The climate of this island is in my mind no way inferior to Madeira; and I have no doubt that it is much drier. During our stay [in November], the glass ranged about 72 degrees in the day. Two observations made with the hygrometer on two several days, marked the dew point 41 degrees, thermometer 75 degrees, giving 34 degrees of dryness—a state only once remarked by Dr Heineken during a nine years' stay at Madeira. The day after, it marked 40 degrees: this latter is a rarity, but the former is very common throughout the year. I should think it admirably suited to bronchial affections with much expectoration, or to those states of relaxation of the mucous membrane of the throat and fauces so common amongst us a few years ago, either as the sequel of diptherite and other similar affections, or occurring to persons suffering from much public speaking, singing, &c. in which the parts engaged become highly relaxed. The towns are infinitely cleaner than Funchal; and here also you can vary the climate, by ascending some of the neighbouring hills. It wants, however, that greatest of all wants to an invalid—good accommodation. There are but two inns in the whole island; and the poor Spanish gentry are too proud to let their houses. It also wants the orange groves, the chestnut and coffee plantations, and the glowing vegetation that surrounds Funchal, the Currals, the Jardins, the Palieros, and, above all, the hospitality and the society of Madeira."

We shall now proceed to the account of a visit to the famous

Peak of Teneriffe, furnished by a gentleman who went to the island for the purpose of ascending the mountain.

The peak can be ascended only from Oratava, a small port on the opposite side of the island from Santa Cruz, and to reach that place, a party, consisting of two friends, one of them a naval officer, and myself, set out on mules across the country. It was during the month of August, and therefore more suitable than at a later period of the year. The road lay over an exceedingly rugged piece of country, rising in some places to 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and showing all the appearance of volcanic action, as well as of having been rent with earthquakes. The journey was tedious and toilsome, occupying pretty nearly a whole day; but we were repaid for all our annoyances by the beauty of the scenery. The rugged cliffs were overhung by brilliant tropical plants, vines clustered round the cottages of the peasantry, and occasionally we had glimpses of rich dells, thick with vegetation, and cool from the masses of foliage which shut out the glare of the sun.

In the evening we arrived at Oratava, much fatigued, and glad of the rest which we hospitably found in the house of Mr ——, the British consul, who did everything that could be thought of to forward our views. On the morrow, we were all up betimes, and making preparations for the ascent of the peak. We secured a supply of provisions, including some boiled eggs, bread, a bottle of coffee, also water, the whole being enough for two or three days, in case of accidents. We likewise increased our clothing, and took with us greatcoats and blankets, to ward off the cold which we had every reason to expect on the mountain. Each of the party was provided with a mule; and besides two guides, there was a mule to carry the provisions and clothing. Thus we made a cavalcade of respectable size; but anything less would not have been safe or expedient; for the journey, following all the sinuosities of the course, was not to be less than thirty miles, and we were to spend a night in a wild bivouack on the face of a hill far beyond the vicinity of human habitations. It being our wish to witness the rising of the sun from a lofty part of the peak, we calculated that the best time to set out would be early in the afternoon, and accordingly, at about three o'clock P. M., our cavalcade bade adieu for a time to Oratava.

On quitting the town, we began almost immediately to ascend. The road at first lay among scattered houses, all surrounded by rich vineyards, and sometimes for half a mile at a time it ran through narrow lanes, formed by walls almost entirely hid in brambles, here and there varied by the huge aloe of the island. As we ascended the hill, the richness of this low kind of foliage gradually became less and less, till we reached a district, or horizontal belt, of gorgeous chestnuts. In process of time we left these behind, and came to the region of heaths, which do not grow there, as at the Cape and in other countries, along the ground, but rise into tall and beautiful shrubs, and, mixing with the arbutus and Portugal laurel, form a wilderness of singular interest to the eyes of a European. The ground we passed over in our winding ascent now became exceedingly rugged, and, from the occasional glimpses we obtained of the scenery, we were left to imagine that, had the day been clear, we must have commanded an extensive view of the country both below and above us.

Our fatigued cavalcade continued winding slowly up the steep and broken passes, at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour. Even at this tardy pace we gained in a short time much perpendicular height, for the abrupt nature of the hill-side made our ascent somewhat like that of a ladder. At first we complained grievously of our cattle; but we had reason, after a little experience, to suspect that a really good horse would have cut a much worse figure than the small, compact, sure-footed, though very slow-paced mules which we bestrode. Only my two companions and I, as has been said, were mounted. The guides, being regularly bred to the calling, trudged along on foot, each carrying in his hand a pole about six feet in length, not unlike the well-known "batons" of the Alpine guides.

After we had gone on climbing and scrambling over the rough rocky ascent for three or four hours, the atmosphere becoming every minute colder, and the night setting in, just before sunset we sat down to rest on a shelf of rock, and took a little refreshment. The moon now shone out, and, glad of this cheering and gentle light, we proceeded on our journey. In a short time we gained the top of the rugged ascent we had been climbing, and found ourselves on the verge of what is called the "pumicestone plains," a comparatively smooth sloping tract lying at the base of the actual peak. The peak, however, we as yet could not see. The hills we had passed over were only its outworks, and the gigantic form of the principal mountain was provokingly shrouded in mist. Glad to have gained such a height without accident, we ambled pleasantly along the pumicestone plain. In this high-lying district, the black, rough, and slaggy crust of the lava streams was no more to be seen, but in its place a coating of pumice gravel, resembling not a little a coral beach, and as white as hailstones, scattered with that kind of uniformity which seems to mark that they had been thrown down in a shower—a shower of frozen volcanic froth, for such pumice undoubtedly is—at the close, probably, of some ancient eruption of the volcano—ages beyond the days of history. As we rode up—for the way, though smooth and much less steep, was still in ascent—we caught a peep at times of land to the right and left of us; and now we began to trust ourselves with a faint expectation of getting a sight of the peak itself.

This frame of mind was no sooner adopted, than our imaginations were all at work, and our eyes strained towards the quarter in which the mountain lay hid. I had just remarked, that if I could but get a single look of the peak—were it but for a second of time—I should go back contented. "What would I not give only to see the peak!" I exclaimed; and at that instant one of my companions shouted out, "Look there!" and there indeed we beheld before us the glorious summit of Teneriffe, apparently so close, that it seemed almost by our side. I shall never forget the sensation of awe caused by this astonishing spectacle, coming as it did so unexpectedly upon us. Had a giant in a human form, but as tall as the mountain, stood in the plain, the figure would certainly have excited more wonder; but I cannot think that even such a sight would have caused more admiration than this sudden apparition of the splendid object we had so long desired to behold. My first sensation was one of intense gratitude for our good fortune; but it immediately sunk beneath the tremendous impression produced by the sight of an object so suddenly presented to us, and so far exceeding all that the imagination had previously dared to conceive. I felt as if I had come abruptly into the presence of some great and august being, beside whom I was myself but as a pigmy: awe, wonder, dread, were the elements of the sensation which I now experienced. This at length subsided, as the novelty of the sight wore off, and finally it gave way to more familiar feelings, amongst which were curiosity, and a vehement desire to reach the summit of the mountain.

While we stood to gaze, our guides, whom we had far outstripped, came up to us, and we then proceeded on our journey. The clouds which had surrounded us now rapidly cleared away. In the course of ten minutes more we were trotting along in a totally different region, having emerged from the clouds—in fact, actually got above them, and into a stratum of atmosphere which was perfectly dry and clear. On looking behind us, we could see the white masses extending in a horizontal bed from the edge of the pumice plain, and at a level only a few hundred feet lower than the road we were now travelling over. There could be no doubt that if we had turned about and gone down again, for half a mile or so, we should have re-entered the clouds, and been exposed to the fog and rain just as before, though, at the elevation we had now reached, the air was perfectly dry. That such was its condition, we had the most satisfactory evidence. On reaching the clear atmosphere, being tired and cold, we had dismounted for a little; and it was then remarked that every part of our clothes was saturated with the wet which we had got from a pelting shower before entering the plain. Half an hour afterwards, not only our shoes and stockings, but all the other parts of our dress, were as dry as tinder. This rapid absorption of moisture by the thirsty air of course made us feel, while the process of evaporation was going on, no inconsiderable degree of cold; but we soon walked ourselves into warmth.

After walking and riding for five or six miles over the pumice gravel, the particles of which increased in size as we approached the centre of action, we arrived at the foot of an enormous rudely-shaped mountain, formed out of many thousands of streams of lava piled confusedly one above another. On the top of this rugged and totally barren mass of rock stands the great cone of ashes and volcanic cinders forming the true peak or highest summit of Teneriffe. This irregular pedestal on which the cone stands must be several thousand feet above the level of the pumice plain. It is at all places extremely steep, and in some even precipitous or actually overhanging. It appears to be composed, as I have said above, of a succession of vast streams of lava, which have flowed over one another, interstratified, probably, with showers of ashes and layers of boiling mud, eventually hardened into tufa, according to the usage of volcanoes elsewhere. Some of these rivers of lava, after flowing down the sides of the mountain, have thrust themselves across the plain, while others have only reached the base of the hill. The surfaces of almost all these prodigious lava courses, of which, I suppose, there may be counted some hundreds, have their crust broken up and twisted about in such a way as to form an exceedingly rough exterior. This appearance seems to indicate that, while the body of the stream of lava underneath was still in liquid fusion, and flowing down the side of the mountain, the outer coating had become so hard as to form a sort of tunnel or pipe for the melted matter within. When the pressure of the fluid mass became too much for the strength of this crust, the lava would break through at the weakest points; and from every such fresh opening a new current would take its departure, to have its surface congealed into a pipe, and then broken up in like manner. In many places this thick coating or rind of partially cooled lava was not actually burst open, but was doubled up in huge folds, and contorted in the most fantastic style imaginable. The whole scene spoke a language very intelligible to the geologist, telling the story of volcanoes long extinct, almost as plainly as if he had witnessed the eruptions.

Having reached the extremity of the pumice plain, our mules were forced up a rugged ascent of at least a thousand feet towards the point which we designed for our resting-place till morning. This was happily reached. It was a small barren plain, called the *Estancia de los Ingleses*, or Resting-place of the English; a name I suppose it has acquired from the number of our enterprising countrymen who have ascended the peak, and stopped here by the way. This small space, beyond which neither horses nor mules can go, is about thirty yards square, having two or three masses of rock in the middle, and the lee of these forms the only shelter in this lofty and exposed situation. We now arranged to make this our sleeping quarters. A fire, composed of some bits of stick brought on purpose, was lighted, and we had a little supper cooked, which formed a pleasant regale. After this we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and lay down to sleep, in certainly one of the oddest bedchambers in which I ever passed the night; for we had nothing overhead but the glorious firmament full of stars, and with the moon shedding its silvery light over the summit of the mountain. The cold was severe, the thermometer standing at 22 degrees; but the air was dry; and there was no wind. The only distressing feeling was that of a slight difficulty of breathing, caused by the rarity of the atmosphere. On composing ourselves for the night, this sensation vanished, and we were fortunate in procuring a few hours of a refreshing sleep.

We were awakened half an hour before sunrise, just as there was the slightest possible tinge of light on the horizon. Instantly starting to our feet, we awaited the full development of the luminary of day with an expectation bent to the utmost stretch. The spectacle was one of the grandest in nature. The light, accompanied with a pinkish halo, gradually enlarged its sphere. Below, and stretching far away in front of us, was a sea of mist, which seemed gradually to open or disperse, showing glimpses of the ocean beneath. Suddenly the broad disc of the sun rose out of the sea, and stood before us in unsurpassable majesty. We all acknowledged that such a sight was alone worthy of making so toilsome a journey. Almost immediately after sunrise the temperature rapidly rose, and we experienced a cheering light and warmth.

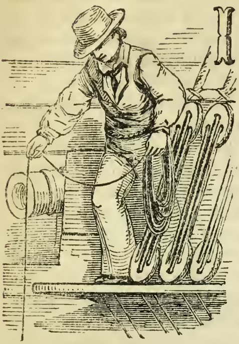
A little coffee, heated by the fire, and a few mouthfuls of provisions, formed an invigorating breakfast; and leaving one guide in charge of the mules, we betook ourselves once more to our journey. Our road lay at first along a steep face of ashes and scoriæ, so loosely held together, that it yielded to the foot at every step. Every vestige of vegetation was now left behind. After a hard pull up a most rugged ascent, we attained the base of the cone, the uppermost platform, out of which the peak is projected. This platform is very circumscribed, and we require immediately to climb the cone, which stands before us like the dome of a glass-house, to the height of from sixty to seventy feet. Now that we were within a trifling distance of the summit, and although exceedingly fatigued, our enthusiasm would not permit us to stop. We accordingly began clambering up the cone as well as we might, taking care at every step to thrust our feet into the loose soil, which, by the way, is not well described as consisting of ashes. It may be called very large gravel, or rather shingle, the pieces of which vary from the size of a man's thumb to that of his hand; and at some places are found ten times as large. After we had toiled up for about half the distance, we were greatly rejoiced to come upon a more substantial path, lying along the ridge of a dike or vein of lava, cutting right across the cone. Upon this we found firm footing; but we employed our hands likewise, which, as the inclination was great, we could do without stooping much; and at half-past eight o'clock we reached the very top of the peak, all very happy at the final attainment of our long-cherished hopes.

The summit of the Peak of Teneriffe is not three feet across, being in fact the upper edge of a cliff or volcanic wall running round the lips of an enormous crater, the brim of which is not horizontal like that of a bowl placed on level ground, but is directed, I think, to the south, with a considerable tilt or inclination of the cup. So sharp, indeed, was the extreme top of the peak, that not more than one person could stand upon it at a time.

I shall not be charged with exaggeration when I say that my pulse beat quicker, and that I felt my cheek flushed with surprise and satisfaction, when I found myself at length standing on the spot which, from the earliest hour that I can recollect, I had never ceased most ardently to desire that I might reach. The horizon being at the distance of about 140 miles, we were able to command a sea-view which could not be estimated at a less circumference than 400 miles, or a space as large as the whole surface of England and Wales. The height of the peak is calculated at 12,250 feet. Fortunately, the clouds which rested over the island and adjacent ocean had dispersed before the rays of the sun, and now not only an extensive, but lovely view met our sight. Immediately beneath, the hills were seen receding in concentric circles round their great centre, each apparently the rims of former craters of volcanoes; and at a further distance rose smaller hills, also conical, and to all appearance shot up by the volcanic action of which the whole island had once been the theatre. All are now cooled down, and at rest, except the main peak, and it seems to be gradually extinguishing. In looking down into the crater at the top of the cone, we observe that it is sending up wreaths of thin smoke and vapour, and, like the crater of Vesuvius, it is caked with crystals of sulphur. It is only at distant intervals that it belches forth scoriæ and lava, or otherwise assumes a violence of action. At such times it must form a spectacle of great grandeur at the distance of many miles on the ocean. Inert as the slumbering volcano seems to be, we could observe that its eruptions are gradually altering the form of the lower sides of the mountain. The currents of lava which break forth fill up the valleys, and obliterate all the minor cones in their way, and the mountain generally is swelled up by fresh coatings of scoriæ, ashes, and boiling mud.

Having satisfied our curiosity with the view from the top of the peak, we now descended, some of our party running down the whole way till they came to the rough and rocky ground. We reached the Estancia, where we had left the mules at noon, and thence proceeded with all diligence to Oratava, the heat overhead from a brilliant sun causing us to lose no time on the journey. We reached the town at three o'clock, having occupied exactly twenty-four hours in our excursion.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR BOY.



I WAS born at Wanstead, in Essex, about seven miles from London, in the year 1798. My father having died while I was young, I was, along with a brother and sister, left to the charge of my mother, who, marrying again, transferred us to the house of her husband—a carpenter by occupation at Bladen, near Woodstock, and in the employ of the Duke of Marlborough. My father-in-law appeared to be in comfortable circumstances. He resided in a neat house, built of stone, shaded by a noble apricot-tree, and ornamented with a small but pretty garden. This, together with another similar tenement, was his own property. To add to my satisfaction, I perceived that he was kind to my mother, and also to myself. With the country around I was equally well pleased. Fine farms, with large flocks of sheep quietly grazing on the hill-sides, fields surrounded with fragrant hawthorn hedges, and old farm-houses, with their thatched roofs and massive ricks, met the eye on all sides; while cultivated gardens and numerous wild flowers added their charms to the scene.

At Bladen, my time flew very rapidly away for two or three years, until, like most children, I began to sigh for deliverance from the restraints of home. I had already left school, and being now about thirteen years of age, had been employed in the pleasure-grounds of Blenheim palace. This, however, was too tame an occupation for a lad of my spirits. I heard tales of the sea from cousins with whom I had resided for a short time; my imagination painted a life on the great deep in the most glowing colours; my mind grew uneasy; and, in short, like many other heedless lads, had resolved on being a sailor. Finding my desires so strong, my kind-hearted mother made interest to have me taken on board a ship of war—a matter not difficult in those times—and on the 12th day of July 1810, I turned my back on the quiet hamlet of Bladen, and my face towards scenes of noise, dissipation, storms, and danger. My mother accompanied me in the stage to London, and then taking a boat, we proceeded down the Thames to a spot below Gravesend, where lay the Macedonian, the frigate on which I was to be put aboard. Need I say that, when left by my mother on the deck of the vessel, tears were mutually shed;

and when the departing boat carried her from my sight, I felt like one alone in the world.

On the morning after my arrival, I was put into a "mess." The crew of a man-of-war is divided into little communities of about eight each, called *messes.* These eat and drink together, and are, as it were, so many families. The mess to which I was introduced was composed of your genuine weather-beaten old tars. But for one of its members, it would have suited me very well; this one, a gruff old fellow named Hudson, took it into his head to hate me at first sight. He treated me with so much abuse and unkindness, that my messmates soon advised me to change my mess, a privilege which is wisely allowed, and which tends very much to the good fellowship of a ship's crew; for if there are disagreeable men among them, they can in this way be got rid off; it is no unfrequent case to find a few, who have been spurned from all the messes in the ship, obliged to mess by themselves.

This unkindness from the brutal Hudson rather chilled my enthusiasm. The crew, too, by some means had an impression that my mother had brought me on board to get rid of me, and therefore bitterly abused her. Swearing I had heard before, but never such as I heard there. Nor was this all; in performing the work assigned me, which consisted in helping the seamen to take in provisions, powder, shot, &c. I felt the insults and tyranny of the midshipmen. These minions of power ordered and drove me round like a dog, nor did I and the other boys dare to interpose a word.

These things reminded me of what had been said to me of the hardships of sea life in a man-of-war. I began to wish myself back in my father's house at Bladen. This, however, was impossible; and to add to my discouragement, they told me I was entered on the ship's books for life. Dreary prospect! But although somewhat grieved with my first experience of sailor life, I secretly struggled against my feelings, and with the most philosophic desperation resolved to make the best of my condition. We were kept busily at work every day until the ship's stores were all on board, and our frigate was ready for sea. Then two hundred more men, draughted from receiving ships, came on board to complete the number of our crew, which, after this addition, amounted to full three hundred men. The jocularity, pleasantry, humour, and good feeling that now prevailed on board our frigate somewhat softened the unpleasantness of my lot, and cultivated a feeling of reconciliation to my circumstances. Various little friendships which sprang up between me and my shipmates threw a gleam of gladness across my path; a habit of attention, respect, and obedience, in a short time secured me universal good-will. I began to be tolerably satisfied.

Many boys complain of ill usage at sea. I know they are subjected to it in many instances; yet in most cases they owe it to their own boldness. A boy on shipboard, who is habitually saucy, will be kicked and cuffed by all with whom he has to do; he will be made miserable. The reason is, I imagine, that sailors being treated as *inferiors* themselves, love to find opportunity to act the *superior* over some one. They do this over the boys, and if they find a saucy insolent one, they show him no mercy. Permit me, then, to advise boys who go to sea to be civil and obliging to all; they will be amply repaid for the effort it may cost them to make the trial, especially if they gain the reputation, as I did, of being among the best boys in the ship.

A vessel of war contains a little community of human beings, isolated, for the time being, from the rest of mankind. This community is governed by laws peculiar to itself; it is arranged and divided in a manner suitable to its circumstances. Hence, when its members first come together, each one is assigned his respective station and duty. For every task, from getting up the anchor to unbending the sails, aloft and below, at the mess-table or in the hammock, each task has its man, and each man his place. A ship contains a set of *human* machinery, in which every man is a wheel, a band, or a crank, all moving with wonderful regularity and precision to the will of its machinist—the all-powerful captain.

The men are distributed in all parts of the vessel; those in the tops are called foretop-men, maintop-men, and mizentop-men, with two captains to each top, one for each watch. These top-men have to loose, take in, reef, and furl the sails aloft, such as the top-gallant sails, top-sails, top-gallant royal, and top-sail studding-sails. Others are called forecastle-men, waisters, and the after-guard; these have to loose, tend, and furl the courses—that is, the fore-sail, the main-sail, and lower studding-sails; they also have to set the jib, flying-jib, and spanker; the after-guard have a special charge to coil up all ropes in the after part of the ship. Others are called *scavengers;* these, as their not very attractive name imports, have to sweep and pick up the dirt that may chance to gather through the day, and throw it overboard. Then come the boys, who are mostly employed as servants to the officers. Our captain had a steward and a boy; these acted as his domestic servants in his large and stately cabin, which, to meet the ideas of landsmen, may be called his house. The lieutenants, purser, surgeon, and sailing-master, had each a boy; they, together with the two lieutenants of marines, who were waited upon by two marines, form what is called the ward-room officers. The ward-room is a large cabin (I mean large for a ship, of course) below the captain's, where they all mess together; aft of this cabin is a smaller one, which serves as a species of store-room. Besides these accommodations, every ward-room officer has his state-room, containing his cot, wash-stand, writing-desk, clothes, &c. The gunner, boatswain, and some others, are also allowed a boy; and a man and boy are appointed to be the servants of a certain number of midshipmen.

Another arrangement is that of forming the ship's company into watches. The captain, first-lieutenant, surgeon, purser, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, armourer, together with the stewards and boys, are excused from belonging to them, but are liable to be called out to take in sail: some of the last-mentioned are called *idlers*. All others are in watches, called the larboard and starboard watches.

Stations are also assigned at the guns to the whole crew. When at sea, the drummer beats to quarters every night. This beat is a regular tune. I have often heard the words sung which belong to it; this is the chorus—

> "Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
> We always are ready, steady boys, steady,
> To fight and to conquer again and again."

At the roll of this evening drum, all hands hurry to the guns. Eight men and a boy are stationed at each gun, one of whom is captain of the gun, another sponges and loads it, the rest take hold of the side tackle-falls, to run the gun in and out; while the boy is employed in handing the cartridges, for which he is honoured with the name of powder-monkey.

Besides these arrangements among the men, there are from thirty to forty marines to be disposed of. These do duty as sentries at the captain's cabin, the ward-room, and at the galley during the time of cooking; they are also stationed at the large guns at night, as far as their numbers run. When a ship is in action, and small arms can be brought to bear on the enemy, they are stationed on the spar-deck; they are also expected to assist in boarding, in conjunction with several seamen from each gun, who are armed with pistols and pikes, and called boarders.

The great disparity of numbers between the crew of a merchant ship and that of a man-of-war, occasions a difference in their internal arrangements and mode of life scarcely conceivable by those who have not seen both. This is seen throughout, from the act of rousing the hands in the morning to that of taking in sail. In the merchantman, the watch below is called up by a few strokes of the handspike on the forecastle; in the man-of-war, by the boatswain and his mates. The boatswain is a petty officer, of considerable importance in his way; he and his mates carry a small silver whistle or pipe, suspended from the neck by a cord. He receives word from the officer of the watch to call the hands up. You immediately hear a sharp shrill whistle; this is succeeded by another and another from his mates. Then follows his hoarse rough cry of, "All hands, ahoy!" which is forthwith repeated by his mates. Scarcely has this sound died upon the ear, before the cry of, "Up all hammocks, ahoy!" succeeds it, to be repeated in like manner. As the first tones of the whistle penetrate between decks, signs of life make their appearance. Rough uncouth forms are seen tumbling out of their hammocks on all sides, and before its last sounds have died away, the whole company of sleepers are hurriedly preparing for the duties of the day. No delay is permitted, for as soon as the before-mentioned officers have uttered their imperative commands, they run below, each armed with a rope's-end, with which they belabour the shoulders of any luckless wight upon whose eyes sleep yet hangs heavily, or whose slow moving limbs show him to be but half awake.

With a rapidity which would surprise a landsman, the crew dress themselves, lash their hammocks, and carry them on deck, where they are stowed for the day. There is a system even in this arrangement; every hammock has its appropriate place. Below, the beams are all marked; each hammock is marked with a corresponding number, and in the darkest night a sailor will go unhesitatingly to his own hammock. They are also kept exceedingly clean. Every man is provided with two, so that while he is scrubbing and cleaning one, he may have another to use. Nothing but such precautions could enable so many men to live in so small a space.

A similar rapidity attends the performance of every duty. The word of command is given in the same manner, and its prompt obedience enforced by the same unceremonious rope's-end. To skulk is therefore next to impossible; the least tardiness is rebuked by the cry of, "Hurrah, my hearty! bear a hand! heave along! heave along!" This system of driving is far from being agreeable; it perpetually reminds you of your want of liberty; it makes you feel sometimes as if the hardest crust, the most ragged garments, with the freedom of your own native hills, would be preferable to John Bull's "beef and duff," joined as it is with the rope's-end of the driving boatswain.

We had one poor fellow, an Irishman, named Billy Garvy, who felt very uneasy and unhappy. He was the victim of that mortifying system of impressment prevalent in Great Britain in time of war. He came on board perfectly unacquainted with the mysteries of sea life. One of his first inquiries was where he should find his bed, supposing they slept on shipboard on beds the same as on shore. His messmates, with true sailor roguishness, sent him to the boatswain. "And where shall I find a bed, sir?" asked he of this rugged son of the ocean.

The boatswain looked at him very contemptuously for a moment, then rolling his lump of tobacco into another apartment of his ample mouth, replied, "Have you got a knife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, stick it into the softest plank in the ship, and take that for a bed!"

As our fare was novel, and so different from shore living, it was some time before I could get fully reconciled to it: it was composed of hard sea biscuit, fresh beef while in port, but salt pork and salt beef at sea, pea-soup, and burgoo. Burgoo, or, as it was sportively called, skillagallee, was oatmeal boiled in water to the consistency of hasty pudding. Sometimes we had cocoa instead of burgoo. Once a-week we had flour and raisins served out, with which we made "duff," or pudding. To prepare these articles, each mess had its cook, who drew the provisions, made the duff, washed the mess kids, &c. He also drew the grog for the mess, which consisted of a gill of rum mixed with two gills of water for each man. This was served out at noon every day; at four o'clock P.M. each man received half a pint of wine. The boys only drew half this quantity, but were allowed pay for the remainder—a regulation which could have been profitably applied to the whole supply of grog and wine for both boys and men. But those were not days in which temperance triumphed as she does now, though I believe the British navy has not yet ceased to dispense the "drink that's in the drunkard's bowl" to her seamen.

Shortly after our captain came on board, his servant died somewhat suddenly, so that I had an early opportunity of seeing how sailors are disposed of in this sad hour. The corpse was laid out on the grating, covered with a flag; as we were yet in the river, the body was taken on shore and buried, without the burial-service of the church of England being read at the grave—a ceremony which is not omitted at the interment of the veriest pauper in that country.

I have purposely dwelt on these particulars, that the reader may feel himself initiated at once into the secrets of man-of-war usages. He has doubtless seen ships of war with their trim rigging and frowning ports, and his heart has swelled with pride as he has gazed upon these floating cities—the representatives of his nation's character in foreign countries: to their internal arrangements, however, he has been a stranger. I have endeavoured to introduce him into the interior: a desire to make him feel at home there, is my apology for dwelling so long on these descriptions.

After various delays, we were at last ready for sea, and under sailing orders. The tide and wind were both propitious; then came the long-expected cry of the boatswain, "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" The crew manned the capstan in a trice, and running round to the tune of a lively air played by the fifer, the huge anchor rapidly left the mud of the Thames, and hung at the bows of our frigate. Then came the cry of, "All hands make sail, ahoy!" As if by magic, she was immediately covered with canvas; the favouring breeze at once filled our sails, and the form that had lain for weeks inert and motionless on the waters, now bounded along the waves like a thing of life. Rapidly we ran down the channel, and before we had well got under weigh, came to an anchor again at Spithead, under shelter of the Isle of Wight.

Short as was the period between weighing anchor off Gravesend and our arrival at Spithead, it gave opportunity for one of those occurrences which are a disgrace to the naval service of any nation, and a degradation to our common humanity, which the public opinion of the civilised world should frown out of existence—I allude to the brutal practice of flogging.

A poor fellow had fallen into the very sailor-like offence of getting drunk. For this the captain sentenced him to the punishment of four dozen lashes. He was first placed in *irons* all night; the irons used for this purpose were shackles fitting round the ankles, through the ends of which was passed an iron bar some ten or twelve feet in length: it was thus long, because it was no unfrequent case for half a dozen men to be ironed at once. A padlock at the end of the bar held the prisoner securely. Thus placed, he was guarded by a marine until the captain bade the first-lieutenant prepare the hands to witness the punishment. Upon this the lieutenant transmitted the order to the master-at-arms. He then ordered the grating or hatch full of square holes to be rigged; it was placed, accordingly, between the main and spar decks, not far from the mainmast.

While these preparations were going on, the officers were dressing in full uniform, and arming themselves with their dirks; the prisoner's messmates carried him his best clothes, to make him appear in as decent a manner as possible. This is always done, in the hope of moving the feelings of the captain favourably towards the prisoner.

This done, the hoarse dreaded cry of "All hands ahoy to witness punishment!" from the lips of the boatswain, pealed along the ship as mournfully as the notes of a funeral knell. At this signal the officers mustered on the spar-deck, the men on the main-deck. Next came the prisoner, guarded by a marine on one side, and the master-at-arms on the other; he was marched up to the grating. His back was made bare, and his shirt laid loosely upon his back; the two quarter-masters proceeded to seize him up; that is, they tied his hands and feet with spun-yarns, called the seizings, to the grating. The boatswain's mates, whose office it is to flog on board a man-of-war, stood ready with their dreadful weapon of punishment, the cat-o'-nine-tails. This instrument of torture was composed of nine cords, a quarter of an inch round, and about two feet long, the ends tipt with fine twine. To these cords was affixed a stock two feet in length, covered with red baize. The reader may be sure that it is a most formidable instrument in the hands of a strong skilful man. Indeed any man who should whip his horse with it would commit an outrage on humanity which the moral feeling of any community would not tolerate; he would be prosecuted for cruelty; yet it is used to whip MEN on board ships of war.

The boatswain's mate is ready, with coat off and whip in hand. The captain gives the word. Carefully spreading the cords with the fingers of his left hand, the executioner throws the cat over his right shoulder; it is brought down upon the now uncovered Herculean shoulders of the MAN. His flesh creeps—it reddens as if blushing at the indignity; the sufferer groans; lash follows lash, until the first mate, wearied with the cruel employment, gives place to a second. Now two dozen of these dreadful lashes have been inflicted; the lacerated back looks inhuman; it resembles roasted meat burnt nearly black before a scorching fire; yet still the lashes fall; the captain continues merciless. The executioners keep on. Four dozen strokes have cut up his flesh, and robbed him of all self-respect; there he hangs, a pitied, self-despised, groaning, bleeding wretch; and now the captain cries forbear. His shirt is thrown over his shoulders, the seizings are loosed, he is led away, staining his path with red drops of blood, and the hands, "piped down" by the boatswain, sullenly return to their duties.

Such was the scene witnessed on board the Macedonian on the passage from London to Spithead; such, substantially, is every punishment seen at sea, only carried sometimes to a greater length of severity. Sad and sorrowful were my feelings on witnessing it; thoughts of the friendly warnings of my old acquaintance filled my mind, and I inwardly wished myself once more under the friendly roof of my father at Bladen. Vain wish! I should have believed the warning voice when it was given.

Flogging in the navy is more severe than in the army, though it is too bad to be tolerated there, or indeed anywhere. Other modes of punishment might be successfully substituted, which would deter from misconduct without destroying the self-respect of the man. I hope the day will come when a captain will no more be allowed to use the "cat" than he is now to use poison. It should be an interdicted weapon.*

Though I have spoken severely of the officers of the navy, let it not be thought that the whole class of naval officers are lost to the finer feelings of humanity. There are many humane considerate men among them, who deserve our highest respect. This was the case with the first-lieutenant of the Macedonian, Mr Scott. He abhorred flogging. Once when a poor marine was under sentence, he pled hard and successfully with the captain for his respite. This was a great victory, for the captain had a profound hatred of marines. The poor soldier was extremely grateful for his intercession, and would do anything for him to show his sense of the obligation.

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* In the British royal navy, there have been vast improvements since the period here referred to; and the condition of the sailor is greatly ameliorated.—ED.

Our frigate had orders to convey between two and three hundred troops from Portsmouth to Lisbon, to assist the Portuguese against the French. The soldiers were stowed on the main decks, with very few conveniences for the voyage; their officers messed and berthed in the ward-room. Having taken them on board, we again weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the breeze on our way to Lisbon.

As usual, we who were landsmen had our share of that merciless disease, sea-sickness; as usual, we wished the foolish wish that we had never come to sea; as usual, we got over it, and laughed at ourselves for our sea-sick follies. Our good ship paid little attention, however, to our feelings; she kept along on her bounding way, and after a week at sea we were greeted with the pleasant cry of "Land, ho!" from the mast-head. As it was now near night, we lay off and on until morning; at daybreak we fired a gun for a pilot. The wind being nearly dead ahead, we had to beat about nearly all day. Towards night it became fair, and we ascended the Tagus. This river is about nine miles wide at its mouth, and is four hundred and fifty miles in length; it has a very rapid current, with steep fertile banks. Aided by a fine breeze, we ascended it in splendid style, passed a half-moon battery, then shot past Belem Castle into the port of Lisbon, about ten miles from its mouth. Here we found a spacious harbour filled with shipping. Besides numerous merchantmen, there were two ships of a hundred guns, several seventy-fours, frigates, and sloops of war, with a large number of transports, all designed for the defence of Lisbon against the French.

After lying some time at Lisbon, we proceeded on a cruise to the Spanish coast, and returned to our station. We were shortly ordered on another cruise, and being in want of men, we resorted to the pressgang, which was made up of our boldest men, armed to the teeth; by their aid we obtained our full numbers. Among the merchant-seamen taken were a few Americans, who were seized in spite of their protections, which were often taken from them and destroyed. Some were released through the influence of the American consul; others, less fortunate, were carried to sea, to their no small chagrin. The duties of the pressgang being completed, we once more weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the gales of the Bay of Biscay.

A few days after we had fairly got out to sea, the thrilling cry of "A man overboard!" ran through the ship. It was followed by another cry of "Heave out a rope!" then by still another of "Cut away the life-buoy!" Then came the order, "Lower a boat!" Notwithstanding the rapidity of these commands, and the confusion occasioned by the anticipated loss of a man, they were rapidly obeyed. The ship was then hove to; but the cause of all this excitement was already a considerable distance from the ship. It was a poor Swede, named Logholm, who, while engaged in lashing the larboard anchor stock, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. He could not swim, but somehow he managed to keep afloat until the boat reached him, when he began to sink. The man at the bow ran his boat-hook down, and caught the drowning man by his clothes; these, however, tearing, he lost his hold, and the unfortunate Swede sunk once more. Again the active bowsman ran the hook down, leaning far over the side, and he now luckily got hold of his shirt-collar. Dripping and apparently lifeless, they drew him into the boat. He was soon under the care of the surgeon, who restored him to animation. It was a narrow escape.

We now reached the island of Madeira, and thence crossed the Atlantic to the coast of Virginia. About this time the prevailing topic of conversation among our men and officers was the probability of a war with America, and a feeling of our own success was confidently entertained. As yet, however, there were no hostilities, and our vessel returned, first to Lisbon, and then to England. For some time we lay at Plymouth, where the vessel was repaired and newly painted. After these and other preparations for another cruise were completed, the hoarse voice of the boatswain rang through the ship, crying, "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" In an instant the capstan bars were shipped, the fifer was at his station playing a lively tune, the boys were on the main-deck holding on to the "nippers," ready to pass them to the men, who put them round the "messenger" and cable; then, amid the cries of "Walk round! heave away, my lads!" accompanied by the shrill music of the fife, the anchor rose from its bed, and was soon dangling under our bows. The sails were then shaken out, the ship brought before the wind, and we were once more on our way to sea. We were directed to cruise off the coast of France this time; where, as we were then at war with the French, we were likely to find active service.

We first made the French port of Rochelle; from thence we sailed to Brest, which was closely blockaded by a large British fleet, consisting of one three-decker, with several seventy-fours, besides frigates and small craft. We joined this fleet, and came to an anchor in Basque Roads, to assist in the blockade. Our first object was to bring a large French fleet, greatly superior to us in size and numbers, to an engagement. With all our manœuvring, we could not succeed in enticing them from their snug berth in the harbour of Brest, where they were safely moored, defended by a heavy fort, and by a chain crossing the harbour, to prevent the ingress of any force that might be bold enough to attempt to cut them out. Sometimes we sent a frigate or two as near their fort as they dared to venture, in order to entice them out; at other times the whole fleet would get under weigh, and stand out to sea; but without success. The Frenchmen were either afraid we had a larger armament than was visible to them, or they had not forgotten the splendid victories of Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar. Whatever they thought, they kept their ships beyond the reach of our guns. Sometimes, however, their frigates would creep outside the fort, when we gave them chase, but seldom went beyond the exchange of a few harmless shots. This was what our men called "boy's play;" and they were heartily glad when we were ordered to return to Plymouth.

After just looking into Plymouth harbour, our orders were countermanded, and we returned to the coast of France. Having accomplished about one-half the distance, the man at the masthead cried out, "Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" (what direction?) responded the officer of the deck. The man having replied, the officer again asked, "What does she look like?"

"She looks small; I cannot tell, sir."

In a few minutes the officer hailed again, by shouting, "Masthead there! what does she look like?"

"She looks like a small sail-boat, sir."

This was rather a novel announcement; for what could a small sail-boat do out on the wide ocean? But a few minutes convinced us that it was even so; for from the deck we could see a small boat with only a man and a boy on board. They proved to be two French prisoners of war who had escaped from an English prison, and, having stolen a small boat, were endeavouring to make this perilous voyage to their native home. Poor fellows! they looked sadly disappointed at finding themselves once more in British hands. They had already been in prison for some time; they were now doomed to go with us in sight of their own sunny France, and then be torn away again, carried to England, and imprisoned until the close of the war. No wonder they looked sorrowful, when, after having hazarded life for home and liberty, they found both snatched from them in a moment by their unlucky rencontre with our frigate. I am sure we should all have been glad to have missed them. But this is only one of the consequences of war.

Having joined the blockading fleet again, we led the same sort of life as before; now at anchor, then giving chase; now standing in-shore, and anon standing out to sea; firing, and being fired at, without once coming into action.

Determined to accomplish some exploit or other, our captain ordered an attempt to be made at cutting out some of the French small craft that lay in-shore. We were accustomed to send out our barges almost every night in search of whatever prey they might capture; but on this occasion the preparations were more formidable than usual. The oars were muffled, the boat's crew increased, and every man was armed to the teeth. The cots were got ready on board, in case any of the adventurers should return wounded. Cots are used to sleep in by ward-room officers and captains—midshipmen and sailors using hammocks. But a number of cots are always kept in a vessel of war for the benefit of wounded men; they differ from a hammock in being square at the bottom, and consequently more easy. Notwithstanding these expressive preparations, the brave fellows went off in as fine spirits as if they had been going on shore for a drunken spree. Such is the contempt of danger that prevails among sailors.

We had no tidings of this adventure until morning, when I was startled by hearing three cheers from the watch on deck; these were answered by three more from a party that seemed approaching us. I ran on deck just as our men came alongside with their bloodless prize—a lugger laden with French brandy, wine, and Castile soap. They had made this capture without difficulty; for the crew of the lugger made their escape in a boat on the first intimation of danger.

Though without any positive information, we now felt pretty certain that our government was at war with America. Among other things our captain appeared more anxious than usual; he was on deck almost all the time; the "look-out" aloft was more rigidly observed; and every little while the cry of "Mast-head there!" arrested our attention. It is customary in men-of-war to keep men at the fore and main mast-heads, whose duty it is to give notice of every new object that may appear. They are stationed in the royal yards, if they are up; but if not, on the top-gallant yards; at night a look-out is kept on the fore yard only. Thus we passed several days, the captain running up and down, and constantly hailing the man at the mast-head; early in the morning he began his charge "to keep a good look-out," and continued to repeat it until night. Indeed he seemed almost crazy with some pressing anxiety.

Sunday (December 25, 1812) came, and it brought with it a stiff breeze. We usually made a sort of holiday of this sacred day. After breakfast it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar-deck, dressed as the fancy of the captain might dictate; sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vests, and blue or white trousers; with our bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black glossy hats ornamented with black ribbons, and with the name of our ship painted on them. After muster we frequently had church service read by the captain; the rest of the day was devoted to idleness. But we were destined to spend the Sabbath just introduced to the reader in a very different manner.

We had scarcely finished breakfast before the man at the mast-head shouted, "Sail, ho!" The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming, "Mast-head there!" "Sir?" "Where away is the sail?" The precise answer to this question I do not recollect, but the captain proceeded to ask, "What does she look like?" "A square-rigged vessel, sir," was the reply of the look-out. After a few minutes, the captain shouted again, "Mast-head there!" "Sir?" "What does she look like?" "A large ship, sir, standing toward us!"

By this time most of the crew were on deck, eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain, shouting, "Keep silence fore and aft!" Silence being secured, he hailed the look-out, who, to his question of "What does she look like?" replied, "A large frigate, bearing down upon us, sir!"

A whisper ran along the crew that the stranger ship was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command of "All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!" The drum and fife beat to quarters, bulk-heads were knocked away, the guns were released from their confinement, the whole dread paraphernalia of battle was produced, and after the lapse of a few minutes of hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band, who, claiming exemption from the affray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen were stationed below on the berth deck, with orders given in our hearing to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

As the approaching ship showed American colours, all doubt of her character was at an end. "We must fight her," was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could insure success was accordingly made. The guns were shotted, the matches lighted; for although our guns were all furnished with first-rate locks, they were also provided with matches, attached by lanyards, in case the lock should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders—who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses, and pistols—how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was followed by the captain, who exhorted the men to fidelity and courage, urging upon their consideration the well-known motto of the brave Nelson, "England expects every man to do his duty." In addition to all these preparations on deck, some men were stationed in the tops with small-arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails, and to use their muskets provided we came to close action. There were others also below, called sail trimmers, to assist in working the ship should it be necessary to shift her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main-deck. It was my duty to supply my gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship on the side we engaged for this purpose. A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys; we received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to our respective guns. These precautions are observed to prevent the powder taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood, awaiting orders in motionless suspense. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main-deck; this was followed by the command, "Cease firing; you are throwing away your shot!"

Then came the order to "wear ship," and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after this I heard a firing from some other quarter, which I at first supposed to be a discharge from our quarter-deck guns, but it proved to be the roar of the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise, such as I had never heard before, next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy's shot. The firing, after a few minutes' cessation, recommenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shot strike the sides of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awfully tremendous thunder-storm, whose deafening roar is attended by incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath; only in our case the scene was rendered more horrible than that, by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet as it will reveal the horrors of war, and show at what a fearful price a victory is won or lost, I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of this dreadful fight. I was busily supplying my gun with powder, when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him; the effect alone was visible; in an instant the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief round the wounded arm, and sent the poor fellow below to the surgeon.

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright were immediately thrown overboard. As I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had a grape or canister shot sent through his ankle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him in his arms and hurried with him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarter-deck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man who saw one of them killed, afterwards told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation the agonised boy lifted up both hands, as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye-witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms, and as he could not live, threw him overboard.

One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble-hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart. He fell, and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr Scott, our first-lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to the men to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us fight with all our might.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might; I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiriting in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction round us, that it was termed the slaughter-house. Not only had we had several boys and men killed or wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. The one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot had also gone through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which we passed our powder. The schoolmaster received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick cot to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper on a back-stay which had been shot away, when his head was smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball; another man, going to complete the unfinished task, was also struck down. One of our midshipmen likewise received a severe wound, and the ward-room steward was killed. A fellow named John, who for some petty offence had been sent on board as a punishment, was carried past me wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood drops fall pat, pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

I have often been asked what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are without thought when they stand amid the dying and the dead, is too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment. We all appeared cheerful, but I know that many a serious thought ran through my mind; still, what could we do but keep up a semblance, at least, of animation? To run from our quarters would have been certain death from the hands of our own officers; to give way to gloom, or to show fear, would do no good, and might brand us with the name of cowards, and insure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation, by fighting bravely and cheerfully. I thought a great deal, however, of the other world: every groan, every falling man, told me that the next instant I might be before the Judge of all the earth.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my bosom, the din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were pouring through our portholes like leaden rain, carrying death in their train. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail, shaking her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrific splinters, which did a more appalling work than even their own death-giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of grape and canister, when he is told that grape shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a cloth. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Canister shot is made by filling a powder canister with balls, each as large as two or three musket balls; these also scatter with direful effect when discharged. What, then, with splinters, cannon-balls, grape, and canister poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the King of Terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages; for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty, while we were so cut up that we lay utterly helpless. Our head braces were shot away; the fore and maintop-masts were gone; the mizen-mast hung over the stern, having carried several men over in its fall: we were in the state of a complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers on the quarter-deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme; victory or escape was alike hopeless. Our ship was disabled; many of our men were killed, and many more wounded. The enemy would without doubt bear down upon us in a few moments, and, as she could now choose her own position, would doubtless rake us fore and aft. Any further resistance was therefore folly; so, in spite of the hot-brained lieutenant, who advised them not to strike, but to sink alongside, it was determined to strike our colours. This was done by the hands of a brave fellow named Watson, whose saddened brow told how severely it pained his lion heart to do it. To me it was a pleasing sight, for I had seen fighting enough for one Sabbath; more than I wished to see again on a week day. His Britannic Majesty's frigate Macedonian was now the prize of the American frigate United States.

I now went below to see how matters appeared there. The first object I met was a man bearing a limb, which had just been detached from some poor sufferer. Pursuing my way to the ward-room, I necessarily passed through the steerage, which was strewed with the wounded: it was a sad spectacle, made more appalling by the groans and cries which rent the air. Some were groaning, others were swearing most bitterly, a few were praying, while those last arrived were begging most piteously to have their wounds dressed next. The surgeon and his mate were smeared with blood from head to foot; they looked more like butchers than doctors. Having so many patients, they had once shifted their quarters from the cockpit to the steerage; they now removed to the ward-room; and the long table, round which the officers had sat over many a merry feast, was soon covered with the bleeding forms of maimed and mutilated seamen.

I now set to work to render all the aid in my power to the sufferers. Our carpenter, named Reed, had his leg cut off. I helped to carry him to the after ward-room; but he soon breathed out his life there, and then I assisted in throwing his mangled remains overboard. We got out the cots as fast as possible, for most of the men were stretched out on the gory deck. One poor fellow who lay with a broken thigh begged me to give him water. I gave him some. He looked unutterable gratitude, drank, and died. It was with exceeding difficulty I moved through the steerage, it was so covered with mangled men, and so slippery with streams of blood. There was a poor boy there crying as if his heart would break. He had been servant to the boatswain whose head was dashed to pieces. Poor boy! he felt that he had lost a friend. I tried to comfort him, by reminding him that he ought to be thankful for having escaped death himself.

Here also I met one of my messmates, who showed the utmost joy at seeing me alive, for he said he had heard that I was killed. He was looking up his messmates, which he said was always done by sailors. We found two of our mess wounded. One was the Swede, Logholm, who fell overboard and was nearly lost, as formerly mentioned. We held him while the surgeon cut off his leg above the knee. The operation was most painful to behold, the surgeon using his knife and saw on human flesh and bones as freely as the butcher at the shambles does on the carcase of a beast! Our other messmate suffered still more than the Swede; he was sadly mutilated about the legs and thighs with splinters. Such scenes of suffering as I saw in that ward-room I hope never to witness again. Could the civilised world behold them as they were, and as they often are, infinitely worse than on that occasion, it seems to me that they would for ever put down the barbarous practices of war by universal consent.

Most of our officers and men were taken on board the victor ship. I was left, with a few others, to take care of the wounded. My master, the sailing-master, was also among the officers who continued in the ship. Most of the men who remained were unfit for any service, having broken into the spirit-room and made themselves drunk; some of them broke into the purser's room, and helped themselves to clothing; while others, by previous agreement, took possession of their dead messmates' property. For my own part, I was content to help myself to a little of the officers' provisions, which did me more good than could be obtained from rum. What was worse than all, however, was the folly of the sailors in giving spirits to their wounded messmates, since it only served to aggravate their distress.

The great number of the wounded kept our surgeon and his mate busily employed until late at night, and it was a long time before they had much leisure. I remember passing round the ship the day after the battle. Coming to a hammock, I found some one in it, apparently asleep. I spoke; he made no answer: I looked into the hammock; he was dead. My messmates coming up, we threw the corpse overboard;—that was no time for useless ceremony. The man had probably crawled into his hammock the day before, and, not being perceived in the general distress, bled to death! Oh war, who can reveal thy miseries!

When the crew of the United States first boarded our frigate, to take possession of her as their prize, our men, heated with the fury of the battle, exasperated with the sight of their dead and wounded shipmates, and rendered furious by the rum they had obtained from the spirit-room, felt and exhibited some disposition to fight their captors. But after the confusion had subsided, and part of our men were snugly stowed away in the American ship, and the remainder found themselves kindly used in their own, the utmost good feeling began to prevail. We set to work to cleanse the ship, using hot vinegar to take out the scent of the blood, that had dyed the white of our planks with crimson. We also aided in fitting our disabled frigate for her voyage. This being accomplished, both ships sailed in company toward the American coast.

I soon felt myself perfectly at home with the American seamen; so much so, that I chose to mess with them. My shipmates also participated in similar feelings in both ships. All idea that we had been trying to shoot each other so shortly before seemed forgotten. We ate together, drank together, joked, sung, laughed, told yarns; in short, a perfect union of ideas, feelings, and purposes, seemed to exist among all hands. A corresponding state of unanimity existed, I was told, among the officers.

Our voyage was one of considerable excitement. The seas swarmed with British cruisers, and it was extremely doubtful whether the United States would elude their grasp, and reach the protection of an American port with her prize. I hoped most sincerely to avoid them, as did most of my old shipmates: in this we agreed with our captors, who wisely desired to dispose of one conquest before they attempted another. Our former officers, of course, were anxious for the sight of a British flag, but we saw none; and after a prosperous voyage from the scene of conflict, we heard the welcome cry of "Land, ho!" The United States entered the port of New London; but, owing to a sudden shift of the wind, the Macedonian had to lay off and on for several hours. Had an English cruiser found us in this situation, we should have been easily recovered; and as it was extremely probable we should fall in with one, I felt quite uneasy; until, after several hours, we made out to run into the pretty harbour of Newport. We fired a salute as we came to an anchor, which was promptly returned by the people on shore.

While we lay here a few days, several of our men contrived to run away. I would have done so too, but for the vigilance of the prize officers, who were ordered to keep us that we might be exchanged for those Americans who had fallen into British hands. My desire for freedom at length prevailed over prudence, and I made my escape, glad to be rid of the tyranny to which I had been so long exposed. But this step, which, on reflection, I do not commend, brought another evil. I was destitute of any means of support, and after numerous ineffectual efforts to get employment on land, I again took to a seafaring life—this time, however, entering myself on board a United States brig of war, the Syren, carrying sixteen guns. I was then in the seventeenth year of my life. I was recommended by acquaintances to ship myself under a false name; but, in defiance of my fears, I entered under my own proper name of Samuel Leech.

My first impressions of the American service were very favourable. The treatment in the Syren was more lenient than in the Macedonian. The captain and officers were kind; while there was a total exemption from that petty tyranny exercised by the upstart midshipmen in the British service. As a necessary effect, our crew was as comfortable and happy as men ever are in a man-of-war.

Our brig had before this taken in her guns, consisting of two long nine-pounders, twelve twenty-four-pound carronades, and two forty-two-pounders. Our crew was composed of about one hundred and twenty-five smart active men. We were all supplied with stout leathern caps, something like those used by firemen. These were crossed by two strips of iron, covered with bear-skin, and were designed to defend the head, in boarding an enemy's ship, from the stroke of the cutlass. Strips of bear-skin were likewise used to fasten them on, serving the purpose of false whiskers, and causing us to look as fierce as hungry wolves. We were also frequently exercised in the various evolutions of a sea-fight; first using our cannon, then seizing our cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and cutting to the right and left, as if in the act of boarding an enemy's ship. Thus we spent our time from early in the fall until after Christmas, when we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for sea.

As we lay waiting for our final orders, a report reached us that a large English brig of war, called the Nimrod, lay in a cove somewhere near Boston bay. Upon this information, our officers planned a night expedition for the purpose of effecting her capture. Our intended mode of attack was to run close alongside, pour a broadside upon her, and then, without further ceremony, board her, cutlass in hand. So we took in our powder, ground up our cutlasses, and towards night got under weigh. A change in the wind, however, defeated our designs, and we put into Salem harbour, with no other result than the freezing of a man's fingers, which happened while we were furling our sails. Thus ended our first warlike expedition in the Syren.

Shortly after this affair we received orders to start on a cruise to the coast of Africa, and, in company with the Grand Turk, a privateer, set sail from Salem. Passing the fort, we received the usual hail from the sentry of, "Brig, ahoy! where are you bound to?"

To this salutation the first-lieutenant jocosely answered, "There and back again, on a man-of-war's cruise." Such a reply would not have satisfied a British soldier; but we shot past the fort unmolested. After two days, we parted company with the Grand Turk, and, by the aid of a fair wind, soon found ourselves in the Gulf stream; where, instead of fearing frozen fingers, we could go barefooted and feel quite comfortable.

We now kept a sharp look-out at the mast-head, but met with nothing until we reached the Canary Islands, near which we saw a boat-load of Portuguese, who, coming alongside, talked in their native tongue with great noise and earnestness, but were no more intelligible to us than so many blackbirds.

While off the African coast, our captain died. His wasted body was placed in a coffin, with shot to sink it. After the service had been read, the plank on which the coffin rested was elevated, and it slipped into the great deep. The yards were braced round, and we were under weigh again, when, to our surprise and grief, we saw the coffin floating on the waves. The reason was, the carpenter had bored holes in the top and bottom: he should have made them only in the top.

After the funeral, the crew were called aft, and the first-lieutenant, Mr Nicholson, told us that it should be left to our decision whether he should assume the command and continue the cruise, or return home. We gave him three hearty cheers, in token of our wish to continue the cruise. He was a noble-minded man, very kind and civil to his crew, and the opposite in every respect to the haughty lordly captain with whom I first sailed in the Macedonian. Seeing me one day with rather a poor hat on, he called me aft and presented me with one of his own, but little worn. "Good luck to him," said I in sailor phrase as I returned to my messmates; "he has a soul to be saved." We also lost two of our crew, who fell victims to the heat of the climate.

One morning the cry of "Sail, ho!" directed our attention to a strange sail, which had hove to, with her courses hauled up. At first we took her for a British man-of-war brig. The hands were summoned to quarters, and the ship got ready for action. A nearer approach, however, convinced us that the supposed enemy was no other than our old friend the Grand Turk. She did not appear to know us; for no sooner did she see that our craft was a brig of war, than, supposing us to belong to John Bull, she crowded all her canvas, and made the best of her way off. Knowing what she was, we permitted her to escape without further alarm.

The first land we made was Cape Mount. The natives came off to a considerable distance in their canoes, clothed in nothing but a piece of cloth fastened round the waist, and extending downward to the feet. As we approached the shore, we saw several fires burning; this, we were told, in the broken English spoken by our sable visitors, was the signal for trade. We bought a quantity of oranges, limes, cocoa-nuts, tamarinds, plantains, yams, and bananas. We likewise took in a quantity of cassada, a species of ground root, of which we made tolerable pudding and bread; also a few hogs and some water.

We lay here several days, looking out for any English vessels that might come thither for purposes of trade.

Meanwhile we began to experience the inconvenience of a hot climate. Our men were all covered with blotches or boils, probably occasioned by so sudden a transition from extreme cold to extreme heat. What was worse still, we were in want of a plentiful supply of water. In consequence of this, we were placed on an allowance of two quarts per diem to each man, which occasioned us much suffering; for after preparing our puddings, bread, and grog, we had but little left to assuage our burning thirst. Some, in their distress, drank large quantities of sea water, which only increased their thirst, and made them sick; others sought relief in chewing lead, tea leaves, or anything which would create moisture. Never did we feel more delighted than when our boat's crew announced the discovery of a pool of fine clear water.

While cruising along the coast, we one night perceived a large ship lying at anchor near the shore. We could not decide whether she was a large merchantman or a man-of-war, so we approached her with the utmost caution. Our doubts were soon removed, for she suddenly loosed all her sails, and made chase after us. By the help of their glasses, our officers ascertained her to be an English frigate. Of course it was folly to engage her, so we made all the sail we could carry, beat to quarters, lighted our matches, and lay down at our guns, expecting to be prisoners of war before morning. During the night we hung out false lights, and altered our course: this baffled our pursuer: in the morning she was not to be seen.

The next sail we made was not so formidable. She was an English vessel at anchor in the Senegal river. We approached her, and hailed. Her officer returned an insolent reply, which so exasperated our captain, that he passed the word to fire into her, but recalled it almost immediately. The countermand was too late; for in a moment, everything being ready for action, we poured a whole broadside into our unfortunate foe. The current carried us away from the stranger. We attempted to beat up again; but our guns had roused the garrison in a fort which commanded the river; and they began to blaze away at us in so expressive a manner, that we found it prudent to get a little beyond the reach of their shot, and patiently wait for daylight.

The next morning we saw our enemy hauled close in-shore, under the protection of the fort, and filled with soldiers. At first it was resolved to man the boats and cut her out; but this, after weighing the subject maturely, was pronounced to be too hazardous an experiment, and, notwithstanding our men begged to make the attempt, it was wisely abandoned. How many were killed by our hasty broadside we never learned, but doubtless several poor fellows were hurried to a watery and unexpected grave, affording another illustration of the *beauty* of war. This affair our men humorously styled "the battle of Senegal."

After visiting Cape Three Points, we shaped our course for St Thomas. On our way we lost a prize through a display of Yankee cunning in her commander. We had hoisted English colours; the officer in command of the stranger was pretty well versed in the secrets of false colours, and in return he ran up the American flag. The bait took: supposing her to be American, we showed the stars and stripes. This was all the merchantman desired. It told him what we were, and he made all possible sail for St Thomas. We followed, crowding every stitch of canvas our brig could carry; we also got out our sweeps, and swept her along; but in vain. The merchantman was the better sailer, and succeeded in reaching St Thomas, which, being a neutral port, secured her safety. Her name was the Jane of Liverpool. The next morning another Liverpool merchantman got into the harbour unseen by our look-out, until she was under the protection of the laws of neutrality.

Our next business was to watch the mouth of the harbour, in the hope of catching them as they left port. But they were too cautious to run into danger, especially as they were expecting a convoy for their protection, which might make us glad to trust more to our canvas than to our cannon.

Shortly after this occurrence we made another sail standing in towards St Thomas. Hoisting English colours, our officers also donning the British uniform, we soon came near enough to hail her; for not doubting that we were a British brig, the merchantman made no effort to escape us. Our captain hailed her, "Ship, ahoy!" "Halloa!" "What ship is that?" "The ship Barton." "Where do you belong?" "To Liverpool." "What is your cargo?" "Red-wood, palm oil, and ivory." "Where are you bound to?" "To St Thomas."

Just at that moment our English flag was hauled down, and to the inexpressible annoyance of the officers of the Barton, the stars and stripes supplied its place.

"Haul down your colours!" continued Captain Nicholson.

The old captain, who up to this moment had been enjoying a comfortable nap in his very comfortable cabin, now came upon deck in his shirt sleeves, rubbing his eyes, and looking so exquisitely ridiculous, that it was scarcely possible to avoid laughing. So surprised was he at the unexpected termination of his dreams, that he could not command skill enough to strike his colours, which was accordingly done by the mate.

After taking out as much of her cargo as we desired, we proceeded to set her on fire. It was an imposing sight to behold the wild antics of the flames, leaping from rope to rope, and from spar to spar, until she looked like a fiery cloud resting on the dark surface of the water. Presently her spars began to fall, her masts went by the board, her loaded guns went off, the hull was burned to the water's edge, and what a few hours before was a fine trim ship, looking like a winged creature of the deep, lay a shapeless charred mass, whose blackened outline, shadowed in the clear still waves, looked like the grim spirit of war lurking for its prey.

This wanton destruction of property was in accordance with our instructions, "to *sink*, *burn*, and *destroy*" whatever we took from the enemy. Such is the war-spirit! SINK, BURN, and DESTROY! how it sounds! Yet such are the instructions given by Christian nations to their agents in time of war. What Christian will not pray for the destruction of such a spirit?

The crew of the Barton we carried into St Thomas, and placed them on board the Jane, excepting a Portuguese and two coloured men, who shipped among our crew. We also took with us a fine black spaniel dog, whom the men called by the name of Paddy. This done, we proceeded to watch for fresh victims on which to wreak the vengeance of the war-spirit.

The next sail we met was an English brig called the Adventure, which had a whole menagerie of monkeys on board. We captured and burned her just as we did the Barton. Her crew was also disposed of in the same manner. One of them, an African prince, who had acquired a tolerable education in England, and who was remarkably polite and sensible, shipped in the Syren. His name was Samuel Quaqua.

We now remained at St Thomas several days, carrying on a petty trade with the natives. Our men bought all kinds of fruit, gold dust, and birds. For these things we gave them articles of clothing, tobacco, knives, &c. For an old vest I obtained a large basketful of oranges; for a handful of tobacco five large cocoa-nuts—a profitable exchange on my side, since, although I drew my tobacco of the purser, I fortunately never acquired the habit of using it; a loss I never regretted. My cocoa-nuts were far more gratifying and valuable when we got to sea, parched with thirst, and suffering for water, than all the tobacco in the ship.

From St Thomas we proceeded to Angola, where we stayed long enough to clean, paint, and refit our brig from stem to stern. This was the last port we intended to touch at on the coast of Africa. Our next anchorage was to be in Boston harbour—at least so we purposed; but the events of war frustrated our intention.

To accomplish our object, we had to run the gauntlet through the host of English cruisers that hovered about like birds of prey along both sides of the Atlantic coast. This enterprise appeared so impossible to my mind while we lay at Angola, and the fear of being retaken and hung operated so strongly on my imagination, that more than once I determined to run away and find a refuge among the Africans; but my better judgment prevailed, and I continued at my post.

Still, I used every possible precaution to escape detection in case of our capture. In accordance with the custom of our navy at that period, I let my hair grow long behind. To change my looks more effectually, instead of tying mine in a cue as the others did, I let it hang in ringlets all round my face and neck. This, together with the effect of time, caused me to appear quite a different lad from what I was when a boy on board the Macedonian. I also adopted that peculiarity of dress practised by American men-of-war's-men, which consisted in wearing my shirt open at the neck, with the corners thrown back. On these corners a device was wrought, consisting of the stars of the American flag with the British flag underneath. By these means I hoped to pass for a genuine Yankee without suspicion, in case we should fall into English hands.

Having finished our preparations, we left Angola for Boston. We reached the island of Ascension in safety, where was a post-office of a truly patriarchal character. A box is nailed to a post near the shore. Ships that pass send to the box, and deposit or take out letters as the case may be. This is probably the cheapest general post-office establishment in the world.

We had scarcely left this island before the cry of "Sail, ho!" arrested every ear. Supposing her to be a large merchantman, we made towards her; but a nearer approach made it doubtful whether she was an Indiaman or a man-of-war. The captain judged her to be the latter, and tacked ship immediately. He was unwilling to place himself in the situation of an American privateer, who, mistaking a seventy-four for a merchantman, ran his ship close alongside, and boldly summoned her to haul down her colours. The captain of the other ship coolly replied, "I am not in the habit of striking my colours." At the same moment the ports of his ship were opened, and disclosed her long ranges of guns yawning over the decks of the privateer. Perceiving his mistake, the privateer, with admirable tact and good humour, said, "Well, if you wont, I will;" and pulling down his bunting, surrendered to his more powerful foe. To avoid such a mistake as this, our captain made all sail to escape the coming stranger, which was now bearing down upon us under a heavy pressure of canvas, revealing, as she gained upon our little brig, that she bore the formidable character of a seventy-four gun ship under English colours.

Of course fighting was out of the question. It would be like the assault of a dog on an elephant, or a dolphin on a whale. We therefore crowded all possible sail, threw our guns, cables, anchors, hatches, &c. overboard, to increase her speed. But it soon became apparent that we could not escape. The wind blew quite fresh, which gave our opponent the advantage: she gained on us very fast. We shifted our course, in hopes to baffle her until night, when we felt pretty sure of getting out of her way. It was of no use; she still gained; until we saw ourselves almost within gunshot of our opponent.

In this extremity the captain ordered the quartermaster, George Watson, to throw the private signals overboard. This was a hard task for the bold-hearted fellow. As he pitched them into the sea, he said, "Good-by, brother Yankee;" an expression which, in spite of their mortifying situation, forced a smile from the lips of the officers.

The sound of a gun now came booming through the air. It was a signal for us to heave to, or to look out for consequences. What might have been, we learned afterwards, for a division of the crew of the seventy-four had orders to sink us if we made the least show of resistance. Finding it useless to prolong the chase, our commander reluctantly ordered the flag to be struck. We then hove to, and our foe came rolling down upon us, looking like a huge avalanche rushing down the mountain side to crush some poor peasant's dwelling. Her officers stood on her quarter-deck, glancing unutterable pride, while her captain shouted, "What brig is that?"

"The United States brig Syren," replied Captain Nicholson.

"This is his Britannic majesty's ship Medway!" he answered. "I claim you as my lawful prize."

Boats were then lowered, the little brig taken from us, and our crew transferred to the Medway, stowed away in the cable tier, and put in messes of twelve, with an allowance of only eight men's rations to a mess—a regulation which caused us considerable suffering from hunger. The sight of the marines on board the Medway made me tremble, for my fancy pointed out several of them as having formerly belonged to the Macedonian. I really feared I was destined speedily to swing at the yard-arm: it was, however, a groundless alarm.

This event happened July 12, 1814. Only eight days before, we had celebrated the independence of the United States. Now, we had a fair prospect of a rigorous imprisonment. Such are the changes which constantly occur under the rule of the war-spirit.

The day subsequent to our capture we were marched to the quarter-deck with our clothes-bags, where we underwent a strict search. We were ordered to remove our outside garments for this purpose. They expected to find us in possession of large quantities of gold dust. What little our crew had purchased was taken from them, with a spirit of rapacity altogether beneath the dignity of a naval commander.

Our short allowance was a source of much discomfort in this our prison-ship. But in the true spirit of sailors, we made even this the subject of coarse jests and pleasant remark. Enduring this evil, we proceeded on our course. When the Medway arrived at Simon's Town, about twenty-one miles from the Cape of Good Hope, we met the Denmark seventy-four on her way to England with prisoners from Cape Town. The Captain had hitherto intended to land us at the latter place, but the presence of the Denmark led him to change his purpose, and land us at Simon's Town.

The journey from this place to the Cape was one of great suffering to our crew. We were received on the beach by a file of Irish soldiers. Under their escort we proceeded seven miles, through heaps of burning sand, seeing nothing worthy of notice on the way but a number of men busily engaged in cutting up dead whales on the sea-shore.

After resting a short time, we recommenced our march, guarded by a new detachment of soldiers. Unused to walking as we were, we began to grow excessively fatigued; and after wading a stream of considerable depth, we were so overcome that it seemed impossible to proceed any farther. We lay down, discouraged and wretched, on the sand. The guard brought us some bread, and gave half a pint of wine to each man. This revived us somewhat. We were now placed under a guard of dragoons. They were very kind, and urged us to attempt the remaining seven miles. To relieve us, they carried our clothes-bags on their horses; and overtaking some Dutch farmers going to the Cape with broom-stuff and brush, the officer of the dragoons made them carry the most weary among us in their wagons. It is not common for men to desire the inside of a prison, but I can assure my readers we did most heartily wish ourselves there on that tedious journey. At last, about nine o'clock P.M., we arrived at Cape Town, having left one of our number at Wineburg through exhaustion, who joined us the next day. Stiff, sore, and weary, we hastily threw ourselves on the hard boards of our prison, where, without needing to be soothed or rocked, we slept profoundly until late the next morning, when we took a survey of our new quarters. We found ourselves placed in a large yard surrounded by high walls, and strongly guarded by soldiers. Within this enclosure there was a building or shed composed of three rooms, neither of which had any floor. Round the sides stood three benches or stages, one above the other, to serve for berths. On these we spread our hammocks and bed-clothes, making them tolerably comfortable places to sleep in. A few of the men preferred to sling their hammocks as they did at sea. Here also we used to eat, unless, as was our frequent practice, we did so in the open air.

We remained in prison at the Cape till carried away in the ship Cumberland to England. Stopping by the way at St Helena, we were removed to the Grampus, a transfer which greatly alarmed me, since the more men who saw me, the greater of course was my chance of detection. Luckily, no one knew me, and I arrived with my companions in safety at Plymouth. I was equally fortunate here, and remained undiscovered till I was transferred with others to a vessel which was to take us in exchange to America. I pass over the circumstances of the voyage, and only mention that we were all landed in due time at New York.

My resolution had been to quit the sea and settle down on land, but on returning to New York all such fancies vanished, as they had done before. I spent my hard-won earnings foolishly like others, and, like them, when reduced to straits, again sought employment as a sailor. On this occasion I shipped on board the Boxer, commanded by Captain Porter, a man, as it proved, of stern disposition.

[The Boxer, which was a brig-sloop, had, as I understand, been captured from the English a short time previously, and in a manner which I may describe as illustrative of naval warfare. The encounter took place at no great distance from Portland, in the United States, on the 5th of September 1813. The Boxer, possessing twelve eighteen-pound carronades and two sixes, was commanded by Captain Blyth; and his antagonist, the American brig-sloop Enterprise, commanded by Captain Burrowes, was armed with fourteen eighteen-pound carronades and two nines. Captain Blyth is spoken of as having been one of the bravest officers in the British service; and it is said that, prompted by the ardour of his temperament, he would encounter any foe, however great were the odds against him. In the beginning of August 1811, when acting as first-lieutenant of the Quebec, cruising between the Texel and Elbe, he volunteered, with a small select party, to cut out some French gunboats; and, by the most daring intrepidity, his enterprise was successful. For this gallant action he was promoted to the command of the Boxer—which was by no means suited to his impetuous character. The Boxer was one of a set of brigs which had been respectively named after favourite hounds of one of the lords of the Admiralty, and built, as was afterwards discovered, on an improper model, whether as respects strength of timber or sailing powers. Eager to meet an enemy's ship, Captain Blyth, while lying off Portland, observed the Enterprise approaching on the horizon, and immediately bore up to engage, leaving on shore the surgeon and two midshipmen, who were away "shooting pigeons." After manœuvring a few hours on various tacks to try rates of sailing, the two vessels, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, commenced firing at the distance of half pistol-shot apart. In the very first broadside, an eighteen-pound shot passed through Captain Blyth's body, and shattered his left arm, causing instant death; and about the same moment a musket-ball fired from the Boxer mortally wounded Captain Burrowes. The command of the Boxer now devolved upon her only lieutenant, David M'Creery, and that of the Enterprise on Lieutenant Edward M'Call. At half-past three the Enterprise ranged ahead, and rounding to on the starboard tack, raked the

Boxer with starboard guns, and shot away her maintop-mast and fore-topsail-yard. The American then set her fore-sail, and, taking a position on the starboard-bow of her now wholly unmanageable antagonist, continued pouring in successive raking fires until forty-five minutes past three, when the Boxer surrendered. This defeat was caused not only by the damages done to the vessel, but by the weakened condition of the Boxer's crew. The lieutenant-commander, owing to the imprudent absence of the two midshipmen, had not an officer beneath him, and the master's mate and three seamen deserted their quarters during the action. Besides her commander, the Boxer had three men killed and seventeen wounded, while the Enterprise, besides her commander, had three or four killed and eleven wounded. The prize was carried into Portland; and there, on the 7th of September, the bodies of the two commanders were buried with military and civic honours.]

Refitted for the American service, the Boxer was now ready for a cruise, and I prepared to do my duty on board as an ordinary seaman. Formerly, I had been entered only as a boy; but now, as a rated seaman, I had a station assigned me in the fore-top, instead of being a servant to any of the officers. I was also appointed to be one of the crew of the captain's gig. This made my lot one of more fatigue and exposure than in any former voyage; a proof of which I very soon experienced. It being now late in the fall, the weather became very cold. One afternoon, the pennant having got foul of the royal mast, an officer ordered me to go up and clear it. I had no mittens on; it took me some time to perform my task; and before I came down, one of my fingers was frozen. Thus it is, however, with the poor tar; and he thinks himself happy to escape with injuries so slight as this. We shortly received sailing orders, and were soon under weigh, bound to the Balize in the Gulf of Mexico. Here we cruised about some time, visiting New Orleans and other places, and keeping an outlook for pirates, with which these seas were then unhappily infested. This was a duty requiring great vigilance, and we were kept constantly at our posts. The most irksome duty of a sailor is to keep watch at night in the tops. Often have I stood for hours on the royal yard, or top-gallant-yard, without a man to converse with. Here, overcome with fatigue and want of sleep, I have fallen into a dreamy dozing state, from which I was roused by a lee lurch of the ship. Starting up, I have shuddered at the danger I had so narrowly escaped. But notwithstanding this sudden fright, a few minutes had scarcely elapsed before I would be nodding again. This of course was a highly punishable offence.

When the weather was rough, we were indulged with permission to stand on the fore-top sail-yard, or on the top-gallant cross-trees; and if the ship rolled heavily, we lashed ourselves to the mast for safety. I can assure my readers there is nothing desirable in this part of a sailor's duty. In whatever the pleasure of a life at sea consists, it is not in keeping a look-out from the mast-head at night. But the most disagreeable of all is, to be compelled to stand on these crazy elevations when half dead with sea-sickness. Some suppose that sailors are never sea-sick after the first time they go to sea. This is a mistake; it is very much with them as with landsmen in respect to being sick in a coach. Those who are of bilious temperaments are always affected, more or less, when they ride in a coach or sleigh; while others are never sick on these occasions. So with seamen; some are never sea-sick, others are sick only when going out of port, while some are so in every gale of wind. It is almost needless to say that for sailors no allowance is made for sea-sickness; they must in all cases remain at their posts until it is time to be relieved.

Our cruise terminated after a few skirmishes, and we returned to New York, where I left the service, as I trusted, for ever. As it occurred, my services as a seaman in a war-vessel would not long have been required. The peace between England and France in 1814, by opening the continent to American commerce, hitherto excluded by British policy, naturally removed one of the grounds of quarrel, and opened the way for peace with the United States. On the 24th of December 1814, a treaty of peace, accordingly, was effected at Ghent, which left, however, the question of right of search and other matters on the ground on which they had previously stood. The Americans, as is well known, were most successful in their naval warfare; but, after all, that was a trifling compensation for ruined commerce, and for being brought to the very verge of national dismemberment. The losses of the British never made any distinct impression on the nation, otherwise than teaching a tolerably sound lesson in discretion, and leading to many important improvements in naval affairs. I sincerely trust that both nations, united by a thousand inextricable ties, and profiting by experience, will in all time coming avoid every description of warlike collision, and exist in the happiest terms of amity and peace.

[In taking leave of the sea, it may be expected that I should say a few words respecting the life of a sailor. As I have already mentioned, the profession of a sailor has its hardships, but these were much greater at the time of my service than they are now, after a lapse of twenty years. The duties of the men are now exactly regulated, and their comforts are cared for in many ways. On board of each vessel in the British navy there are now means for instruction, a library, and the savings of the men are carefully secured for them, or transmitted to their wives or friends. On shore also, there are at various ports establishments called "Sailors' Homes," where discharged seamen may reside at a moderate expense till engaged in a new vessel. At sea, as on land, steadiness, temperance, good temper, forbearance, and other good qualities, are sure to command respect, notwithstanding the severities of discipline. It is likewise most advantageous for a man to possess a good education; for the more he can make himself useful, and be depended on, the greater is his chance of promotion. A properly-bred sailor should, at the very least, be able to *reef and steer*—that is, adapt the sails to the wind whichever way it blows, and govern the vessel by the helm and compass. But besides these comparatively simple duties, he should likewise be able to throw and calculate by the log, to work a reckoning, take an observation, find the longitude, and keep a log-book, in which all necessary particulars of the voyage are daily inscribed. The log is a contrivance for ascertaining the rate of speed at which a vessel goes. It consists of a long cord, having an oblong and loaded piece of wood attached to one end. This wood, when heaved overboard, remains stationary in the water, and consequently, as the vessel advances, the line must be let out from a reel held in the hand. The line is marked by knots and half-knots, representing miles and half miles, and the number of these run off indicates the number of miles which the vessel is going at per hour. Every common seaman can cast the log, and calculate the speed of the vessel from it; but few can do any more, because they are contented to remain in ignorance, and inclined to spend their leisure time in trifling amusements rather than in study. Of course such persons cannot expect to rise in their profession.]

It is astonishing how many cases are on record of individuals who, with scarcely any other education than what has been procured on ship-board, and while serving in subordinate and laborious situations, have attained distinction. The celebrated English navigator Dampier, although he had been some time at school before he left his native country, would have grown up in a state of ignorance, had he not exerted himself in self-instruction after he went to sea. Davis, the discoverer of the Straits which bear his name, also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge, both of science and literary composition, while engaged with the duties of his profession. Every one is acquainted with Cook's humble origin, and his distinguished career. By his own persevering efforts did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself. But, better still than even all his fame—than either the honours he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and benefactors of mankind. This alone is true temporal happiness—a reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity and endurance. Vancouver was a sailor formed under Cook, and to him we owe an interesting and ably-written account of the voyage which he made round the world in 1790 and the four following years. Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," a popular poem, spent his life from childhood at sea. Falconer did not permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw him from his profession, in which, having transferred himself from the merchant service to the navy, he continued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a man-of-war, one of the best situations in the royal navy, and which can be held only by a man of education. Robert Drury, who wrote an account of the island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, was also a self-taught sailor. Drury was only fourteen years of age when he set out on his first voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked in returning home on the island just mentioned, where he remained in captivity for fifteen years; so that when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, wrote an account of his shipwreck and residence in Madagascar, which remains a popular work till the present day. Other cases might be mentioned, but these are enough to show that the hardships of a sailor's life are no serious bar to improvement, provided he be true to himself, and be guided by a proper sense of duty.

Unfortunately for myself, my neglect of moral improvement, the abandonment of my country's service, and my headlong folly and improvidence, were errors now to be expiated. Having thrown myself adrift, with but slender resources, and far distant from my friends, I experienced the fate of many a disbanded and penniless tar. What hand to turn to for the means of subsistence I knew not. Determined at any rate to make an effort, I went about to different parts of the country seeking employment. I was not successful; and at length my money was all gone, and my shoes more than half worn out. When reduced to this sad extremity, and on the brink of despair, I was so fortunate as to discover an old shipmate; and through his kind influence, his brother-in-law employed me to work in his cloth-dressing establishment. As I was ignorant of the business, and was not really needed, my board was to be my only compensation. I lived here happily for some time, and then got employment of a more lucrative kind in another establishment, where I settled, and have since remained, thankful to have attained a haven of rest after the turmoils and dangers of a sea-life.*

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* The foregoing narrative is abridged, with some alterations, from a small work entitled "Thirty Years from Home, or a Voice from the Main-Deck, being the experience of Samuel Leech. Boston: 1843."

HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

HINDOOISM, or, as it is sometimes called, Brahminism, is the religion professed by a majority of the natives of India or Hindostan, a large and fruitful peninsula in the southern part of Asia. This religion is remarkable not only for its extraordinary superstitions, but as being the form of belief maintained by upwards of four hundred millions of human beings, or a third part of the whole population of the globe. A clear and intelligible account, so far as that is possible, of a system influencing the condition and the destinies of so large a portion of our race, is certainly desirable; and such an account we now propose to furnish, commencing with a notice of

THE VEDAS, OR SACRED BOOKS.

Hindooism, as it exists at present, is believed to be a corruption of an ancient and purer system of belief. Hindostan is supposed to have been one of the earliest peopled countries in the world, being near the spot which tradition points out as the first seat of the human race; and its original inhabitants, spreading southward from the roots of the Hindoo Koosh to the great Cape of Comorin, are likely to have carried with them the grand notion of one Supreme God which prevailed in the infancy of our species. Accordingly, the Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, which the Hindoos themselves believe, or affirm to be coeval with creation, and from which they profess to derive all their theological tenets and all their religious ceremonies, distinctly set forth the doctrine of one infinite and eternal Supreme Being. These Vedas are four in number—the Rig-Veda, the Yajur-Veda, the Sama-Veda, and the At'harva-Veda, which differ from each other in the subjects of which they specially treat; but are all regarded as possessing inspired authority in religious matters. The Vedas are very voluminous, and are subdivided into numerous sections; and being written in the Sanscrit language, and in a very elevated and metaphorical style, were not only inaccessible to the great mass of the Hindoos themselves, but even difficult to be understood by those who professed to teach their contents. Hence numerous commentaries upon the Vedas, as well as extracts and compilations from them, have from time immemorial been written by learned Hindoos; in fact, the great body of Hindoo literature consists of such commentaries and compilations. The most celebrated of all these compilations is the *Vedant*, or Resolution of all the Vedas, an abridgment of all the sacred writings, said to have been executed about two centuries before Christ by a great Hindoo teacher called Byas; and which, as retaining the whole spirit and force of the Vedas, is regarded as a work of equal authority by the Brahmins. This celebrated compilation, like the Vedas themselves, was written in Sanscrit, the language of the priests, and was therefore inaccessible to the laity; but about thirty years ago, a translation of it into Hindoostanee and Bengalee, two of the most widely-spoken languages of Hindostan, was executed by the Hindoo philosopher and philanthropist Rammohun Roy, who wished to show his countrymen how little in accordance even with their own sacred writings was the degrading system of idolatry and immorality which they practised under the tyranny of the Brahmins. He also published an abstract of the Vedant in English, in order to afford to Europeans a glimpse of the original Hindoo theology. Since that time, various specimens of the Vedas themselves have been translated into English both by Rammohun Roy and by other Oriental scholars.

According to the Vedas and the Vedant, there is "one unknown, true Being, all present, all powerful, the creator, preserver, and destroyer of the universe." This Supreme Being "is not comprehensible by vision, or by any other of the organs of sense; nor can he be conceived by means of devotion or virtuous practices." He is not space, nor air, nor light, nor atoms, nor soul, nor nature: he is above all these, and the cause of them all. He "has no feet, but extends everywhere; has no hands, but holds everything; has no eyes, yet sees all that is; has no ears, yet hears everything that passes. His existence had no cause. He is the smallest of the small and the greatest of the great; and yet is, in fact, neither small nor great." "*What* and *how* the Supreme Being is, cannot be ascertained; we can only describe him by his effects and works; in like manner as we, not knowing the real nature of the sun, explain him to be the cause of the succession of days and epochs." All names, therefore, which we apply to the Supreme Being, all figures or images of him, all modes of talking about him, are mere inventions, and necessarily incorrect.

Such is the doctrine of the Vedas in its purest and most abstract form; but the prevailing theology which runs through them is what is called *Pantheism*, or that system which speaks of God as the soul of the universe, or as the universe itself. Accordingly, the whole tone and language of the highest Hindoo philosophy is Pantheistic. As a rope, lying on the ground, and mistaken at first view for a snake, is the cause of the idea or conception of the snake which exists in the mind of the person looking at it, so, say the Vedas, is the Deity the cause of what we call the universe. "In him the whole world is absorbed; from him it issues; he is entwined and interwoven with all creation." "All that exists is God; whatever we smell, or taste, or see, or hear, or feel, is the Supreme Being." Through his person men eat, and breathe, and move; he is the Universal Mind, pervading all, sustaining all, originating all, dwelling in the ocean, penetrating the earth, touching the heaven, enclosing the stars, inhabiting the universe, and passing through it like a breeze.

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
> That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
> Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
> Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
> As full as perfect in a hair as heart,
> As full as perfect in vile man that mourns,
> As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
> To him no high, no low, no great, no small—
> He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

So perfectly do these verses, from Pope's Essay on Man, express the doctrine of the Vedas, that when they were read on the banks of the Ganges to Gopala, a learned Brahmin, he started up in great agitation, and declared that the author must have been a Hindoo.

This one incomprehensible Being, whom the Hindoos designate by the mystical names Om, Tut, and Sut, and sometimes also by the word Brahm, is declared by the Vedas to be the only proper object of worship. "Adore God alone," say the Vedas; "know God alone; give up all other discourse." "It is written in the Vedas," says the Vedant, "that none but the Supreme Being is to be worshipped; nothing excepting him should be adored by a wise man." "To God we should approach; of him we should hear; of him we should think; and to him we should strive to approximate." The means of approaching to the true

God are contemplation, worship, and command over our passions; and all are equally entitled to adore him, the pious Hindoo of the lowest class, as well as the Uti or highest class of Brahmins. The worship of the true God, the eternal Om, does not require forms and ceremonies; and the pious worshipper whose faith is perfect, may eat all sorts of food without inquiring whose hands prepared it, or what it consists of; although, says the Vedant, it is proper not to avail one's self of this liberty, except in times of distress; for though we are told in the Vedas "that Chacraunu (a Hindoo saint) ate the meat which had been cooked by the elephant-keepers, yet it was during a famine." Neither is it necessary to erect temples to the Supreme Being, devotion not being limited to any one place or country. "In any place," says the Vedant, "wherein the mind feels itself undisturbed, men should worship God: no specific authority for the choice of any particular place of worship is found in the Vedas; on the other hand, the Vedas declare that, 'In any place which renders the mind easy, man should worship God.' He who truly worships the Supreme Being, and strives to understand him, will, whether he be a Brahmin or a common man, be rewarded by being at once absorbed into the Divine Being at his death." "Those saints," says a commentator on one of the Vedas, "who, wise and firm, were satisfied solely with a knowledge of God, assured of the soul's divine origin, exempt from passion, and possessed of tranquillity of mind, having found God the omnipresent everywhere, have after death been absorbed into him, even as the limited space within a jar is united to universal space when the jar is broken. The consequences of their good works also are absorbed, together with their souls, into the Supreme and Eternal Spirit, in the same manner as the reflection of the sun in water returns to the sun on the removal of the water. As all rivers flowing into the ocean disappear, and lose their respective names and forms, so the person who has acquired a knowledge of and a faith in God, freeing himself from the subjugation of names and forms, is absorbed in the Supreme Spirit."

Only a very few persons of extraordinary gifts and virtues, however, are able, it is said, to adore the Supreme Being—the great Om—directly. The great majority of mankind are neither so wise nor so holy as to be able to approach the Divine Being himself, and worship him. It being alleged that persons thus unfortunately disqualified for adoring the invisible Deity should employ their minds upon some visible thing, rather than suffer them to remain idle, the Vedas direct them to worship a number of inferior deities representing particular acts or qualities of the Supreme Being; as, for instance, Crishnu or Vishnu, the god of preservation; Muhadev, the god of destruction; or the sun, or the air, or the sea, or the human understanding; or, in fact, any object or thing which they may choose to represent as God. Seeing, say the Hindoos, that God pervades and animates the whole universe, everything, living or dead, may be considered a portion of God, and as such, it may be selected as an object of worship, provided always it be worshipped only as constituting a portion of the Divine Substance. In this way, whatever the eye looks on, or the mind can conceive, whether it be the sun in the heavens or the great river Ganges, or the crocodile on its banks, or the cow, or the fire kindled to cook food, or the Vedas, or a Brahmin, or a tree, or a serpent—all may be legitimately worshipped as a fragment, so to speak, of the Divine Spirit. Thus there may be many millions of gods to which Hindoos think themselves entitled to pay divine honours; although out of these millions a few would naturally be selected as more suitable for general and frequent worship, on account of their representing important qualities of the divine nature—as wisdom, creative power, justice, &c. These superior divinities are usually styled the Celestial Gods; and although these celestial gods have in different instances declared themselves to be independent deities, yet these declarations were owing to their thoughts being abstracted from themselves, and their being entirely absorbed in divine reflection. The Vedant declares that "every one, on having lost all self-consideration, in consequence of being united with divine reflection, may speak as assuming to be the Supreme Being; like Bandev (a celebrated Brahmin), who, in consequence of such self-forgetfulness, declared himself to have created the sun, and Munoo, the next person to Brahma."

Thus the Vedas allow the worship of innumerable gods, whether objects of the imagination, or actual idols; but at the same time they pronounce this mode of worship to be a mere device for the benefit of weak and vulgar minds. That this is the case, appears from hundreds of passages in the Vedas, the Vedant, and the Shasters or Commentaries on the Vedas. For instance, "Numerous figures have been invented for the benefit of those who are not possessed of sufficient understanding." "The vulgar look for their gods in water; men of more extended knowledge in celestial bodies; the ignorant in wood, bricks, and stones; but learned men in the universal soul." And although it be better to "worship God through the medium of some created object," than not to worship him at all, yet those who worship him in this inferior way will not attain to the same exalted state hereafter as the worshippers of the Supreme Being. Thus "those who believe that the Divine Nature exists in an image made of earth, stone, metal, or wood, or of other materials, reap only distress by their austerities, and cannot, without a knowledge of the Supreme Spirit, acquire absorption;" whereas "he who believes that from the highest state of Brahma (one of the chief deities) to the lowest state of a straw, all are delusions, and that the one Supreme Spirit is the only true being, obtains beatitude."

There is one Supreme God, say the Vedas, and all creation, from the great deities Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, down to man himself, nay, down to the meanest reptile crawling on the earth, or to the leaf rotting on the highway, all proceed from, contain a larger or smaller portion of, and will again be swallowed up in, this Great Spirit, who alone has existed, and will exist for ever, the Om, the Tut, the Sut, the Beginning and the End.

Such is the theological system inculcated in the Vedas and the Vedant—a system resembling in its general features that which enlightened pagans of all ages and countries have devised for the purpose of satisfying, as far as possible, their craving after some knowledge of the great mystery of the universe. Such also may be the system which a few of the abler Hindoos profess still to hold; but we should commit a great mistake if we were to suppose that the Hindoos generally of the present day know anything of the doctrines upon which the Vedas found their mythology, or practise anything except a system of the most blinded, brutish superstition. Although the Vedas recognise the doctrine of the unity of God, the Hindoos have practically lost all recollection of it. Domineered over, and kept in ignorance by their priests, the Brahmins, for many centuries, they have long been sunk in the depths of a system of worship more absurd, more impure, more sickening in its details, more degrading to human nature, and more injurious to civilisation, than almost any system ever known to have been practised on the face of the earth.

THE HINDOO DEITIES.

The three principal deities of the Hindoos are Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Seeb or Siva the destroyer. These three of course were originally intended to represent the three great attributes of the Om or Invisible Supreme Being; namely, his creating, his preserving, and his destroying attribute. Indeed the name Om itself is a compound word, expressing the three ideas of creation, preservation, and destruction, all combined. Brahma, says the Hindoo legislator Menu, when composing a name for the Supreme Being, drew out from the Vedas the three letters A, U, and M; making the word Aum, which again is shortened into Om, implying in one brief monosyllable the following idea: "He who creates, preserves, and annihilates." There are no temples erected for the worship of the Supreme Being, whose name never escapes the lips of a pious Brahmin; but many are erected to his three powers or attributes—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—although the Hindoos generally do not regard them at all in the light of allegories, but pay homage to them as independent deities.

Brahma, the creator of the world, was the first emanation from the Supreme Om. Before the creation of the universe, the great Om or Brahm alone existed, reposing in silence from all eternity, and wrapped up in the contemplation of himself. "The world," says the Hindoo sage Menu, "was then all darkness—undistinguishable—altogether as in a profound sleep. But the self-existent, invisible God, making it manifest with five elements, and other glorious forms, perfectly dispelled the gloom. He desired to raise up various creatures by an emanation from his own glory; first created the waters, and impressed them with a power of motion: by that power was produced a golden egg, blazing like a thousand suns, in which was born BRAHMA, self-existing, the great parent of all rational beings." Thus was produced the god Brahma, becoming masculine from the neuter Brahm. The process of creation as performed by Brahma, is thus described by the same authority:—"The god Brahma having dwelt in the great mundane egg through revolving ages, himself meditating on himself, at last split the egg into two equal parts, and from those halves formed the heavens and the earth, placing in the midst the subtle ether, the eight points of the world, and the permanent ocean."

Such is the wild Hindoo fable regarding the creation; and such is the great creating god Brahma, the first member of the Hindoo triad, who has given his name to the religion Brahminism, as the Hindoo system is sometimes called, as well as to the great Hindoo caste of the Brahmins. His day of godhead appears, however, to be now past; for, notwithstanding his high rank as the first of all created beings, and the creator of the rest, he has at the present day no exclusive sect of worshippers, no priests, no temples, no festivals or ceremonies in his honour, except that the Brahmins, it is said, repeat in their daily devotions an incantation, in which he is described, and occasionally offer him a single flower. The reason of this neglect seems to be, that Brahma's work of creation having been performed once for all, the Hindoos feel themselves more interested in propitiating Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, who continue to operate in their respective spheres—Vishnu in sustaining the present order of things, and Siva in producing change. In other words, Brahma represents the past, Vishnu the present, and Siva the unknown future; and while the worship of the first, as a defunct deity, may be safely abandoned, the worship of the other two must be kept up. Brahma, however, is celebrated in Hindoo poetry and romance; and representations of him in painting are common. He is represented as a golden-coloured figure sitting, with four heads and four arms. Formerly, according to the Hindoo mythology, he had five heads, but one of them was cut off about the period of creation by the destroyer Siva.

Vishnu, the pervader or preserver, the second member of the Hindoo triad, is, in the present mythology of Hindostan, a far more important god than Brahma; and those who worship him are regarded as approaching nearer than any others to the pure worship of the Supreme Being himself recommended in the Vedas. Although Vishnu is not himself the Divine Essence, yet being everywhere, and always present, upholding the universe by his power and goodness, assisting the distressed, bestowing wealth, preventing calamity, he is, say the Hindoos, a fitter representative of the Supreme Being than even Brahma. Accordingly, the Vishnuites, as his worshippers are called, are numerous. These are subdivided into a great many sects, who have each its peculiar signs, sacrifices, and modes of worship. The most numerous sect of the Vishnuites is that whose members bear the mark of the *nama*, consisting of three perpendicular lines printed on their foreheads, as a symbol of their exclusive devotion to Vishnu. "Stone images of Vishnu," says Ward in his View of the Religion of the Hindoos, "are made for sale, and worshipped in the houses of those who have chosen him for their guardian deity. There are no public festivals in honour of this god, yet he is worshipped at the offering of a burnt sacrifice, in the form of meditation used daily by the Brahmins, and at other times. No bloody sacrifices are offered to Vishnu. The offerings presented to him consist of fruit, flowers, water, clarified butter, sweetmeats, cloths, ornaments, &c. He is revered as the household god; and is worshipped when a person enters a new house, or at any other time, to procure the removal of family misfortunes." He is represented, clad in yellow, with four arms, in three of which he holds his club, his conch shell, and his discus; on his breast he wears the kaustubha gem; and round his neck a necklace composed of pearls, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds, representing the five elements. Sometimes he is seen "reclining in a contemplative attitude on a leaf of the Indian fig-tree, or on a serpent which floats upon the surface of the ocean. From his navel springs a lotos plant, in the beautiful calyx of which Brahma appears seated, ready to accomplish the work of creation." His abode, or the heaven of Vishnu, is described in the Mahabharata, or great epic poem of the Hindoos, as being "eighty thousand miles in circumference, and formed entirely of gold. Its palaces are constructed with jewels, and all its pillars, architraves, and pediments, blaze and sparkle with gems. The crystal waters of the Ganges descend from the higher heavens on the head of Siva, and thence, through the bunches of hair of the seven famous penitents, find their way to the plains, and form the river of paradise. Here are also beautiful diminutive lakes of water, upon the surfaces of which myriads of red, blue, and white water-lilies, with a thousand petals, are seen floating. On a throne glorious as the meridian sun, sitting on water-lilies, is Vishnu, and on the right hand is his wife, the goddess Lakshmi, shining like a continued blaze of lightning, while from her lovely form the fragrance of the lotos is diffused through the heaven. The praises of the god are perpetually chanted by the beatified spirits who share his bliss; the gods sometimes unite their voices with those of the worshippers; and Garuda, the bird god, guards the door."*

The names of Vishnu are various—such as Kesava, Damodara, Hrishikesa, Madhava, Parushottama; and much error has arisen from confounding these, as well as from the fact that Vishnu, instead of being always the preserver of the universe, is represented sometimes as inflicting vengeance. Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu, is the goddess of beauty.

The most remarkable part of the mythological narratives respecting Vishnu, however, is the singular doctrine of *avatars*, or successive manifestations. Vishnu, say the Hindoo poems and shasters, has nine times appeared in the world after long intervals, each time assuming a different shape; and he is yet to appear for a tenth time before the world is brought to an end. These ten avatars, or incarnations of Vishnu, make up together upwards of four millions of years; for although the most recent avatars have only lasted a few centuries, the early avatars lasted for innumerable ages, extending over the early history of the world, which, according to the Hindoos, is many millions of years old. Vishnu being the great governing spirit of the universe, has kept watch over its affairs since it began to exist; and at various intervals, when he saw that the world had become thoroughly corrupt, and that there was need for divine interference, he descended into it, to rectify what was wrong, and give it a new impulse. Of these incarnations or avatars of Vishnu, not reckoning certain inferior or ambiguous ones, there are ten, of which the ninth is now in the course of being transacted, and the tenth is yet to come.

There can be no doubt that these avatars of Vishnu are allegorical representations, or rather wild and extravagant corruptions, of portions of the true history of our globe—an avatar of Vishnu being nothing else than a great era in the world's history, ushered in by some great event or some great hero. This appears more clearly when we examine each avatar in detail, divesting each of the wrappage of wild and grotesque Indian imagery with which it is surrounded. The first incarnation of Vishnu, for instance, which was that of a fish, seems to be a corrupt or poetical version, in the manner of the Hindoo mythological writers, of that grand event in the early history of our world, the deluge, of which all nations, pagan as well as Jewish or Christian, have preserved some vague tradition. "At the close of the last *calpa*," is the account given of this first avatar in the Bhagavat Gita, a particular portion of the great poem Mahabharata, as translated by Sir William Jones, "there was a general destruction occasioned by the sleep of Brahma, whence his creatures in different worlds were drowned in a vast ocean. Brahma being inclined to slumber, desiring repose after a lapse of ages, the strong demon Hayagriva came near him, and stole the Vedas, which had flowed from his lips. When Heri (one of the names of Vishnu), the preserver of the universe, discovered this deed of the prince of Danavas, he took the shape of a minute fish called *sap'hari.* A holy king, Satyavrata, then reigned, a servant of the spirit which moved on the waves, and so devout, that water was his only sustenance. One day, as he was making a libation in the river Critamala, and held water in the palm of his hand, he perceived a small fish moving in it. The king immediately dropped the fish into the river, together with the water which he had taken from it, when the sap'hari thus addressed the benevolent monarch:—'How canst thou, oh king, who showest affection to the oppressed, leave me in this river-water, where I am too weak to resist the monsters of the stream, who fill me with dread?' Having heard this very suppliant address, he kindly placed it safe in a small vase full of water; but in a single night its bulk was so increased, that it could not be contained in the jar, and thus it again addressed the illustrious prince:—'I am not pleased with living miserably in this little vase; make me a large mansion, where I may dwell in comfort.' The king, removing it from the vase, placed it in the water of a cistern; but it grew three cubits in less than fifty minutes, and said, 'Oh king, it pleases me not to stay vainly in this narrow cistern; since thou hast granted me an asylum, give me a spacious habitation.' He then removed it, and placed it in a pool, where, having ample space around its body, it became a fish of considerable size. 'This abode, oh king,' it then said, 'is not convenient for me, who must swim at large in the waters; exert thyself for my safety, and remove me to a deep lake.' Thus addressed, the pious monarch threw the suppliant into a lake; and when it grew of equal bulk with that piece of water, he cast the vast fish into the sea. When the fish was thrown into the waves, he thus again spoke to Satyavrata:—'Here the horned sharks and other monsters of great strength will devour me; thou shouldst not, oh valiant man, leave me in this ocean.' Thus repeatedly deluded by the fish who had addressed him with gentle words, the king said, 'Who art thou that beguilest me in that assumed shape? Never before have I seen or heard of so prodigious an inhabitant of the waters, who, like thee, hast filled up in a single day a lake a hundred leagues in circumference. Surely thou art Bhagavat who appearest before me, the great Heri, whose dwelling was on the waves, and who now, in compassion to thy servants, bearest the form of the natives of the deep?'" Having made this discovery, Satyavrata worships the fish, whom he now recognises to be Vishnu, and implores his blessing. Whereupon, proceeds the story, "the lord of the universe, loving the pious man who thus implored him, and intending to preserve him from the sea of destruction caused by the depravity of the age, thus told him how he was to act:—'In seven days from the present time, oh thou tamer of enemies, the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of death; but in the midst of the destroying waves, a large vessel, sent by me for thy use, shall stand before thee. Then shalt thou take all medicinal herbs, all variety of seeds, and, accompanied by seven saints, thou shalt enter the spacious ark, and continue in it, secure from the flood, on one immense ocean, without light, except the radiance of thy holy companions.'" Vishnu then disappeared, and Satyavrata waited for the time appointed. At length "the sea, overwhelming its shores, deluged the whole earth; and it was soon perceived to be augmented by showers from immense clouds. He, still meditating on the command of Bhagavat, saw the vessel advancing, and entered it with the chiefs of the Brahmins, having carried into it the medicinal creepers, and conformed to the directions of Heri. The god being invoked by the monarch, appeared again distinctly on the vast ocean in the form of a fish, blazing like gold, extending a million of leagues, with one stupendous horn; on which the king, as he had before been commanded by Heri, tied the ship with a cable made of a vast serpent." At length, when the deluge was abated, Vishnu, "rising together with Brahma, slew the demon Hayagriva, and recovered the sacred books; and Satyavrata, instructed in all divine and human knowledge, was appointed the seventh Menu." "He," it is added, "who shall devoutly hear this important allegorical narrative, will be delivered from the bondage of sin."

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* Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The Hindoos.

Such was the first avatar of Vishnu, at the end of the first calpa or age of the world, four millions of years ago, according to the fabulous Hindoo chronology. It is called the *matsyavatara*, or the avatar of the fish.

The second of Vishnu's avatars was the *kurma avatara*, or avatar of the tortoise; the third was the *vahara avatara*, or avatar of the boar; the fourth was the *uri-sinha avatara*, or avatar of a man with the head and claws of a lion; the fifth was the avatar of the *vamana*, or dwarf; the sixth was the avatar of Parasu Rama, a heroic man; the seventh that of his brother Rama; the eighth that of Crishnu; the ninth that of Buddh; and the tenth is still to come. In all these successive avatars, which took place in different calpas or ages, Vishnu is said to have rendered the world great services; in many cases preserving it from imminent destruction. None of them need be noticed more particularly, except the eighth and ninth, or the avatars of Crishnu and Buddh, which seem to possess some historical interest.

Crishnu or Krishna was the eighth, and by far the most celebrated of all the avatars of Vishnu, insomuch that his name is often used for that of Vishnu himself. He was the son of Vishnu, born of Devaki, the wife of Vasudeva. "Before his birth, the planetary bodies moved in brilliant order in the heavens, and the seasons were regular and genial; the virtuous experienced new delight, the strong winds were hushed, and the rivers glided tranquilly. At midnight, when the supporter of all was about to be born, the clouds emitted low pleasing sounds, and poured down a rain of flowers. Kansa, a mighty demon, being however apprised that a child would be born that was for ever to overthrow his power, summoned all his principal asuras or infidels, and told them, 'Let active search be made for whatever young children there may be upon the earth, and let every boy of unusual vigour be slain without remorse.'" The child Crishnu was saved, however, by means of Nanda, a cowherd, whose wife had a child of the same age, who also was a portion of the divinity Vishnu, and who, under the name of Rama or Bala Rama, is therefore spoken of as the brother of Crishnu. Crishnu was brought up by the herdsman Nanda, along with Rama. "Accompanied by the cowboys, the two immortals traversed the forests, that echoed with the hum of bees and the peacocks' cry; and at eventide, having come to the cow-pens, they joined heartily in whatever sports amused the sons of the herdsmen. One day Krishna came to the river Yamuna, which was flowing in sportive undulations, and sparkling with foam as if with smiles, as the waves dashed against the borders. Within its bed, however, was the fearful pool of the serpent Kaliya. Krishna jumped boldly into the lake of the snake-king; a fearful combat ensued, which ended in the victory of the divine child, who commanded the snake-king to depart from the Yamuna river to the ocean. About the same time his brother Rama destroyed the demon Dhenuka, who had assumed the form of an ass, and kicked Rama on the breast with his hinder heels. Rama, however, seized him by both hind legs, and whirling him round till he expired, tossed his carcase to the top of a palm tree." The two boys grew up amidst the young gopas or cowherds, and the beautiful gopis or milkmaids, nine of whom Krishna selected for his favourites, passing his gay hours in dancing, sporting, and playing on the flute. After many exploits performed by him and Rama, the world is delivered from the tyrant Kansa, and Krishna is acknowledged as an incarnation of Vishnu.

Krishna, whom some scholars think to be identical with the Grecian Apollo, is still, says Sir William Jones, the darling god of the Indian women; and the sect of Hindoos who worship him, strongly assert his pre-eminence over all the other avatars of Vishnu. The avatars generally "are painted with gemmed Ethiopian or Parthian coronets, with rays encircling their heads; jewels in their ears; two necklaces, one straight, and one pendant, on their bosoms, with dropping gems; garlands of well-disposed many-coloured flowers, or collars of pearls hanging down before their waists; loose mantles of gold tissue or dyed silk, embroidered on their hems with flowers, elegantly thrown over one shoulder, and folded like ribbons across the breast; with bracelets, too, on one arm and on each wrist: they are naked to the waist, and uniformly with dark azure flesh; but their skirts are bright yellow; they are sometimes drawn with the flower of the water-lily in one hand, a radiated elliptical ring used as a missile weapon in a second, the sacred shell in a third, and a mace or battle-axe in a fourth. But Crishnu, when he appears among the avatars, is more splendidly decorated than any, and wears a rich garland of sylvan flowers as low as his ankles, which are adorned with strings of pearls. Dark blue, approaching to black, which is the meaning of the word Krishna, is believed to have been his complexion; and hence the large bee of that colour is consecrated to him, and is often drawn fluttering over his head."

Krishna being a favourite god among the Hindoos, has many celebrated temples in all parts of India. Of these the most remarkable is Nathdwara, or the "Portal of God," on the right bank of the Bunas river, about twenty-two miles from Oodipoor, in which there is an image of the god, said to have existed for an immense number of ages, if not from the days of Krishna himself. The temple, however, is no older than the Mahometan invasion of Hindostan. At that time the image of the god being expelled, along with his worshippers, from his original seat on the banks of the Yamuna river, was journeying along to a safer place of abode. "An omen decided the spot of his future residence. When he came to the spot where the temple now stands, the chariot wheel sunk deep into the earth, and defied extrication; upon which the augur interpreted the pleasure of the god, that he desired to dwell there. Rejoiced at this manifestation of Krishna's favour, Dailwara, the chief of the district where the accident had happened, hastened to make a perpetual gift of the village and its lands to the god." A temple was soon built on the spot; and the village, swollen by the number of Krishna's worshippers, grew into a considerable town, which is under the exclusive jurisdiction of the god, or rather his priests. To this temple there is a constant influx of devotees from all parts of the East, even from beyond the confines of Hindostan. "Here," says Colonel Tod in his Annals of Rajasthan, "those whom ambition has cloyed, superstition unsettled, satiety disgusted, commerce ruined, or crime disquieted, may be found as ascetic attendants on the mildest of the gods of India. Here no blood-stained sacrifice scares the timid devotee; no austerities terrify, or tedious ceremonies fatigue him; he is taught that he has only to ask for mercy, in order to obtain it from the good and compassionate Heri." The temple of Nathdwara is to India what the temple of Apollo at Delphi was to the ancient Greeks. As the Greeks used to carry costly gifts to the shrine of the god, so from all points of the compass a tide of rich offerings is constantly pouring in to the shrine of Krishna. "There is no donation," says Colonel Tod, "too great or too trifling for the acceptance of Krishna, from the baronial estate to a patch of meadow land, from the gemmed coronet to adorn his image to the widow's mite; nor is there a principality in India which does not diminish its own revenues to increase those of Nathdwara. Hither are borne the spices of the isles of the Indian Archipelago, the balmy spoils of Araby the blest, the nard or frankincense of Tartary, the raisins and pistachios of Persia; every variety of saccharine preparation, from the *sacarcand*, or sugar-candy of the Celestial Empire, with which the god sweetens his evening repast, to that more common sort which enters into the *peras* of Mathura, the food of his infancy; the shawls of Cashmere, the silks of Bengal, the scarfs of Benares, the brocades of Guzerat." It is from the maritime provinces that the most lavish contributions are made; and comptrollers or consuls, deputed by the high priest, constantly reside in several of the great commercial cities of the coast, to collect and transmit the offerings of the millions of votaries.

Buddh or Buddha, the ninth avatar of Vishnu, and the one in course of performance, was, according to the Hindoos, a great philosopher or sceptic who appeared some centuries before the Christian era. Vishnu, say the Brahmins, observing that the enemies of the gods were becoming religious, and obeying the precepts of the Vedas, determined to put a stop to this; and accordingly, he assumed an illusory form, and descended into the earth as a false teacher, to lead men astray. This was Buddha, who overturned the pure Brahminical system, and taught men another system instead, the peculiarity of which consists in its inculcating the duty of discriminating knowledge, instead of simple faith. His doctrines took deep root in Hindostan, and his disciples becoming numerous and powerful, a mortal war was begun between them and the Brahmins, or defenders of the ancient system; the Buddhists declaring the Brahmins to be idolaters, and the Brahmins calumniating the Buddhists as atheists. At first the struggle was one of mere words; but at length the Brahmins, obtaining the superiority in civil power, commenced an exterminating persecution against the Buddhists, and drove them out of Hindostan into the neighbouring countries of China, Burmah, Siam, Thibet, Tartary, and the island of Ceylon, where at this day the religion of Buddh prevails, and is regarded as the great rival and opponent of Brahminism.

From this interesting account given by the Brahmins, and other notices of a similar description, we gather that Buddh was a great reformer or conqueror, who appeared in Hindostan many centuries ago, and who endeavoured to overthrow the system of castes and other institutions imposed by the Brahmins, and to restore the purer form of belief which he found inculcated in the Vedas. This is the view entertained by Rammohun Roy and other eminent scholars; and it is rendered likely by the fact, that Buddhism, as it now prevails in Burmah and China, is a much purer and simpler form of religion than Brahminism; although even Buddhism appears to have degenerated from its original shape.

Having thus made our readers acquainted with the principal facts and details connected with the ideas which the Hindoos entertain of Brahma and Vishnu, it remains to add a little respecting the worship of Siva, the third member of the Hindoo triad.

The *Saivas*, or worshippers of Siva, are believed to be even more numerous than those of Vishnu; and the worshippers of the two together constitute the great majority of the Hindoos. It is supposed that the worship of Vishnu and Siva, to the exclusion of Brahma, is not more ancient than a thousand years; before that period, neither Vishnu nor Siva were so popular as they are now, or at least the ceremonial of their worship had not at that time been fixed. Siva has many other names, of which Mahadeva is the most common; and, like Vishnu, he has had his avatars or incarnations, although the avatars of Siva do not make such a figure in Hindoo mythology as those of Vishnu. Siva is properly the representative of the principle of destruction; but as, according to the Puranas, or theological books, he is not to exert his power of destruction on a great scale till twelve millions of years have elapsed, he is in the meantime worshipped as the god of regeneration, every act of destruction being, when strictly considered, only an act of change or reproduction.

The following is a passage of wild allegory from one of the Puranas, describing the origin of Siva, and a contest which he had, when new born, with Brahma, who, as the creating god, is his great opponent. "Formerly, when all things moveable and immoveable had been destroyed, and nought remained but one vast ocean; while universal darkness reigned, that lord who is incomprehensible, and subject to neither birth nor death, reposed in slumber on the abyss of the waters for a thousand divine years; but when his night had passed, desirous of creating the three worlds, he, investing himself with the quality of impurity, assumed a corporeal form with five heads (Brahma). Then, also, was produced from the darkness another form, with three eyes and twisted locks, and bearing a string of beads and trident (Siva). Brahma next created *ahankara*, or self-consciousness, which immediately pervaded both Siva and himself, and under its impression Rudia (Siva) said to Pita-maha (Brahma), 'Say, O Lord, how camest thou here; and by whom wert thou created?' Brahma replied, 'And whence art thou?' and instantly caused the new-made sky to reverberate with a wondrous sound. Siva was thus subdued, and stood with a countenance downcast and humbled, like the moon in an eclipse; and the fifth head of Brahma thus addressed him, rendered dark-red with anger at his defeat:—'I know thee well, thou form of darkness, with three eyes, clothed with the four quarters of the sky (a poetical phrase for being without clothes at all), mounted on a bull, the destroyer of the universe.' On hearing these words, Siva became incensed with anger; and, while he viewed the head with the terrible glances of his world-blasting eye, his five heads, from his wrath, grew white, red, golden, black, and yellow, and fearful to behold. But Brahma, on observing these heads glowing like the sun, said, 'Why dost thou agitate thyself, and attempt to appear powerful? for, if I chose, I could at this instant make thy heads become like bubbles of water.' This heard, Siva, inflamed with anger, cut off, with the nail of his right hand, the head of Brahma, which had uttered such fierce and boasting words; but when he would have thrown it on the ground, it would not, nor ever shall it, fall from his hand."

Siva, or Mahadeva, is represented in various ways. Sometimes he is exhibited "as a silver-coloured man with five faces, and in each face three eyes, of which the third is in the forehead. Sometimes he is clothed in a garment of tiger-skin, and is seated on a lotos. On other occasions he is depicted with one head, but he has still a third eye, with the figure of a half-moon on the forehead, and is riding on a bull, naked, and covered with ashes, his eyes inflamed with intoxicating drugs; in one of his hands he carries a horn, in the other a drum. Siva is also sometimes worshipped under the appellation of *Maha Kala*, or 'Time the Great Destroyer,' in which form alone he is propitiated with bloody sacrifices. His image in this character is that of a smoke-coloured youth with three eyes, clothed in red garments, with a chaplet of human skulls about his neck. As Bhairava, or the 'Lord of Dread,' he is frightful to behold: great tusks burst through his thick lips; the hair, which is stiff and erect, gives his face a dreadful aspect; the fall of the necklace is impeded by numerous snakes, which twine round his body." But Siva is most frequently worshipped under the symbol of the Lingam, a smooth black stone in the shape of a sugar-loaf, to which the Sivaites attach ideas of peculiar sacredness, asserting that it hallows whatever place it is on, and makes the hut of a labourer equal to a sumptuous palace.

The worship of Siva, especially by those sects which adore the symbol of the Lingam, is the most impure and profligate that is practised in India. He and his wife, the goddess Kali, are the patrons of all that is vicious, or cruel, or horrible; and their temples are the scenes of the most disgusting rites. The goddess Kali is represented as black, with four arms, wearing two dead bodies as ear-rings, a necklace of skulls, and the hands of several slaughtered giants circling her waist like a zone. Her eyebrows stream with blood, and her altars are made to flow with the blood of animal oblations. Old records even give directions how human sacrifices are to be offered to this cruel goddess. She is the favourite patron of the Indian robbers.

There are many sects of Sivaites who, however, are in general distinguished from the rest of the Hindoos by some peculiar customs denoting their attachment to that god, the most remarkable difference between them and other Hindoos being, that they bury instead of burning their dead. The number of Siva's temples is immense; and some of the famous cavern temples of India appear to have been destined for the worship of this god. The temples are usually vast and gloomy, and the image of the god is placed in a low vault-shaped room, a prolonged stay in which would be oppressive. The most famous of all the temples of Siva is the one at Benares, the holy city of India. In this temple there is a great stone, declared to be a petrifaction of the god himself; and many of the inferior deities who have temples there, have done honour to Siva by allowing his symbol to be erected in their temples.

Such are the three principal Hindoo gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, all of them invested with a kind of supremacy, in conjunction with the other two, but all of them being only representatives of the invisible Om or Brahm. The three together are called *Trimurti*, and there are certain occasions when the three are worshipped conjointly. There are also sculptured representations of the Trimurti, in which the busts of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are cut out of the same mass of stone. One of these images of the Trimurti is found in the celebrated cavern temple of Elephanta, in the neighbourhood of Bombay, perhaps the most wonderful remnant of ancient Indian architecture. The temple is "a cavity in the side of a mountain, about half-way between its base and summit, of the space of nearly one hundred and twenty feet square. Pieces of the rock, as is usual in mining, have been left at certain distances, supporting the superincumbent matter; and the sight of the whole, upon the entrance, is grand and striking. The low massy roof is supported by rows of columns regularly disposed, but of an order different from any in use with us: gigantic figures in relief are observed on the walls: these, as well as the columns, are shaped in the solid rock, and by artists, it would appear, possessed of some ability, unquestionably of astonishing perseverance. The four rows of columns form three magnificent avenues from the principal entrance to the grand idol, which terminates the middle vista; the general effect being heightened by the blueness of the light, or rather gloom, peculiar to the situation. The central image (the Trimurti) is composed of three colossal heads, reaching nearly from the floor to the roof, a height of fifteen feet."

Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva being discussed, we are at liberty to turn our attention to the other gods of the Hindoo Pantheon; but when we mention that these amount, as has been calculated, to three hundred and thirty millions (making nearly twice as many gods in Hindostan as there are human beings), it will be evident that we must restrict ourselves to the mention of a few of the principal ones. Every animal, every inanimate object, nay, every natural act of the human being, such as sneezing or winking, may, consistently with the pantheistic idea of their religion, explained at the outset, be converted into a god; all being portions, emanations, manifestations of that Supreme Being, the beating of whose pulse is the life of the universe. At the same time, there are certain natural objects or phenomena more grand and imposing, or more exquisite and beautiful, than others, and in these, it is conceived, the Deity peculiarly displays himself. Whatever, therefore, is large, sublime, beautiful, or beneficial—the sun, the moon, the elements, air, earth, fire, water, the midnight heavens, the great rivers Indus and Ganges—all are made gods by the Hindoos. Then also, like the Grecians, they have gods presiding over particular occupations or functions of man, as the god of War, the god of Wisdom, the god of Love, the gods of the Seasons or of Husbandry, and to these the Hindoo applies on particular occasions, independently of the general veneration which he pays to Vishnu or Siva. Various members of the brute creation have likewise, for reasons which it would be difficult to explain, been selected for divine honours; among which the cow, the monkey, the boa, and the crocodile, are the most conspicuous. Certain objects also are held sacred by particular sects, which the rest of the Hindoos do not consider entitled to reverence; so that in travelling through India, one finds a new set of deities at every turn.

Among the principal subordinate gods, we may mention Surya, or the god of the Sun, whose worshippers form a distinct sect, called *Sauras*, and who is represented in a car drawn by seven green horses; Agni, the god of Fire, who is an underling of Siva, and is represented as a corpulent copper-coloured man, riding on a goat; Ganesa, the god of Wisdom, who is painted with an elephant's head, the symbol of sagacious discernment, and attended by a favourite rat, considered by the Indians an exceedingly wise and prudent animal—a god whom the Indians highly revere, especially those on the coast of Coromandel, where they would not on any account build a house, or undertake any important business, without sprinkling his image with oil, and making him an offering of flowers; Menu or Satyavrata, the deified monarch alluded to in the legend of the first avatar of Vishnu; the two goddesses, Bhavani or Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu, and Kali, the wife of Siva; Indra, the god of the Firmament; and Varuna, the god of Water. All these gods and goddesses, and their various functions, are in practice so jumbled together, and their names are so numerous, that even the Brahmins themselves could not give a distinct account of the character and operations of each.

But we must not omit to mention one object of worship, which figures more largely in the mythology of the Hindoos than almost any other—the sacred river Ganges. The miraculous origin of this river is told in the following grotesque Hindoo legend. One day, far back in the depths of primeval time, Parvati or Kali, the wife of Siva, being in a frolicsome mood, put, or rather poked, her finger into one of the eyes of her royal husband, thereby blinding it for an instant. Siva, alarmed for the consequences which might ensue to the universe from the momentary blinding of one of his eyes, trembled all over, and beads of cold sweat burst out on his forehead. In a moment, however, the dreadful eclipse was ended; the universe breathed freely; Siva recovered from his agitation; and the drops of sweat falling down from his forehead, formed the Ganges, the Holy River. The river is therefore, "in the estimation of the natives, a deity; and the most secure way to heaven is through its waters. Hence, whenever this is possible, the Hindoo comes to its banks to die, and piously carries thither his parents or relations, to insure their eternal happiness." The dead Hindoos are cast naked into the sacred stream, so that persons who sail up the Ganges are constantly meeting corpses in all stages of corruption floating down to the sea.

Such is the existing Hindoo mythology or Brahminism—a system originating no doubt in a few of those sublime ideas respecting the unity of God which appear to have prevailed in Hindostan, as in other countries of the East, in the remote ages of the world's history, and of which glimpses now and then appear in the Vedas, and even in the more recent literature of the Hindoos, but long since corrupted into a wretched polytheism—a compost of all that is grotesque, and horrible, and absurd; in which Brahmas, and Vishnus, and Sivas, and Kalis, and Indras, and Agnis, and cows, and monkeys, and crocodiles, are all jumbled together—an innumerable crew of gods and goddesses, worshipped, to use the words of a competent judge, "in a ritual inexpressibly silly, except where filthy or cruel, and not to be matched for complex multiplicity by all the tracks of noxious and loathsome reptiles at this hour crawling and wriggling in the purlieus of all the pagodas of Hindostan."

IDEAS OF THE HINDOOS RESPECTING A FUTURE STATE.

Hindooism, like other Pantheistic systems, teaches the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; all creation, animate and inanimate, being, according to the Hindoo system, nothing else but the deity Brahm himself, parcelled out, as it were, into innumerable portions and forms (when these are reunited, the world will be at an end), just as a quantity of quicksilver may be broken up into innumerable little balls or globules, which all have a tendency to go together again. At long intervals of time, each extending over some thousand millions of years, Brahm does bring the world to an end, by re-absorbing it into his spirit. Then Brahm goes to sleep, and slumbers for thousands of ages more; and during this time nothing at all exists but himself, and the universe is hushed and silent. At length, after thousands of ages are past, Brahm awakes, and instantly creates a new universe, with its suns, moons, stars, gods, demons, men, beasts, trees, minerals—all complete. This universe lasts again its appointed time, or thousands of ages; at the end of which period Brahm re-absorbs it, slumbers again; and so on for ever; the duration of a universe being a *day* of Brahm, and the interval between two universes his *night*.

When, therefore, a man dies, his soul, according to the Hindoos, must either be absorbed immediately into the soul of Brahm, or it must pass through a series of transmigrations, waiting for the final absorption which happens at the end of every universe, or at least until such time as it shall be prepared for being reunited with the Infinite Spirit. The former of the two is, according to the Hindoos, the highest possible reward: to be absorbed into Brahm immediately upon death, and without having to undergo any farther purification, is the lot only of the greatest devotees. By far the largest portion of mankind must undergo transmigration after death; that is, their souls must pass into other bodies. But even here there is room for difference, in the reward of virtue and the punishment of vice. When good men die, their souls, not quite fit yet for reunion with Brahm, pass into the bodies either of heroic men, or of a higher class of beings, such as the inferior gods; and thus, after a few ascending transmigrations, they may be sufficiently ennobled and purified to merit the final absorption. When, on the other hand, wicked men die, their souls pass into the bodies of debased creatures, beasts, reptiles, and vermin, or even the weeds that sprout on the dunghill; and thus descending, unless they repent, lower and lower in the scale of creation, they wander farther and farther from Brahm, until the great final period arrives when even they, like all unclean things, shall be re-absorbed into the Universal Spirit.

Such, mingled with vague images of a heaven and a hell, are the ideas of the Hindoos respecting a future state. The great aim of all their religious observances and penances is, that they may either be absorbed into Brahm immediately when they die, without requiring to undergo the misfortune of a second birth, or that at least they may ascend after death in the scale of created beings.

DIVISION INTO CASTES—CEREMONIAL OBSERVANCES.

The Hindoos are divided into four great *castes*, or classes (represented in the cut at the head of the present article): the *Brahmins*, whose proper business is religion and philosophy; the *Kshatriyas*, who attend to war and government; the *Vaisyas*, whose duties are connected with commerce and agriculture; and the *Sudras*, or artisans and labourers. Of these four castes the Brahmins are the highest; but a broad line of distinction is drawn between the Sudras and the other three castes. The Brahmins may intermarry with the three inferior castes; the Kshatriyas with the Vaisyas and the Sudras; and the Vaisyas with the Sudras; but no Sudra can choose a wife from either of the three superior castes. As a general rule, every person is required to follow the profession of the caste to which he belongs; thus the Brahmin is to lead a life of contemplation and study, subsisting on the contributions of the rich; the Kshatriya is to occupy himself in civil matters, or to pursue the profession of a soldier; and the Vaisya is to be a merchant or a farmer. As it would be impossible, however, strictly to observe this arrangement, it is provided that a Brahmin may, for the sake of a livelihood, follow the professions of any of the inferior castes; that a Kshatriya may follow the professions of the Vaisya or Sudra; and so on; in consequence of which, Brahmins are now to be found in all situations, some of them performing the most menial offices; while, on the other hand, in consequence of the vicissitudes of fortune, even Sudras have raised themselves in society so high as to become rich, and have Brahmins for their servants. In fact, the barriers of caste have, in numberless instances, been thrown down: it is common to find Brahmins in the kitchens of Sudras as cooks; and many of the highest families in Hindostan are believed to be of Sudra origin. Still, the spirit of the system of castes appears to exert an amazingly strong influence in Hindoo society; offering, it is believed, a more determined opposition than anything else to the progress among the Hindoos of the Christian religion and European civilisation. Even the Brahmin who acts as cook in the kitchen of the Sudra, retains the pride of caste, and walks among his fellow-men with the air of a superior being, whose curse can shrivel up even the gods themselves; while the Sudra, let him be never so able or industrious, feels his efforts to attain his due place in society checked and thwarted. If the father of a Sudra were a snake-catcher, he, according to the strict laws of caste, must also pursue that occupation, and hand it down to his children; and although this regulation is hardly in its ancient force now, the baneful spirit of it still subsists. To the higher castes, again, and especially to the Brahmins, the loss of caste is the greatest punishment that can befall them; and as the loss of caste is the punishment inflicted on a Brahmin for becoming a Christian, or for transgressing any of the fundamental laws of caste—such as killing a cow, eating food dressed on board ship, and the like—this has a tendency to perpetuate the system. The ramifications, too, of the caste system are infinite. Besides the four pure, there are numerous mixed castes, all with their prescribed ranks and occupations. A class far below even the pure Sudras is the *Pariahs* or outcasts; consisting of the refuse of all the other castes, and which, in process of time, has grown so large as to include, it is said, one-fifth of the population of Hindostan. The Pariahs perform the meanest kinds of manual labour.

This system of castes, of which the Brahmins themselves are the architects, if not the founders, is bound up with the religion of the Hindoos. The germs of it are found in the Vedas; and the origin of castes from Brahma is one of the legends contained in their later mythological books. "In the first creation by Brahma," it is said, "the caste of the Brahmins proceeded with the Vedas from the mouth of Brahma: from his arms Kshatriyas sprung; so from his thigh Vaisyas; from his foot Sudras were produced—all with their females."

The Brahmins, to whom Brahma appointed as their peculiar task the cultivation "of the divine sciences," and the study of the Vedas, have naturally come to regard religion as a matter principally concerning their own caste. Hence, even the sincere among them, instead of performing the part of spiritual teachers, or expounders of the Vedas to the general population over which they are the appointed clergy, regard it as their principal business to attend to their own spiritual interests, and, by penances and contemplation, to secure their own salvation. Thus, although the Vedas declare all faithful believers, whether Brahmins or Sudras, to be heirs of the future beatitude, and entitled to religious instruction, the great mass of the Hindoo population are neglected by those who profess to be their priests, but who are bent either on the acquisition of civil power, or exclusively on their own spiritual interests. The Brahmins, in fact, are a clergy existing *among* the Hindoos, not existing *for* them. While, therefore, the Hindoos nominally all profess the religion they are born under, and attend with more or less exactness to the prescribed rules and ceremonies of their faith, it is chiefly in the Brahmin caste that we find instances of fanatics or enthusiasts, who carry out the Hindoo system in its greatest extent.

The highest glory to which a Brahmin can attain on this earth, is that of being a *Yogi*, *Sunnyassi*, or *Gossain*—names applied to those who retire from the world into the desert, and there, by a life of penance and contemplation, prepare themselves for the other world. These Hindoo hermits appear to have been known to the ancients, in whose writings frequent mention is made of the *Brachmanes* and *Gymnosophistæ.* Many of these Hindoo hermits appear to have attained great reputation as philosophers; and the names of seven hermit sages are preserved who, after their death, were converted into stars to shine down upon the world. Kings and princes used to pay visits to them as superior beings, bowing down before them with great reverence, washing their feet, and afterwards pouring the water so used upon their own heads. The Yogis or Sunnyassis of the present day do not enjoy quite the same degree of veneration and celebrity; still they are treated with great respect, and are regarded by the natives of Hindostan as persons of exalted powers and nature, whose curse can blast those who offend them; and there can be no doubt that it is the love of reputation which, in conjunction with a mistaken piety, induces many of the Brahmins of the present day to become Sunnyassis. No one is more respected in many districts of Hindostan than a Sunnyassi. He is considered to possess the highest perfection of human nature; when he dies, his soul is believed to be immediately absorbed into Brahma, and does not undergo any transmigrations.

It is generally at an advanced period of life that a Hindoo becomes a Yogi or Sunnyassi; and the mode of entering the new state is thus prescribed in the institutes of Menu, the great Hindoo lawgiver. "When the father of a family perceives his muscles become flaccid, and his hair gray, and sees the child of his child, let him seek refuge in a forest. Abandoning all food eaten in towns, and all his household utensils, let him repair to the lonely wood, committing the care of his wife to her sons, or accompanied by her, if she chooses to attend him. Let him take up his consecrated fire, and all his domestic implements for making oblations to it, and, departing from the town to the forest, let him dwell in it, with complete power over his organs of sense and of action. With many sorts of pure food, such as holy sages used to eat, with green herbs, roots, and fruit, let him perform the five great sacraments, introducing them with due ceremonies. Let him wear a black antelope's hide, or a vesture of bark; let him bathe evening and morning; let him suffer the hair of his head, his beard, and his nails, to grow continually. From such food as he may eat, let him, to the utmost of his power, make offerings and give alms; and, with presents of water, roots, and fruit, let him honour those who visit his hermitage. Let him be constantly engaged in reading the Vedas; patient of all extremities, universally benevolent, with a mind intent upon the Supreme Being; a perpetual giver, but no receiver of gifts, with tender affection for all animated bodies. Let him slide backwards and forwards on the ground; or let him stand a whole day on tiptoe; or let him continue in motion, rising and sitting alternately; but at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, let him go to the waters and bathe. In the hot season, let him sit exposed to five fires, four blazing around him, with the sun above; in the rains, let him stand uncovered, without even a mantle, and when the clouds pour the heaviest showers; in the cold season, let him wear humid vesture; and let him increase by degrees the austerity of his devotion. Then, having reposited his holy fires, as the law directs, in his mind, let him live without external fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit. Or the hermit may bring food from a town, having received it in a basket of leaves, in his naked hand, or in a potsherd; and then let him swallow eight mouthfuls. These and other rules must a Brahmin, who retires to the woods, diligently practise; and, for the purpose of uniting his soul with the Divine Spirit, let him study the various departments of scripture. Having thus performed religious acts in a forest during the third portion of his life, let him become a Sunnyassi for the fourth portion of it, abandoning all sensual affections, and wholly reposing in the Supreme Spirit. Let him not wish for death; let him not wish for life; let him expect his appointed time as a hired servant expects his wages."

In compliance with these directions of Menu, many Brahmins embrace the life of ascetics, first placing themselves under the instruction of some old and experienced Sunnyassi. The number of Yogis, Sunnyassis, and other religious mendicants in Hindostan, is supposed to amount to several millions. They live the greater part of their life in forests and swampy jungles, such as the Sunderbunds on the coast of Bengal; and their numbers are constantly thinned by alligators and tigers, which snap up their miserable carcases. They have racked their imagination to devise forms of penance and torture. "Some tear themselves with whips, or repose on beds of spikes, or chain themselves for life to the foot of a tree. Others keep their hands closed till they are pierced through by the growth of the nails. Others make vows to remain standing in a certain position for years, with their hands held up above their heads, until the arms wither away from inaction, and become fixed and powerless. Others, again, undertake to carry a cumbrous load, or drag after them a heavy chain. Some crawl like reptiles upon the earth for whole years, or until they have thus made the circuit of a vast empire. Others measure with their bodies the road to Juggernaut, or, assuming as nearly as possible the form of a ball, or a hedgehog ensconced in his prickly coat, roll along from the banks of the Indus to those of the Ganges, collecting, as they move in this attitude, money to build a temple, or dig a well, or to atone for some secret crime. Some swing before a slow fire in that horrid clime; or hang for a certain time suspended with their heads downwards over the fiercest flames. Others, turning their heads over their shoulders to gaze at the heavens, remain in that posture until it becomes impossible for them to resume their natural position, while, from the twist of the neck, nothing but liquids can pass into the stomach. The grand act of penitence of sitting exposed to five fires, as commanded by Menu, was witnessed by the traveller Fryer nearly two hundred years ago. A Yogi exhibited this example of self-torture, the most tremendous perhaps that can be conceived, in the sight of a vast multitude at a public festival, during forty days. Early in the morning, after having seated himself on a quadrangular stage, he fell prostrate, and continued fervent in his devotions till the sun began to have considerable power. He then rose, and stood on one leg, gazing steadfastly at the sun, while fires, each large enough, says the traveller, to roast an ox, were kindled at the four corners of the stage, the penitent counting his beads, and occasionally with his pot of incense throwing combustible materials into the fire to increase the flames. He next bowed himself down in the centre of the four fires, keeping his eyes still fixed on the sun. Afterwards placing himself upright on his head, with his feet elevated in the air, he stood for the extraordinary space of three hours in that inverted position; he then seated himself with his legs across, and thus remained, sustaining the raging heat of the sun and the fires till the end of the day."*

These fanatics are great travellers, and numbers of them make it a point to be present at all the great fairs or festivals in Hindostan. "On the approach of any great festival, therefore, you discover beneath the sacred groves, in the precincts of the temples, crowds of devotees of both sexes; the Gossain in a state of perfect nudity; the Yogi with his lark or parroquet, his sole companion for a thousand miles; the Guru, of superior rank in the Brahminical hierarchy, travelling in Oriental splendour to visit the temples, and superintend the ceremonies; the Brahmachari with a curtain of gauze over his mouth, to prevent his inhaling animalculæ, and a soft broom in his hand, with which he cautiously sweeps the ground before him, that he may not tread on an insect. There also you behold numerous fanatics reduced to skeletons by abstinence; others nearly bursting, from having crammed themselves, under a vow, with consecrated ghee. Numbers of these penitents frequently visit the English cities of India. On one occasion more than two hundred crossed over from a temple on the continent to Bombay, fine-looking young men, athletic, bold, and impudent beyond what is usual even with their impudent brotherhood. As they quickly rendered themselves a nuisance even to the Hindoos, the governor became desirous of removing them from the island without offending the Brahmins, who are the natural patrons of this imposture. The ditch surrounding the fortifications, of great extent and considerable breadth, at that time requiring cleaning, an order was issued that all vagabonds, mendicants, and idle persons, who could not give a proper account of themselves, should immediately be employed in this labour. The next morning not a travelling Yogi, Gossain, Sunnyassi, or any of the fraternity, was to be found upon the island."

Besides attending the ordinary festivals, these fanatics make pilgrimages to certain places which are accounted sacred or holy, scattered over Hindostan. Of these holy places—excluding those rivers, such as the Indus, the Krishna, the Ganges, the waters of which are thought to purify from sin—perhaps the most celebrated are the lake of Cumbhacum in Tanjore, and the cities of Gaya, Benares, Prayaga, and Juggernaut. The waters of the lake Cumbhacum have the marvellous privilege of cleansing away sin once in twelve years. When the period approaches when they are to resume their sacred property, the Brahmins, who are on the spot to watch the symptoms, send messengers into all parts of the country to announce the day when the great bathing will take place. The pilgrims then pour in; the sacred day arrives; the banks of the lake are crowded with dense rows of men, women, and children, anxiously waiting the signal from the presiding Brahmin, and when it is given, they all plunge and splash in together, rolling over and over each other, till some have limbs broken, and others are suffocated.

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* Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—Hindoos.

But the holy cities of Gaya, Benares, Prayaga, and Juggernaut, are the great places of resort for pilgrims; and he who has been at all the four, conceives himself to have acquired an extraordinary stock of merit. A visit to Benares especially is considered to secure eternal happiness. Benares, situated in the interior of Hindostan, on the northern bank of the Ganges, is emphatically the holy city of India. It forms, the Hindoo legends say, no part of the terrestrial globe, but rests on a foundation of its own, one of the prongs of Siva's trident—in consequence of which earthquakes are unknown at Benares. The shortest residence in this blessed spot secures the happy resident, even though he be an Englishman, an immediate absorption into Brahm; and one instance is actually recorded of a benighted Englishman availing himself of the privilege, and bequeathing a sum of money to the Brahmins for the erection of a temple after his death. Ward, who relates the story, adds, "I suppress the name of my countryman from a sense of shame."

Although Benares is under the peculiar protection of Siva, it contains innumerable temples of inferior divinities, as well as numerous Mahometan mosques. "The number of temples," says Bishop Heber, who visited the city, "is very great, mostly small, and stuck like shrines in the angles of the streets, and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful, and there are many of them entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic and Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone from Chunar; but the Hindoos here seem fond of painting it a deep red colour, and indeed of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings in gaudy colours of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods, and goddesses, in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties. The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, and are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or wo be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population), in order to make way for the Tonjon. Monkeys, sacred to Hanuman, the divine ape, which conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer's and confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Fakirs' houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending forth an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinas, beyals, and other discordant instruments; while religious mendicants of every Hindoo sect, offering every conceivable deformity which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides."

As a large proportion of the population of Benares are Mahometans, it may easily be conceived that religious animosity will run high between them and the Hindoos. During the government of Lord Minto, a desperate riot broke out between the Mahometans and the Hindoos of this city, and many on both sides were killed.

There is another name even more familiar than that of Benares, to those who have heard anything of the Hindoos and their religion—that of Juggernaut. The town of Juggernaut, or Pooree, stands on the dry sandy coast of Orissa; and the huge black temple of the idol is visible far and wide to the passengers of ships sailing in the Bay of Bengal. It is a vast obelisk or grotesque-shaped pyramid, constructed of enormous blocks of granite brought down from the neighbouring mountains, and rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet. The temple is surrounded by a lofty wall, enclosing a spacious area, and round the interior of the wall runs a gallery, supported by two rows of pillars. The faces of the temple are covered over with sculptures, and the top of it is crowned with copper balls and ornaments, which flash and glitter in the sun. Inside the temple a hundred lamps are kept continually burning before the idol—a gigantic image of black wood, renewed every three years, and said by the Hindoos to contain the bones of Krishna. At every renewal of the image, the bones are transferred from the belly of the old idol into that of the new one; and the Brahmin who performs the ceremony shuts his eyes while he lifts the bones, lest the sight of the holy relics should strike him blind or dead. The temple and its precincts are inhabited by priests, and by numbers of dancing-girls; and the worship of the god is mixed up with, or rather consists of, all that is vicious and licentious. The great annual pilgrimage to Juggernaut, to attend the festival which takes place in June, is, all things considered, the most striking exhibition of the fanaticism of the Hindoos. An admirable description of it is given by Dr Claudius Buchanan in his Christian Researches, Dr Buchanan having himself been present at the festival.

"We know," writes Dr Buchanan, "that we are approaching Juggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it), by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some of them with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrims' caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures, seem to live here on human prey." Through sights like these the traveller proceeded, till he came within sight of the temple. "Many thousands of pilgrims," he says, "have accompanied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand, I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer gate of the town of Juggernaut, where a guard of soldiers is posted, to prevent their entering the town until they have paid the pilgrims' tax. I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut by the length of his body, as a penance of merit, to please the god."

As Dr Buchanan approached the gate of the town, the immense multitude, perceiving a European amongst them, raised a tremendous shout, not of disapprobation, but, as it appeared, of welcome. The mass of pilgrims nearest the gate had resolved to crush in along with him when the gate was opened, and thus avoid paying the pilgrims' tax, levied by the British government. Dr Buchanan was apprised of his danger by an old Sunnyassi; but it was too late; the mass of human beings was already in motion, and he was borne along at the head of a dense column towards the gate. The struggle was terrific, and hundreds would have been suffocated or trampled to death, when fortunately one of the side posts of the gate gave way, and admitted a rush of people. This circumstance alone saved numbers of lives. Admitted now to the town, he thus proceeds with his description:—"No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death. It may be truly compared with the valley of Hinnom. This morning I viewed the temple; a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of the 'horrid king.' The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems in massive and durable sculpture. I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened by the bones of pilgrims, and another place a little way out of the town, called by the English the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen. There is scarcely any verdure to refresh the sight near

Juggernaut; the temple and town being nearly encompassed by hills of sand, which have been cast up in the lapse of ages by the surge of the ocean. All is barren and desolate to the eye, and in the ear there is the never-intermitting sound of the roaring sea."

Part of what he witnessed was too horrible to be described. The 18th of June was the great day of the festival. "At twelve o'clock this day the Moloch of Hindostan was brought out of his temple, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance; all eyes were turned towards the place, and behold a *grove* advancing. A body of men, having green branches or palms in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them, and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again sent forth a voice, 'like the noise of a great thunder;' but the voices I now heard were not those of melody or of joyful acclamation, for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. Their number, indeed, brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful hosannah or hallelujah, but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of hissing applause. I was at a loss how to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women, who emitted a sound like that of whistling, with the lips circular and the tongue vibrating, as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

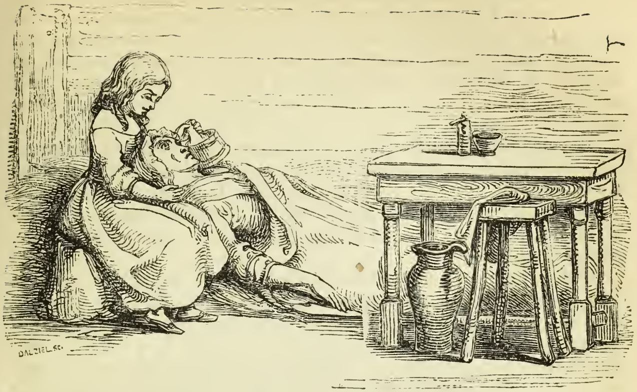
"The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six ropes, of the size and shape of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children, pulled by each rope, crowding so closely, that some could only use one hand. Infants are made to exert their strength in this office; for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol surrounding his throne. I was told that there were about a hundred and twenty persons on the car altogether. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow colour. Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved. I went on in the procession close by the tower of Moloch; which, as it was drawn with difficulty, 'grated on its many wheels harsh thunder.' After a few minutes it stopped, and now the worship of the god began. A high priest mounted the car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who responded at intervals in the same strain. 'These songs,' said he, 'are the delight of the god. His car can only move when he is pleased with the song.'" Other disgusting ceremonies then followed, and, adds Dr Buchanan, "I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing them. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood; and now comes the blood. After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the *Hurries* to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains."

Juggernaut is properly the crowning-piece of Hindoo superstition; but there are many other festivals of a similar description, or more horrible still, if we may believe the assertion made by travellers, that the custom of human sacrifice is not yet extinct in some parts of India—and others where the ceremonial is mirthful and bacchanalian rather than horrible; as, for instance, the festival of spring, and the festival of Kamadeva, the god of love. Passing over these, we shall conclude by a notice of two ceremonies, which, though generally spoken of under the appellation of *customs* of the Hindoos, are really connected with their religion. These are *the sitting in dharna*, and the *burning of widows*, both instances of suicide legitimised by superstition.

When a Brahmin or other Hindoo has some particular point to gain, which he cannot do by any ordinary method, he resolves to sit in *dharna;* that is, he goes to the door of the person with whom he has the dispute, and, armed with a dagger, a phial of poison, or some other instrument of suicide, he sits down doggedly on the doorway, threatening to kill himself if his adversary pass him, or attempt to remove him. The other party is thus shut up in his own house, like a person under arrest; for, if he were to go out, or endeavour to remove the nuisance from his door, and the man actually commit suicide, his blood would, according to Hindoo ideas, for ever lie upon his head. His only alternative is therefore either to grant the suit, or remain shut up in his own house, and make trial of the powers of endurance of his adversary outside. If he chooses the latter, the *dharna* is fairly commenced, and the two parties try which will endure hunger longest; for, as the plaintiff on the doorway will not eat, the defendant inside is obliged, by the etiquette of the *dharna*, to starve himself too. The former, however, has still the advantage, for, if he should die of hunger, or if, in the delirium of starvation, he should kill himself, the other party is guilty of his blood; and thus it rarely happens but that the person who has resolution enough to sit in *dharna* gains his point. The *dharna* is most commonly resorted to in cases of lawsuits between individuals; but there is one instance of a *dharna* on a great scale. A house-tax having been imposed on the natives during Lord Minto's government, the population of Benares and the neighbourhood petitioned and remonstrated against it. As this had no effect, the Brahmins resolved to try the virtue of a *dharna;* and hand-bills announcing the resolution having been circulated, about three hundred thousand individuals left their houses and farms, and sat down with folded arms and drooping heads on the plain surrounding Benares. The local government was exceedingly perplexed; for, besides the risk of hundreds perishing, there was the certainty of a famine, from the cessation of agricultural labour if the *dharna* continued. Still it was judged inexpedient to yield; and the Brahmins were informed that, provided they made no disturbance, and did no damage, they might sit in *dharna* as long as they pleased, as that was their own affair. At length the multitude became intolerably hungry, and a heavy thunder-shower falling, made them cold and uncomfortable. Various proposals were made to induce the authorities to relax; but as they continued firm, the *dharna* gradually dwindled away. The obnoxious tax, however, was ultimately repealed. In this *dharna* of Benares, many caught illnesses of which they never recovered, and much suffering ensued.

The burning of widows along with the corpses of their husbands, a custom practised till lately in Hindostan, but now happily extinct, is of very ancient origin, being alluded to in the Rig-Veda. "A woman who, on the death of her husband," says Unggira, an ancient Hindoo writer, "ascends the burning pile along with him, is exalted to heaven as equal to Uroondhooti; she shall dwell in a region of joy for as many years as there are hairs on the human body; that is, thirty-five millions." Thus authorised, the custom of *concremation*, as it is called, appears to have been exceedingly common in many parts of Hindostan, the victims being generally advanced in life, but sometimes quite young. In many cases the sacrifice was voluntary; but in others, the poor victims appear to have been urged on by the Brahmins. The following is a description of a human sacrifice which took place in 1794 in Podupettah, a village of Tanjore. The lady was about thirty years of age, and the wife of a merchant. "During the whole procession, which was very long, she preserved a steady aspect. Her countenance was serene, and even cheerful, until they came to the funeral pile. She then turned her eyes to the spot where she was to undergo the flames, and she became suddenly pensive. She no longer attended to what was passing around her. Her looks were wildly fixed upon the pile. Her features were altered; her face grew pale; she trembled with fear, and seemed ready to faint away. Perceiving this, the Brahmins made her quit the palanquin; and her nearest relations supported her to a pond that was near the pile, and having there washed her, without taking off her clothes or ornaments, they conducted her to the pyramid, on which the body of her husband was already laid. It was surrounded with the Brahmins, each with a lighted torch in one hand, and a bowl of melted butter in the other. The relatives also, all armed with muskets, sabres, and other weapons, stood closely round. At length the auspicious moment for firing the pile being announced by the Purohita Brahmin, the young widow was instantly divested of all her jewels, and led on, more dead than alive, to the fatal pyramid. She was then commanded, according to the universal custom, to walk round it three times, two of her nearest relations supporting her by the arms. The first round she accomplished with tottering steps; but in the second, her strength wholly forsook her, and she fainted away in the arms of her conductors, who were obliged to complete the ceremony by dragging her between them for the third round. Then, senseless and unconscious, she was cast upon the carcase of her husband. At that instant the multitude, making the air resound with acclamations, retired a short space, while the Brahmins, pouring the butter on the dry wood, applied their torches, and instantly the whole pile was in a blaze. As soon as the flames had taken effect, the living sacrifice, now in the midst of them, was invoked by name from all sides; but she made no answer. Suffocated at once, she lost her life without perceiving it."

Such, as far as our limits have permitted us to describe it, is Hindooism—the system of religion professed by the millions of our fellow-subjects who are the natives of British India. With the hope of converting this numerous race to Christianity, a large body of English missionaries, belonging to various sects, have for some years been actively and meritoriously engaged. The success of these enterprising men, however, has not realised general expectation. Their task is one of great difficulty, and can only be performed after patient and diligent labour; for the parties addressed are skilled in controversy, and indoctrinated with prejudices, against which all ordinary means of attack are unavailing. The loss of caste attending conversion is alone a most formidable obstacle. Men competent to form a correct opinion, appear now to be agreed that the elementary education of the young is the most likely means, humanly speaking, of opening the way for the Gospel; and we are glad to say that this is now in the course of adoption. As the English language spreads in India, hopes may be reasonably entertained that at length a lever has been insinuated beneath the monstrous superstitions of the Hindoos.



THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

I.

ON a September afternoon in the year 1705, a funeral of one of the poor cottagers of the little village of Anthenay, in Champagne, a district in the north-east of France, wound its way to the cemetery. The curé and five young children followed the melancholy procession: the eldest was about ten years of age, and the only one of the little family who wept not; but the look of anguish with which he gazed on the coffin which contained the remains of his father, told how much he suffered.

"Valentine," said the curé to him, ceasing for a while to chant the service for the dead, and not comprehending the boy's silence, "why do you not weep? did you not love your father?"

The boy raised his eyes with a look in which grief was so plainly written, that the good man immediately added—"Poor child! you cannot weep—it is indeed sad."

Wishing, at all risks, to cause those tears which, in flowing, might soothe the fevered mind of the boy, he continued—"He was a good father to you, though very poor; and his last moments must have been embittered at the thought of leaving a wife and five children without means of support. Is it not true, Valentine?"

The boy, making a painful effort to speak, replied—"God is good, sir: he concealed the truth from my mother, who did not suppose that he was dying."

The curé, without making any further observation, resumed the chant, and Valentine again fell into a gloomy and thoughtful silence. When the body had been committed to the earth, and the curé concluded the service, the little cortège prepared to depart. It was then that Valentine found relief in tears, and throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed, "My father! my father!"

The curé beckoned to the peasants to remove the other children, and, kneeling by the side of Valentine, he said, in a tone of commiseration—"Pray for comfort, my son: God is merciful."

Having waited until he perceived the boy getting more composed, he added—"It is time to return home. Come, Valentine, let us be going."

Without making any remark, for there is in grief a passiveness to the will of others, Valentine rose, and, walking side by side, they quitted the cemetery. Not far from the place of repose was an aged elm, at the foot of which a raised bank had existed for centuries. Valentine seated himself on it; and seeing that the curé regarded his movements with surprise, he said to him—"Don't think of me, sir, but continue on your way home."

"And why will you not come with me?" asked the curé.

"Where would you have me go, sir? Home?—why should I go there? My father has left nothing—nothing: our neighbour Maclare this morning sent my mother a loaf of bread; she has to-day at least something to eat."

"And are the sufferings of the family, then, so very great, that your mother has not sufficient food?"

"I would rather not have spoken of it, sir, for my mother would starve rather than make a complaint. Almost everything she gets she gives to her children; and she certainly hurts herself for their sake. This morning my sister found her lying on the ground in a kind of faint, from hunger; and as she was not able to raise her, she put a cloth over her, and fed her with a little warm milk till she recovered. Oh my poor, poor mother!" And here the fulness of Valentine's heart overcame him, and he burst into tears.

"Come, cheer up, cheer up, Valentine," said the curé; "I will, as is my duty, see about something being done for your mother. In the meanwhile, as you say she has something to eat, there is no immediate need for my calling; and as there does not seem to be any danger of your not getting a share of food, had you not better go home?"

"No, sir, I should prefer not to go back just at present. I am not hungry."

"Not at present perhaps; but in an hour or two you will be so, Valentine."

"What would you have me do, sir? I am accustomed to suffering. I will suffer."

"But your mother will be uneasy at not seeing you return."

"It is not the first time that I have been absent, sir."

"And always from the same motive?" asked the curé, greatly moved; "always to leave your portion to be divided amongst the family?"

"Always, sir!" replied Valentine artlessly.

"Oh, why am I myself so poor?" exclaimed the good man; and taking, almost with a degree of respect, the hand of the poor boy, whose tattered clothes scarcely screened him from the weather, he added, "Noble and generous child, come share with me my dinner to-day: it is frugal and simple, as the repast of a poor curate ought to be, who is poorer than the poorest of his parishioners; but it will be sufficient for us both. Come, and we shall afterwards devise as to the best means of relieving you. Not to eat would be to shorten your days, and that would be against Providence—it would be a sin, Valentine."

"Oh, sir, I do not look for much; I ask but the means of earning a livelihood," said Valentine, kissing the hand of the curé, who forced him to rise and accompany him.

In passing by the abode of Maclare, one of the richest farmers of Anthenay—he who had that morning sent the loaf of bread to the poor widow—they perceived him seated before the door of his cottage, busily engaged fastening a hoop on a cask.

"Good-day, reverend sir," said Maclare, raising his cap to the curé. "How is your mother, Valentine? Poor woman!"

"Good-day, Maclare," said the curé, while a sigh was the only reply Valentine gave. "How is it that for the last month your son has not come either to school or catechism?"

"You are very good, reverend sir, and I shall tell you the reason of his absence: it is that our turkeys are obliged to be taken care of, and the boy has been occupied in minding them."

"You ought to get a servant to look after the turkeys, and send your boy to school to continue his studies."

"Nay, I am not so rich, sir, as people say: twenty-four francs a-year, which I give you to educate my son, besides a fagot each week, and a loaf of bread each month—the bread, I am sure, you do not regard much, for you give it to the most necessitous of your parishioners; but still it is so much out of my pocket; and as to get a servant to take care of my turkeys, I could not afford it—what purse in France could support that?"

"There is a way in which you may arrange all this, Maclare. Do you wish to know it?"

"Provided that you do not ruin me, reverend sir, I ask no better; but let me hear your plan."

"All that you would give for educating your son, you are to give to Valentine for taking care of your turkeys, and I shall educate your son without charge. Do you agree to it?"

"Do I agree to it! You ask me do I agree to it, sir; to have my son educated and my turkeys taken care of also at the same price! Certainly I do; and willingly, I assure you."

"It is a bargain then, Valentine," said the curé, turning towards young Jameray. "How do you like the arrangement?"

"Oh, you have saved my life, sir!" said Valentine with emotion. "My mother shall now have something to eat."

"And when the turkeys have gone to roost," said the curé, still addressing Valentine, "with the permission of Maclare, you will come to the presbytery and repeat your catechism; for it would not be right that you should forget what you have already learned."

"You are a good man, sir!" exclaimed the child in a tone of thankfulness.

"It is but right that I should look after my flock," said the curé smiling.

"Oh, my good sir!" said Maclare, "if Valentine has such anxiety about my turkeys, there is no fear but they will be well tended."

II.

"What, Valentine! is it because you are not hungry that you have not eaten your supper?" said Maclare, perceiving that the boy had hidden on a shelf the portion of bread and cheese which his wife had given him for supper.

"Pardon me, master," replied Valentine, confused at being detected; "but——"

"I see that you do not like cheese," replied the farmer roughly; "for a care-taker of turkeys, you are very particular."

"Oh, master," said Valentine, getting more and more confused, "you must not believe——"

"What one sees—is that it?" said the wife. "I did not wish to be the first to make an observation; but since my goodman has seen you, why, then, I must speak. Valentine is squeamish, and requires to be pampered. It is no use to tell me that you are not so, Valentine! During the two years that you have been in our service, every time I gave you for your supper, instead of soup, either cheese, bacon, or butter, I have seen you lay it aside—to feed your turkeys, I think. I do not wish to say more, Valentine; but as it is so much loss to me, since you did not like cheese, you might have returned it to me, and eaten dry bread."

"But I do like it, mistress; and I pray you not to mistake me—do not be angry with me. I wish to eat it; but——"

And Valentine, willing to prove what he had said to be true, mounted on a chair to reach the shelf where he had placed the remains of his supper; but, in his anxiety to do so, the chair fell, bringing the boy with it.

"There; you have nearly broken your neck! I do not wish you to be standing on the chairs," said the farmer's wife petulantly. "Stay, and I shall give you the cheese myself."

Speaking thus, she put her hand upon the shelf, and took the first thing she found—it was an apple.

"Well, well, who could have placed this here?" Not attaching much importance to it, she a second time put up her hand, and brought down a piece of bacon. "I wonder what next! The shelf is surely bewitched!" But her astonishment was indeed great when, reaching up for the third time, she seized the leg of a boiled fowl, and, turning her eyes towards Valentine, she saw that he was weeping.

"Oh mother, mother!" cried he in a voice broken by sobs.

"Will you tell me what this means?" said she, still searching on the shelf. "I am not much surprised at your dislike to the cheese or the bacon, but this fowl—such a nice piece of a pullet as this—if you had stolen these things to eat, I should say nothing, but to steal for the sole purpose of concealing them! Again—another apple, some more cheese, and a pot of butter, and crusts upon crusts: as sure as my name is Jacqueline, here are provisions enough to feed a regiment!"

"Steal!" repeated Valentine, his grief changed into indignation; "and do you suppose I stole these things, mistress?"

"They were not placed on the shelf without hands," observed Maclare, looking at Valentine with severity.

"I placed them there," said Valentine.

"Why did you place them there?" asked Jacqueline.

"I will tell you all, mistress," said Valentine, "lest you should suppose that I have acted wrong."

"That is right, my boy; be frank," said Maclare; "to avow a fault is half the pardon."

"Alas, master," said Valentine, throwing a wistful glance at the provisions which Jacqueline had placed on the table after taking them from the shelf, "if you suppose that I do not like the cheese, nor the fowl, nor the butter, but particularly the fowl, you are indeed mistaken; but if you had a mother and four brothers who were hungry, and who had but a morsel of dry bread to eat each day, would you not have a bad heart if you could refuse to share these good and nourishing things with them? Well, it is to give them to my mother that I have kept them out of my own supper."

"Poor child! And so you have deprived yourself of your supper to give it to your mother?"

"Oh, it was no hardship, Madame Jacqueline, if you knew how happy and contented I felt when I placed something additional on the shelf. 'This bacon will be for my mother,' I said, 'and this apple will be a treat to Paul; and then James, who loves butter, will have some on his bread;' then, when the Sunday comes—for, as you wished me not to go out during the week, I never do, and I never see them but on Sunday—when you are gone to the dance, and I am left alone, how happy I feel when I take all that I have saved during the week, and, putting them in a basket, return home. Oh to see the joy that my coming always brings! and then they all crowd around me. 'What have you brought, Valentine? Oh how happy you must be to regale yourself all day on good things like these!' The poor little fellows do not know how they have been obtained, and I often wish I could carry them more. My mother sometimes—my poor mother!—says to me, 'Are you not depriving yourself to give to us, Valentine?' but I say, 'No, mother, indeed I am not;' and I tell truth."

"You are a brave fellow, Valentine," said Maclare, taking the boy's two hands in his; "you are a good son and a kind brother, and be assured that God will love you for it. But I do not wish that you should lose your supper, do you understand? at your age it is right to eat. You must eat to get strong, and grow big. Wife, you can add the remainder of the turkey we had for dinner to the provisions for the poor widow; and, do you hear, you may as well give a crock of butter to Valentine to take with him; and, wife, the weather is cold enough to freeze a wolf, and this child must not suffer: you know the vest which I have not worn this long time—give it to him, and his mother can alter it for him."

"Is it the red vest, Maclare?" asked Jacqueline, who had already placed the things indicated by her husband amongst Valentine's provisions.

"The red vest!—to frighten my turkeys! No, no; the blue one," said Maclare.

"Those are all stories, are they not, master, that red will frighten turkeys?" asked Valentine, all his good humour returning.

"Stories! Certainly not, my boy."

"It is true, then. Explain that to me, master."

"He is a queer child," said Jacqueline, laughing; "he wishes to have everything explained to him—he must know the why and wherefore of whatever he sees. This summer he destroyed my best apple toaster that he might examine the heavens, and yesterday he thought to poison himself with some herbs which he had boiled to find out their virtue. Red frightens turkeys because it frightens them: there is no other cause than that."

"But that is not a reason, Dame Jacqueline; *why* are they afraid of red?"

"You do not understand that my wife wishes to say that they are afraid of red—therefore they are afraid," said Maclare. "Why, there is no other reason: be satisfied with our explanation."

"But answer me one question—only one, master: when a person is afraid of anything—when you are afraid—you know why."

"That is because I am a man, and I have reason, Valentine; but the turkeys are afraid without knowing why."

"'Tis very strange," said Valentine, "not to know why turkeys have such a fear of red; but," added he, speaking to himself, "I shall know before long, no matter what master says."

The next morning his thoughts were still engaged in ruminating on the previous evening's conversation; and he never ceased until he had procured a piece of red cloth, which he hid inside his coat; then driving the turkeys before him, he reached the border of the pond where it was usual for him to remain with them each day. Waiting until the hour had arrived at which the inhabitants of Anthenay went to chapel, leaving him at liberty to make his experiments without being perceived, he commenced his operations. He chose the finest of the turkeys, and having attached the piece of red cloth to its neck, he let go the bird, and, quietly folding his arms, watched the result.

In an instant the turkey puffed himself up, regarding with terror the red colour mingled with his feathers, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to disengage himself from the annoyance, became furious. Valentine was delighted at these essays; but his joy was soon over. After struggling for some time with the piece of cloth, and finding that the annoyance was not to be removed in this manner, the silly turkey, believing that by flying he could escape the enemy, spread its wings and hurried away; Valentine following its movements with anxiety. The turkey continued flying; but, unused to such fatigue, soon fell: the boy ran and took it up—it was dead!

Valentine then felt all the danger of his experiment. It was the most beautiful turkey of the entire flock. What would Maclare say, or what excuse could he give him? Alas! he had not to wait long in suspense. As he returned, sad and pensive, with the dead bird in his hand to where the remainder of the flock were feeding, he met his master.

"My turkey!" exclaimed Maclare; and seeing the piece of red cloth around the neck of the fowl, he added in anger, "Mischievous urchin! you have been again trying your experiments; but as I have no idea of being any longer the victim of such a thirst for knowledge, get away with you, and never let me see you again."

So saying, he snatched the turkey from Valentine, and pointing to the road, made a sign which could not be misunderstood, and walked towards his cottage.

III.

It was in the year 1707, at the commencement of one of the severest winters on record; and notwithstanding the sharp frost, and the snow which commenced to fall, Valentine remained motionless by the side of the pond where his master had left him.

"Come, exert yourself, Valentine!" said he at length, speaking to himself, after a burst of grief at the thought of his forlorn situation. "But where shall I go? To whom shall I present myself? Who will receive me, now that the farmer Maclare has turned me away? What shall I say to my poor mother? Who will now give her anything to eat? And the curé—the good curé—who always defended me when I was in trouble? I am an unfortunate; and I have deserved it all. I did not think any harm would come of my experiment. I have done wrong, and must suffer for it—and all my weeping will not restore the turkey. Anthenay is not the only village in France! God did not desert me when my poor father died, and when I thought I was lost: perhaps he will not abandon me now: where there are villages there will be farmers—where there are farmers there will be turkeys—and where there are turkeys a keeper will be required.

Animated by this reflection, Valentine took the road lying before him, and without looking back, or turning either to the right hand or the left, quitted his natal village.

Alas! how much suffering would he have been saved had he but known that the farmer, ere he reached home, had regretted the haste with which he had dismissed the poor boy, and had gone in pursuit of him—had he but known that his mistress, Dame Jacqueline, had gone in search of him to his mother's, not forgetting to take the week's provisions with her; and so certain was she that he would seek his friends, that she had left injunctions to send him immediately to her cottage, where everything would be forgiven. But Providence without doubt inspired the boy to take the route he did.

After travelling some days, passing through several villages and hamlets, and in each offering his services, and being always refused, as the night closed he found himself on the road leading to the province of Brie. He was attacked with violent spasms in the head, and his limbs becoming almost stiff with the cold, he knocked at the first door he came to. It was that of a poor farmer whose wife had died a year previously, and who earned a scanty subsistence by cultivating a little plot of ground, and feeding some sheep, a number of which had been destroyed by the frost.

"For charity, sir," said Valentine in a feeble voice, his body nearly bent double and shivering, "allow me to remain a short time in your cottage to rest and warm myself, for I am nearly frozen. Oh! I suffer so much, I believe that I am dying."

He could say no more, and fell insensible at the feet of the farmer, who for a moment appeared uncertain how to act.

"Poor child!" said he, raising him, "you are indeed a wretched object; but no matter; it shall not be said that old Michael left an unfortunate being to perish at his door." As Valentine had not the power to raise himself, the old farmer took him in his arms into the stable where he kept his sheep, and laying him down amongst the heat of the peaceful animals, soon restored his frozen limbs. The next morning when the farmer rose, he went to look after the poor boy, but was shocked at the state in which he found him. On examination, he perceived that the boy was attacked with the malady which had caused his wife's death the previous year.

"Poor boy!" said he, "you have the small-pox, and I know not how to serve you. What can I give you; I that have scarcely enough to eat myself? These taxes and imposts have ruined me; they have taken all that I possessed, even the very beasts that assisted me in tilling my ground. If the cottage were my own, that too would have been taken, but it belongs to the proprietor of the farm. But no matter; I shall do what I can—God will take pity on me."

The eyes of the sick boy spoke the thanks which his tongue could not, and Michael, leaving him for a short time, soon returned with a bundle of old linen. Having taken off the clothes which Valentine wore, he enveloped him in the linen, and collecting a quantity of the manure which lay about the stable, he placed Valentine in the centre, and completely covered his body with it. Believing that he left him to die in peace, the farmer sought his daily occupations.

Morning and evening he visited the child, each time expecting to find him a corpse; but the manure, by causing copious perspiration, had brought the eruption to the exterior, with no greater injury than a number of blotches, which ever after left their indelible marks on his body. Though Valentine escaped from the effects of the frost and sickness, he ran a great risk of dying of hunger.

One morning the farmer, with tears in his eyes, told Valentine that even this addition, little as it was, surpassed his means.

"Then I have no other hope but to die!" said Valentine in a mournful voice, and throwing a look of desolation upon the filthy covering about him.

"Though I am not able to give you food," said the farmer, "there are others who, I am sure, will do so. The curé, who lives a few miles from this place, is a good and charitable man, and I have no doubt will consent to receive you.

Freeing him from his unique covering, and wrapping wisps of hay around his limbs, he placed him on an ass, and, taking care that he should not fall off through weakness, led him to the presbytery. He was there placed in bed, and, by the attention of the curé, was soon restored to health. Unhappily, the good man was not rich; and when he found Valentine completely recovered, he gave him to understand that he wished him to go, and leave his place to be occupied by others who were even more unfortunate than he.

IV.

Valentine recommenced his journey, going from door to door asking for work, or at least a morsel of bread. Alas! both his demands were alike unheeded: the misery which reigned throughout the entire province was frightful. At length a farmer of the village of Clesentine offered him the care of his flocks, which Valentine at once accepted. Possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, idleness did not suit him; and an anxious wish to be instructed, induced him, at the end of two years, to seek other employment. Accident conducted him to the farm of La Rochette, near Deneuvre, at the foot of the Vosges mountains, which was inhabited by a hermit or friar named Palemon.

"My father," said Valentine, "you are alone; receive me, and I will assist you in your work; I will serve you as a domestic; I shall be satisfied to live on bread; and all that I ask in return is, that you will teach me to read." The good man willingly accepted the offer of a young companion, and they lived happily together for some time; until the arrival of a second hermit, bearing an order from their superior, obliged brother Palemon to receive him as a companion.

Valentine was again thrown on the world; but the good hermit gave him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and one league from Luneville. Four old men resided in this retreat; all their fortune consisted of six cows, and the produce of twelve acres of land. These they found sufficient for all their wants and their charities. They received Valentine with pleasure, and confided to him the care of the cows. It was while amongst these religiously-disposed men that Valentine commenced seriously to instruct himself. But he shall tell his own tale, as recorded in his memoirs.

"I commenced," says he, "a new career: I began to learn to write; one of the old men traced my copies with a trembling hand—bad copies were of course the result of so imperfect a model. Not to give the old man trouble, and to get over my lesson, I detached a pane of glass from my window, and placing it upon the copy I had received, traced exactly the letters written underneath. By the repetition of this exercise, in a short time I acquired facility in writing, though it was ever so bad. By means of an old abridged arithmetic, which I had found in the library attached to the hermitage, I learned the first four rules. This was to me a source of amusement and pleasure. In the neighbouring wood I chose a fitting place to study, to which, during the long nights of summer, I frequently retired. One night, while gazing on the number of stars which studded the immensity of the heavens, I recollected having read in an old almanac that on certain days of the year the sun entered into certain signs, which were distinguished by the names of animals. Not knowing what these signs meant, but presuming that there were perhaps in the heavens assemblages of stars which these figures represented, I made it the object of my speculations. Accident furnished me with the means of forming more just notions. Having been sent to Luneville on a fair day, I perceived a number of pictures exposed for sale, fastened against the walls. I found amongst them a planisphere, in which the stars were marked with their different names and magnitudes. The purchase of this planisphere, a chart of the terrestrial globe, and maps of the four divisions of the earth, exhausted all my finances, which amounted to four or five francs. The avaricious and the ambitious may well be excused if the passions by which they are swayed cause a pleasure as real and as lively as I experienced from the possession of these six sheets of paper. A few days sufficed to learn the situations of the greater number of the constellations. But to make use of this knowledge, it was necessary to fix upon a point in the heavens to serve as a base for my observations. I had heard it stated that the polar star was the only one in our hemisphere which was immoveable, and that its situation determined that of the arctic pole. But how to find this star, and to be certain of its immobility! After many inquiries, I was told of a steel needle which had the power of turning itself to the poles of the earth—a prodigy I could scarcely believe, yet fain would see. To my great joy, the eldest of the hermits told me he had a compass with a dial, which he had the goodness to give me. By the aid of this marvellous instrument I soon found out the four cardinal and the subordinate points; but as I was still ignorant of the elevation of the polar star, I employed the following means to find its situation: —I chose a star which appeared to be of the third magnitude: then with an auger I pierced a hole in the branch of a tree of such a size that, looking through, I might perceive that star alone. This done, as a true follower of Ptolemy, I reasoned thus: This star is either fixed or moveable; if fixed, my point of observation being also stationary, it will be always seen through the aperture, and in that case it will be the one I wish to find; if it is moveable, the contrary will be the case, and I can repeat the operation of boring; and this I did frequently, without other success than breaking my auger. The accident made me have recourse to another expedient. I took a straight slip of elder, and having slit it, and taken out the pith, I joined the two parts with thread, and fastened the hollow cane to one of the branches of an oak, which served me as an observatory. By this means I was able to direct the tube with facility towards the different stars which I wished to observe, and at length succeeded in finding the one I sought. After this, it was easy to find the situation of the principal constellations, by drawing imaginary lines from one star to another, and following the projection of the planisphere, and then I knew what to think of this quantity of animals with which the ancients had peopled the skies, perhaps for want of the same number of men worthy of the honour."

You, my young friends, who have books and masters to explain all these things, can you comprehend all the difficulties which Valentine Duval had to surmount before finding what he sought without assistance, and to what a high degree his desire for information must have arrived, to give him the courage to brave all the obstacles opposed by his ignorance, and the patience to surmount them? Well, he had this patience and courage, and with them, as a recompense, a satisfaction both sweet and agreeable. All the days were to him full of delight, for self-instruction was his enjoyment; and at each step that he advanced in science, he found pleasure and profit.

After studying and learning, imperfectly no doubt, the chart of the heavens, he next essayed to gain a knowledge of that of the earth. He imagined to himself that he needed but to follow the track of some one of those of whom he read in Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men, the History of Quintus Curtius, which he had read by accident, or the route taken by the army of the Paladins—books with which the library of the monks was replete. But having no other introduction to geography than the maps which he had purchased at Luneville, he could not, with all his efforts, comprehend what could be the meaning or the use of the circles traced upon the map of the world, such as the meridians, the tropics, and the zodiac. You may laugh at this, my young friends; but recollect that Duval had no one to whom he could apply for the desired information, and which was necessary for him to know, yet the use of which he almost guessed. You know the little black lines upon the map which divide the equator, and which are 360 in number. Valentine Duval, by the force of reflection, imagined that they were so many leagues; and one day, during a conversation with one of the hermits, he affirmed that the terrestrial globe was 360 leagues in circumference.

"I can scarcely think that, my child," said the good father, who was himself no geographer; "for in my voyage to Calabria, I had to traverse more than three hundred and sixty leagues, and I did not, to a certainty, make the circuit of the globe."

This observation, so just, yet so simple, was felt in its full force by Duval, at once overthrowing all his fondly-cherished theories; and might have been the means of his renouncing self-instruction altogether, had not accident again favoured him.

Every Sunday he attended at the Carmelite church of Luneville; and on one occasion, having sauntered into the garden attached to it, he perceived one of the monks occupied in reading. On inquiring the name of the book, he was told that it was a guide to the study of geography, by the Sieur Lannay. The interest which the boy evinced prompted the monk to ask him some questions, the result of which was, that, before leaving, he gave Duval the book. To Valentine such a work was in itself a treasure; and on his return to the hermitage, he lost no time in studying its contents. He there saw the manner in which the degrees of the equator were applied to the measurement of the different portions of the earth; and in making him comprehend the littleness of our globe in comparison to the vast space with which it was surrounded, filled him with wonder.

The wish to become the possessor of a larger stock of books, made him turn over in his thoughts various expedients; and at length his active mind suggested the means. He made war on the denizens of the forest—foxes, polecats, &c.—and then, selling their skins at Luneville, was enabled to purchase books. He also snared birds, and disposing of them likewise, he, in less than a month, gathered up a little capital of forty crowns.

Forty crowns! one hundred and twenty francs amassed thus, sous by sous, with an industry which increased each day. If you can imagine this, my young friends, you may conceive the happiness of Duval. He immediately ran to the town of Nancy—yes, ran is the word—as fast as his feet could carry him, and the first question he asked on entering the town was, to demand the address of a library. He was directed to a bookseller named Truan.

"Sir," said he, the moment he entered the shop, "I have a hundred and twenty francs, which I wish to expend with you. I should thank you to tell me the books best suited to my age and instruction."

The frank and ingenuous countenance of Duval, and the artlessness with which he had told his wishes, interested the kind-hearted Truan so much, that he would willingly have placed the contents of his shop at the disposal of the amiable boy. The bookseller showed him a number of books which he thought would answer; but when their price was calculated, it was found to amount to a much larger sum than Valentine possessed.

"What shall I do?" said he, completely overwhelmed.

"You can owe me the overplus, my little friend," said the librarian.

"But you do not know me, sir," objected the boy, divided between the wish to take the books and the disinclination to contract a debt. "But upon what is your confidence in me founded?"

"Upon your countenance, and the wish you appear to have for learning, my child: I read in your face that you would not deceive me, and that you will pay me before long."

"Well, sir, since your good opinion is taken on such equivocal foundation, I willingly accept your offer; and I assure you, that I shall as far as possible try to merit that good opinion."

When he had his books arranged in his little cell, with the planisphere attached to the wall over his bed, he would not have exchanged his dormitory for the grandest chamber of the Louvre. The walls were covered with maps of provinces and kingdoms—a little world in themselves—and Valentine seldom retired to rest without having first traced, by their assistance, the route of some traveller whose footsteps he longed to follow.

A happy adventure which occurred to him at this time, was the means of increasing his treasure—the number of his books—for to him they were the only things regarded as such. One day, while watching his cows, he found an armorial seal, and immediately announced the circumstance at the hermitage: the next day an Englishman presented himself in his little chamber.

"The seal which you have found is mine—I come to reclaim it."

"If it is yours," replied Valentine, "you can of course describe the arms."

"You wish to joke with me, young man," said the Englishman, regarding the mean dress and the heavy shoes of Duval with a scornful look; "as if you were able to understand heraldry."

"That matters not, sir," said Valentine in a quiet tone; "if you desire to get your seal, you must describe it fully."

Not to prolong the discussion, the stranger obeyed; and Valentine being assured that the Englishman was the real owner, restored it to him.

"Who attends to your education?" asked he, already conceiving a high opinion of the poor youth.

"Myself," replied Valentine artlessly.

"Yourself alone?"

"With the aid of my books, sir: you can see that I have a good number of them."

The Englishman smiled. "You have but these?" said he; "and how have you procured them?"

Valentine recounted the manner in which he had waged war on the birds and beasts of the forest, and the way in which he had applied the profits.

"Poor child!" said the stranger, after listening with attention to him; "come to my lodgings, and, since you love books, I shall give you some."

Thanks to the generosity of the Englishman, his library got an increase of over a hundred volumes. The education which he acquired by their perusal, aided in giving him a wish to better his condition, and Providence assisted him in this desire.

The wood in which the cattle were pastured, by the quantity of books and charts he each morning took with him, presented the appearance of a cabinet of study. One day, while seated at the foot of a tree, thinking over the best means of changing a position in life which had become irksome to him, with his eyes fixed upon an open map, an individual happened to pass, and, astonished at the sight of a boy watching cows, and at the same time studying, he approached him.

"What are you engaged at, my boy?" asked the stranger.

"I am studying geography, sir," replied Valentine.

"Do you understand such things?" asked the unknown, more and more astonished.

"I never occupy myself about things I do not understand," said the young student.

"What are your studies at the present moment, my young friend?" asked the stranger with affability.

"I am seeking the route to Quebec, sir."

"Might I ask the reason, my child?"

"That I might go there to continue my studies at the university, sir. I have read in my books that it is famous."

"There are other universities much nearer to you, and equally good. Tell me one that you would like, my young friend."

This proposition made Duval raise his eyes to the person who spoke. He was a young man of engaging countenance, and the hunting-dress which he wore indicated high rank. Before the boy had time to reply, a numerous retinue issued from various parts of the forest, evidently in quest of the stranger, and, by their livery, he at once knew that he who spoke was one of the princes of the house of Lorraine.

It was no other than the Duke Leopold, who, perceiving Valentine's confusion, by the kindness and affability of his manner soon engaged him in conversation; and so well pleased was he with the answers of the poor boy, that he finished by proposing that he should continue his studies at the Jesuits' College of Pont à Mousson. Without hesitation Valentine accepted the kind offer of the duke; and bidding adieu to the hermits, he and his books were soon transported thither. His progress in learning was as rapid as might have been expected, the study he preferred being geography, history, and the ancients. His masters at length declared that they had nothing more to teach him.

The Duke of Lorraine, who had declared himself the protector of Duval, took him to Paris in 1718, and gave him funds to travel through Holland and the Low Countries. On his return, the duke nominated him his librarian; and a chair of history was founded for him at Luneville.

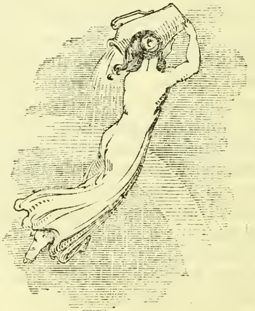
The presents which he received on his elevation, and the economy with which he lived, enabled him to gratify the generous impulses of his heart. The remembrance of the kindness shown him by the hermits of St Anne was not forgotten. He not only built a more extensive and commodious house, but bought a large tract of land for them, by which means they were enabled to extend their charity. Finding that all his family were dead, he purchased the cottage at Anthenay in which he was born, and on its site built a house for the reception of a schoolmaster, where the children of the village who were unable to pay were educated.

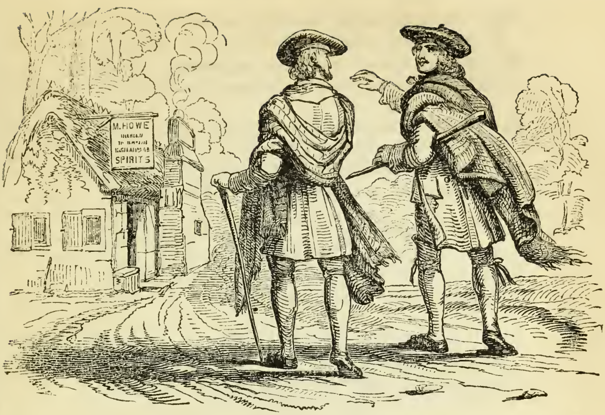
When the Duke of Lorraine died, in 1729, his son the Duke Francis removed to Tuscany; and notwithstanding the endeavours made to retain Duval at Luneville, he followed the fortunes of the young prince, and continued to hold the office of librarian. When the Duke Francis was raised to the throne of Germany by his marriage with Maria Therese, Duval still remained near him, and had apartments in the royal palace. All these favours did not render him either vain or proud. His dress and his habits were alike plain and unostentatious: dividing his time between study, walking, and the society of a few select friends, his life glided on peacefully and agreeably.

Never wishing to make a parade of his knowledge, his frequent reply when questions were asked was, "I know nothing." On one occasion, while conversing with some ignorant person, he made use of this expression, to which the other replied, "The emperor pays you for your knowledge."

"The emperor," said the librarian, "pays me for that which I know; if he paid me for that of which I am ignorant, all the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

His life, sober, active, and accustomed to fatigue, was prolonged to an advanced period, and he died on the 3d of September 1775, at the age of eighty years. Amongst many other charitable bequests which his will contained, was one in which he gave 10,000 florins for the endowment each year of three poor children of Vienna.





THE HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.*

PART I.

WHA was ance like Willie Gairlace—
Wha, in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrestle,
Throw the sledge or toss the bar?
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
Or for safety or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
With the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends who had their handfu',
Purse and service aye were free.

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But were any half sae fair?

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* For half a century, this poetical narration has been one of the most popular ditties in Scotland. Purporting to describe in simple verse the miseries produced by intemperance, its publication in the present form cannot, it is hoped, fail to prove generally acceptable. The author, Hector Macneill, was born at Rosebank, near Roslin, in 1746, and he died in Edinburgh in 1818: "Will and Jean" was first published in 1795.

Soft her smile raise like May morning,
  Glinting owre Demait's* brow;
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
  Stirling's lovely plains below.

Kind and gentle was her nature;
  At ilk place she bore the bell;
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature—
  But her look nae tongue can tell!

Such was Jean when Will first, mawing,
  Spied her on a thrawart beast;
Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing,
  Kepp'd her on his manly breast.

Light he bore her, pale as ashes,
  'Cross the meadow, fragrant, green;
Placed her on the new-mawn rashes,
  Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, when poor Jean, fainting,
  Drapped into a lover's arms;
Wakened to his soft lamenting,
  Sighed, and blushed a thousand charms.

Soon they lo'ed, and soon were buckled;
  Nane took time to think and rue:
Youth and worth and beauty coupled—
  Love had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,†
  Jean and Will thought them but ane;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
  Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure,
  Jean, the hale day, spun and sang—
Will and weans, her constant treasure,
  Blest wi' them, nae day seemed lang.

Neat her house, and, oh! to busk aye
  Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!
But at this time NEWS AND WHISKY
  Sprang na up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie,
  Home returning frae the fair,
Owretook Tam, a neighbour billie,
  Six miles frae their hame and mair.

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* One of the Ochil Hills, near Stirling.

† Happily.

Summer's heat had lost its fury,
  Calmly smiled the sober e'en;
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry,
  Skelping barefoot owre the green.

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
  Canty har'st was just begun,
And on mountain, tree, and water,
  Glinted soft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' louping,
  Marked the whole, but couldna bide;
Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,
  Baith wished for their ain fireside.

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,
  Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they cracked, the mair ilk youthy
  Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
  To poor merit's modest prayer,
And on fools heaps needless blessings,
  Hearkened to our drouthy pair.

In a holm, whose bonnie burnie
  Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road, where travellers turn aye,
  Neat and beild, a cot-house stood.

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
  Window-boards just painted red;
Lowne 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
  Haflins seen and haflins hid.

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin',
  Crept the clasping ivy green;
Back owre firs the high craigs cleadin',
  Raised a' round a cozie screen.

Down below, a flowery meadow
  Joined the burnie's rambling line,
Here it was Meg Howe, the widow,
  This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
  Bottom, Will first marvelling sees—
"PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS,"
  Painted bright between twa trees.

"Here, then, Tam, here's walth for drinking;
  (Wha can this new comer be?")
"Hoot," quo' Tam, "there's drouth in thinking—
  Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak or
  Think of ought but reaming jugs,
Till three times in humming liquor
  Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slokened now, refreshed and talking,
  In cam Meg (weel skilled to please)—
"Sirs, ye're surely tired wi' walking—
  Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

"Thanks," quo' Will, "I cannot tarry,
  Pit mirk night is setting in ;
Jean, poor thing ! 's her lane, and eerie—
  I maun to the road and rin."

"Hoot," quo' Tam, "what's a' the hurry ?
  Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate—
Come ! sit down—Jean winna weary :
  Dear me, man, it's no sae late !"

Will, owrecome wi' Tam's oration,
  Baith fell to, and ate their fill ;
"Tam," quo' Will, "in mere discretion,
  We maun ha'e the widow's gill."

After ae gill cam anither—
  Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa ;
Bang ! cam in Mat Smith and 's brither,
  Geordie Brown and Sandy Shaw.

Neibours wha ne'er thought to meet here,
  Now sat down wi' double glee ;
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter—
  Will got hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing, had lang been greetin' ;
  Will, next morning, blamed Tam Lowes ;
But, ere lang, a weekly meetin'
  Was set up at Maggy Howe's.

PART II.

Maist things ha'e a sma' beginning,
  But wha kens how things will end ?
Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,
  If folk ha'e enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinking,
  E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in weekly drinking
  What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye ha'e conversation,
  Ilka social soul allows;
But in this reforming nation,
  Wha can speak without the NEWS?

News, first meant for state physicians,
  Deeply skilled in courtly drugs;
Now, when a' are politicians,
  Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
  On some things that should be clear,
Found ere lang the fault, and ae night
  Clubbed, and got the *Gazetteer*.*

Twice a-week to Maggie's cot-house,
  Swift by post the papers fled;
Thoughts spring up, like plants in hothouse,
  Every time the news are read.

* * *

See them now in grave convention,
  To mak a' things "square and even;"
Or at least wi' firm intention
  To drink six nights out o' the seven.

'Mid this sitting up and drinking,
  Gathering a' the news that fell,
Will, wha wasna yet past thinking,
  Had some battles wi' himsel.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
  Bore ilk firm resolve awa';
On the ither, Jean's condition
  Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow,
  Weel he saw her bleaching cheek;
Marked the smile she strave to borrow,
  When, puir thing, she couldna speak!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
  Weekly clubs 'mang three or four;
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'
  Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But when now that nightly meetings
  Sat and drank frae six till twa—
When she found that hard-earned gettings
  Now on drink were thrown awa';

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* The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition paper; 1793–4.

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
  Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grown useless, dowf, and sweer aye
  To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tine his manly spirit,
  Healthy bloom, and sprightly e'e;
And, o' love and hame grown wearit,
  Nightly frae his family flee—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?
  Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
  Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek?

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,
  (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace),
Marked the roses as they withered
  Fast on Jeanie's lovely face.

But, alas! when habit's rooted,
  Few ha'e pith the root to pu';
Will's resolves were aye nonsuited—
  Promised aye, but aye got fou;

Aye at first at the *convening*,
  Moralised on what was right;
Yet owre clavers entertaining,
  Dozed and drank till braid daylight.

Things at length draw near an ending—
  Cash runs out; Jean, quite unhappy,
Sees that Will is now past mending,
  Tine's a' heart, and takes a—drappy![*]

* * *

Jean, wha lately bore affliction
  Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,
  Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
  Fond of ilk dear dawted wean;
Now, heart-hardened a'thegither,
  Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, lo'ed to busk aye
  In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,
Now sells a' her braws for whisky,
  To her last gown, coat, and sark!

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[*] Loses heart and takes to dram-drinking.

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
  Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang!—the mair's the pity
  E'er on it he wared sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
  E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
  Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace—
  Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
  Deadly strength was in his arm!

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
  Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
  But were ony half sae fair?

See them *now*—how changed wi' drinking!
  A' their youthfu' beauty gane!—
Davered, doited, daized, and blinkin',
  Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November
  (Claes, and cash, and credit out),
Cow'ring owre a dying ember,
  Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,
  Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets rouped*—
  Now to pay the laird his rent.

No another night to lodge here,
  No a friend their cause to plead;
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
  She, wi' weans, to beg her bread!

PART III.

Oh that folk wad weel consider
  What it is to tine a—*name;*
What this world is a'thegither,
  If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour,
  Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,
If bright *conscience* taks upon her
  To shed sunshine round the heart.

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* Sold by auction.

But wi' a' that wealth can borrow,
  Guilty shame will aye look down;
What maun then shame, want, and sorrow,
  Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie,
  Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
Left by Will, next morning, drearie,
  Taks the road o' black despair!

Cauld the blast—the day was sleeting;
  Pouch and purse without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
  And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face, and lean and haggard,
  Ance sae sonsy—ance sae sweet;
What a change! unhoused and beggared,
  Starving, without claes or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,
  Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there uncertain dandered,
  Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygane errors
  Fled owre fast for e'e to trace,
When grim death wi' a' his terrors
  Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face.

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger,
  Baith down drapt, and down Jean sat;
Daized and doited now nae langer,
  Thought—and felt—and bursting grat.

Gloamin' fast wi' mirky shadow
  Crap owre distant hill and plain;
Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,
  Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain.

Round and round, in wild distraction
  Jeanie turned her tearfu' e'e;
Round and round for some protection—
  Face nor house she couldna see!

Dark and darker grew the night aye;
  Loud and sair the cauld winds thud:
Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie
  Blinkin' through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantic haste she started;
  Cauld nor fear she felt nae mair;
Hope for ae bright moment darted
  Through the gloom o' dark despair.

Fast owre fallowed lea she brattled,
  Deep she wade through bog and burn;
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
  Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud 'mang scenes o' simple nature,
  Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, whose sylvan feature
  Smiled out-owre the roaring flood.

Summer here, in varied beauty,
  Late her flowery mantle spread,
Where auld chestnut, oak, and yew tree,
  Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now wi' winter's ravage,
  A' their gaudy livery cast,
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
  Howl and murmur to the blast!

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror—
  Mountains moved, and castle rocked!
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
  Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

"Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping?"
  Cried a voice wi' angry grane;
"Help! oh help!" quo' Jeanie, weeping—
  "Help my infants, or they're gane!

Nipped wi' cauld—wi' hunger fainting—
  Baith lie speechless on the lea!
Help!" quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting—
  "Help my lammies, or they'll die!"

"Wha thus travels, cauld and hungry,
  Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?
Beggars!" cried the voice mair angry;
  "Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween."

"Beggars *now*, alas! who lately
  Helped the beggar and the poor!"
"Fy! gudeman," cried ane discreetly,
  "Taunt na poortith at our door.

Sic a night and tale thegither
  Plead for mair than anger's din;
Rise, Jock," cried the pitying mither—
  "Rise, and let the wretched in."

"Beggars now, alas! who lately
  Helped the beggar and the poor!"
"Enter!" quo' the youth fu' sweetly,
  While up flew the open door:

"Beggar, or what else, sad mourner!
Enter without fear or dread;
Here, thank God! there's aye a corner
To defend the houseless head.

For your bairnies cease repining;
If in life, ye'll see them soon."
Aff he flew; and, brightly shining,
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART IV.

Here, for ae night's kind protection,
Leave we Jean and weans a while;
Tracing Will in ilk direction,
Far frae Britain's fostering isle.

Far frae scenes o' soft'ning pleasure,
Love's delights and beauty's charms!
Far frae friends and social leisure—
Plunged in murdering war's alarms!

Is it nature, vice, or folly,
Or ambition's feverish brain,
That sae aft wi' melancholy
Turns, sweet Peace, thy joys to pain?

Strips thee of thy robes of ermine
(Emblems of thy spotless life),
And in war's grim look alarming,
Arms thee with the murderer's knife?

A' thy gentle mind upharrows—
Hate, revenge, and rage uprears;
And for hope and joy (twin marrows),
Leaves the mourner drowned in tears?

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
Credit, claes, or ought beside,
Leaves his ance-loved Jeanie Miller,
And sweet bairns, to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozie dwelling,
Sheltered haughs, and birken braes,
Greenswaird howes, and dainty mailing,
Ance his profit, pride, and praise.

Decked wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
Drunk wi' dreams as false as vain;
Fleeched and flattered, roosed and buskit,
Wow! but Will was wondrous fain:

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking—
  How could thought her station keep?
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
  Dozed reflection fast asleep.

But in midst o' toils and dangers,
  Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,
Compassed round wi' faes and strangers,
  Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dyed banners,
  Waving to the widow's moan,
Will saw glory's boasted honours
  End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong-wa'd city,
  Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will, though dauntless, saw wi' pity
  Britain's valiant sons lie slain.

Fired by freedom's burning fever,
  Gallia struck death's slaughtering knell;
Frae the Scheldt to Rhine's deep river
  Britons fought—but Britons fell!

In the throng o' comrades deeing,
  Fighting foremost o' them a',
Swift fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
  And took Willie's leg awa':

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
  Thrice to stand he strave in vain;
Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
  Sighed, and sank 'mang hundreds slain.

On a cart wi' comrades bleeding,
  Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay,
Without cover, bed, or bedding,
  Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay.

In a sick-house, damp and narrow
  (Left behind wi' mony mair),
See Will next, in pain and sorrow,
  Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
  Doctors cured wi' healing art;
Cured, alas! but never, never
  Cooled the fever at his heart.

For when a' were sound and sleeping,
  Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
  Mourning o'er his hapless fate.

A' his gowden prospects vanished,
  A' his dreams o' warlike fame,
A' his glittering phantoms banished,
  Will could think o' nought but—hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
  Rural labour, rural ploys,
Far frae carnage, blood, and riot,
  War, and a' its murdering joys.

PART V.

Back to Britain's fertile garden
  Will's returned (exchanged for faes),
Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
  Friend or credit, meat or claes.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,
  Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity—
  See poor Gairlace forced to beg!

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,
  Now to langer beg thinks shame;
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty—
  Dreams o' former joys and hame.

Hame and a' its fond attractions
  Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
While the thoughts o' dear connexions
  Swell his heart and blind his e'e.

"Monster! wha could leave neglected
  Three sma' infants and a wife,
Naked—starving—unprotected!
  Them, too, dearer ance than life.

Villain! wha wi' graceless folly
  Ruined her he ought to save,
Changed her joys to melancholy,
  Beggary, and—perhaps a grave!"

Starting, wi' remorse distracted,
  Crushed wi' grief's increasing load,
Up he banged; and, sair afflicted,
  Sad and silent took the road.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin',
  Sometimes helpit, Will got forth;
On a cart, or in a wagon,
  Hirplin' aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'enin', stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thrawart fate,
In the bonnie month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Soft the southlin breeze was blawin',
Sweetly sughed the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strak the ear wi' thundering thud.

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting,
Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the west, the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's towers* sae hie.

Roslin's towers, and braes sae bonnie,
Craigs and water, woods and glen—
Roslin's banks, unpeered by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden! †

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will (though hardly fit to gang)
Wandered on through scenes inviting
Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapped asleep.

"Soldier, rise—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith;
Wounded soldier, if complaining,
Sleep na here and catch your death.

Traveller, waken—night advancing,
Cleads wi' gray the neighbouring hill;
Lambs nae mair on knowes are dancing—
A' the woods are mute and still."

"What ha'e I?" cried Willie, waking—
"What ha'e I frae night to dree?
Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steading,
Wife nor bairns ha'e I to see;
House, nor hame, nor bed, nor bedding—
What ha'e I frae night to dree?"

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* Roslin Castle.

† The ancient seat of the celebrated poet, William Drummond, who flourished 1585-1649.

"Sair, alas! and sad and many
  Are the ills poor mortals share;
Yet, though hame nor bed ye ha'e na,
  Yield na, soldier, to despair.

What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
  If hope's bright'ning beams should fail?
See—though night comes dark and eerie,
  Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale.

There, though wealth and waste ne'er riot,
  Humbler joys their comforts shed—
Labour, health, content, and quiet;
  Mourner, there ye'll find a bed.

Wife, 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
  There, alas! ye needna seek—
Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
  Paint wi' smiles a mother's cheek:

A' her earthly pride and pleasure
  Left to cheer her widowed lot;
A' her worldly wealth and treasure
  To adorn her lanely cot.

Cheer, then, soldier! 'midst affliction
  Bright'ning joys will often shine;
Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection—
  Trust to Providence divine!"

PART VI.

Sweet as Rosebank's woods and river,
  Cool when summer's sunbeams dart,
Came ilk word, and cooled the fever
  That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stepped he on, puir fallow!
  Listening to his guide before,
Owre green knowe and flowery hallow,
  Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet though humble,
  Decked wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
  Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers,* sae white and stately,
  Dim by gloamin' glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
  Skies sae red, and lift sae blue.

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* Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville.

Entering now, in transport mingle
  Mither fond and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
  Bleazin' on a clean hearth-stane.

"Soldier, welcome! come, be cheerie,
  Here ye'se rest and tak your bed;
Faint, waes me! ye seem, and weary,
  Pale's your cheek sae lately red!"

"Changed I am," sighed Willie till her;
  "Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be!
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
  Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?"

Ha'e ye marked the dews o' morning,
  Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when, without warning,
  Rough blasts cam and shook the spray?

Ha'e ye seen the bird, fast fleein',
  Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet?
Then see Jean, wi' colour deein'
  Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years' affliction
  (A' their woes now hushed to rest),
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
  Clasps her Willie to her breast;

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings!
  How she wandered, starving, poor,
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings,
  Wi' three bairns, frae door to door.

How she served, and toiled, and fevered,
  Lost her health, and syne her bread;
How that grief, when scarce recovered,
  Took her brain, and turned her head.

How she wandered round the county
  Many a live-lang night her lane;
Till at last an angel's bounty
  Brought her senses back again:

Ga'e her meat, and claes, and siller,
  Ga'e her bairnies wark and lear;
Lastly, ga'e this cot-house till her,
  Wi' four sterling pounds a-year.

Willie, hearkening, wiped his een aye;
  "Oh! what sins ha'e I to rue!
But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?"
  "Wha," quo' Jeanie, "but Buccleuch![*]

Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,
  Nine blest months I've lived, and mair;
Seen these infants clad and nourished,
  Dried my tears, and tint despair:

Sometimes servin', sometimes spinnin',
  Light the lanesome hours gae round;
Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinnin'
  Brings yon angel's helping pound."

"Eight pounds mair," cried Willie, fondly—
  "Eight pounds mair will do nae harm;
And, oh Jean! gin friends were kindly,
  Twelve pounds soon might stock a farm.

There, ance mair, to thrive by ploughin'
  Freed frae a' that peace destroys—
Idle waste and drucken ruin,
  War, and a' its murdering joys!"

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure—
  Thrice ilk bairn, but couldna speak:
Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure,
  Streamed in silence down his cheek!

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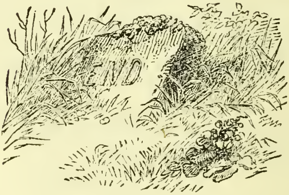
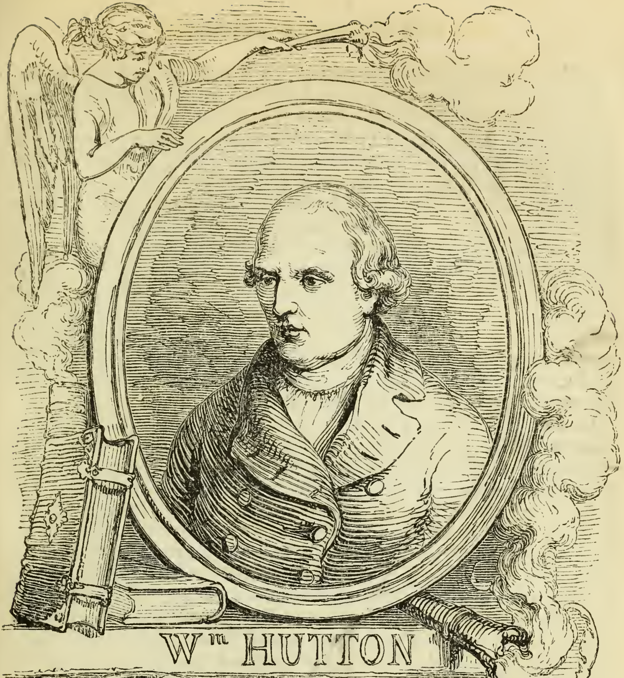
[*] Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleuch.





WILLIAM HUTTON, of Birmingham, whose life affords a fine example of success resulting from sagacity, integrity, and perseverance, was born at Derby on the 30th of September 1723. He was the third child of parents in very poor circumstances, his father, William Hutton, being a journeyman woolcomber, who had married Anne Ward, the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighbourhood of Derby, and a woman deserving of a better fate. Her husband was one of those men who would shine in humble life, and attain universal esteem, if not afflicted with habits of reckless intemperance and extravagance. Able in his profession, acute in his reasoning powers, possessed of a good memory, eloquent in his language, and with not a little acquired knowledge, all these advantages were rendered practically useless to himself or his family, in consequence of a pernicious taste for the low indulgences of the beer and gin-shop. Of the evils of this besetting vice he was fully aware. While mourning his penniless condition, and the sufferings of his wife and family, he would vow to shun in future the intoxicating draught; and even go the length of inscribing his resolution in his pocket-book in the following words:—"O Lord, by thy assistance I will not enter into a public-house on this side of Easter." Alas for all such resolutions! they vanished at the first temptation; and were all forgotten precisely at the time they ought to have been remembered. Repeated failures in his desire to do well, seem to have at last robbed him of all self-respect. He became a habitual sot, and the fate of his wife and children was such as is always endured where a drunkard is the head of a family. With a wailing infant on her knee, in a house without fire or any other comfort, sat the broken-hearted woman, endeavouring to amuse away the hunger of the children who hung about her. And when a morsel of food was procured, she suffered them, with a tear, to take her share amongst them.

In the midst of such scenes—rags, misery, and almost famine—the subject of our memoir passed the first eight years of his existence. Although numbering the third in the family, he was somewhat larger and stronger in person than his seniors, but much less interesting in general appearance. Possessing no personal qualities to recommend him to the special affection of his parents, they gladly allowed him to visit and remain for some time with a couple of maiden aunts at Swithland, where, if he was not treated with marked consideration, he had at least the satisfaction of receiving what he prized more highly—a sufficiency of food. From these aunts he endured almost daily insults, being cuffed, kicked, and buffeted, besides being told of his ugliness; but all this only schooled him to a life of patient endurance, and invoked that spirit of self-dependence of which he afterwards gave so brilliant an example.

Returning to the parental home, he underwent the old usage, which was a variety of suffering on what he had lately experienced. While leading this worse than dog-life, however, he had the good fortune—rare for the child of a habitual dram-drinker—to be sent to school, where he learned to read, though at the expense of a vast amount of distress; for his teacher was a severe disciplinarian, and scrupled not to beat his head against the wall, to tear his hair, and commit other atrocities customary among schoolmasters in those and much later times. The result of his chastisements was an intense hatred of learning, which fortunately he outlived. Not so much because he was doing little good at school, but because his powers of labour came into demand to help the general earnings, he was recalled, and put to a regular employment. This was a step which had for some time engaged the serious attention of both father and mother. The father was glad of any means for relieving him of the obligation to support his family; and what means more feasible than that of compelling his boy to go to work, although still an infant in years and stature? The mother, in her distressed condition, tattered and worn down with a complication of woes, was thankful that she could look to one of her children for a contribution to the family resources, and eagerly planned the nature of his employment. Winding quills for the weaver was schemed, but died away. Stripping tobacco for the grocer, in which fourpence a-week was to be earned, was proposed; but it also was dropped: and finally, the idea of despatching him to the silk-mill at Derby, an establishment just begun, was struck out, and settled on. It was at the same time resolved to send Thomas, an elder brother, along with him. On being exhibited to one of the clerks, William was objected to as too young; but the objection was overruled, and he was admitted as "a hand" in an establishment already numbering three hundred active workers.

At first it was feared that he would be incapable of attending at the post which had been assigned to him. His legs were too short, and he could not reach the engine. Luckily, one of the superintendents contrived a remedy, which was the fixing of a pair of high pattens to his feet; and these appendages he continued to use for twelve months, at the end of which time he had attained a sufficient length of limb. His employment was but a new variety of suffering. Factories, a hundred years ago, were not conducted with that regard to the comfort of the employed which they now for the greater part are. There was much petty tyranny exercised; and to not a little of this young Hutton was exposed. The cane was flourished freely as an instrument of coercion; and the language and general conduct of all was most revolting. Distressing as were the scenes enacting around him, he had to endure them for a space of seven years; and these seven years he afterwards spoke of as the most miserable period of his existence. In the memoirs of his life, written by himself, and from which we draw these and other particulars, he records two little incidents connected with his labours in the silk-mill, which present a lively idea of the sensations he experienced. "The Christmas holidays of 1731," he observes, "were attended with snow, followed by a sharp frost. A thaw came on in the afternoon of the 27th, but in the night the ground was again caught by a frost, which glazed the streets. I did not awake the next morning till daylight seemed to appear. I rose in tears, for fear of punishment, and went to my father's bedside to ask what was o'clock. 'He believed six.' I darted out in agonies, and from the bottom of Full Street to the top of Silk-mill Lane, not two hundred yards, I fell nine times! Observing no lights in the mill, I knew it was an early hour, and that the reflection of the snow had deceived me. Returning, it struck two. As I now went with care, I fell but twice." Again he relates, "in pouring some bobbins out of one box into another, the cogs of an engine caught the box in my hand. The works in all the five rooms began to thunder, crack, and break to pieces: a universal cry of 'Stop mills' ensued. All the violent powers of nature operated within me. With the strength of a madman I wrenched the box from the wheel; but, alas! the mischief was done. I durst not show my face, nor retreat to dinner, till every soul was gone. Pity in distress was not found within those walls."

In 1733, when he was ten years of age, he lost his mother; her death having been caused, like that of many poor women, by unsuitable bodily toil, shortly after giving birth to an infant. His father now gave up housekeeping—sold off the wreck of his furniture—spent the money in worthless debauchery, and took lodgings for himself and three children in the house of a widow, who had four children of her own. In this new home the fate of our young hero was not improved. His mother gone, his father at the alehouse, nearly without clothes, scanty fare, and the drudgeries and demoralisations of the mill; all rendered his life forlorn and wretched. On one occasion he fasted from breakfast one day till noon the next, and then dined only on flour and water boiled into hasty pudding. Sometimes he anticipated a slight alleviation in his sufferings by the possibility of his father introducing a stepmother; but this event does not appear to have occurred, and the remainder of his term at the mill was spent, while he lived in lodgings, with other members of the family.

The long-looked-for year of emancipation from the thraldom of the mill at last arrived. He had been bound for seven years, and it was now the seventh. It became therefore requisite to point out some other mode of future life, which could be conveniently embraced. This it was difficult to do. William had received little or no education, and what trade of a superior kind could he expect to follow? His taste pointed to the profession of a gardener; but this his father objected to. He next, in desperation, proposed to be a stocking-weaver with his uncle George Hutton in Nottingham. Here again his father demurred; but William felt the necessity for decision, and on the expiry of his time at the mill, in 1738, he went to Nottingham, and entered himself in the employment of his uncle.

This change did not prove a happy one. "I had just finished one seven years' servitude," he states, "and was entering on another. In the former, I was welcome to the food I ate, provided I could get it; but now that it was more plentiful, I was to be grudged every meal I tasted. My aunt kept a constant eye upon the food and the feeder. This curb galled my mouth to that degree, that to this day I do not eat at another's table without fear. The impressions received in early life are astonishing.

"I was too young to have any concern in the terms of servitude, and my father too poor to lend assistance. A burden was therefore laid upon me, which I afterwards found intolerable—that my over-work, without knowing whether I should get any, must find me clothes.

"My task was to earn five shillings and tenpence a-week. The first week I could reach this sum I was to be gratified with sixpence; but ever after, should I fall short, or go beyond it, the loss or profit was to be my own. I found it was the general practice of apprentices to be under the mark."

William's elder brother, Thomas, soon followed him to Nottingham, and was likewise bound apprentice to his uncle, no efforts having been made by his father to procure him any other trade. Thus the two brothers, who had been for seven years companions at the silk-mill of Derby, were now again companions at the stocking-frame in Nottingham. The trade was one which neither of them liked; they had only consented to follow it out of necessity, and because they could find no other into which admission was so easy. Possessing no affection for his daily labour, and unsupported by any cheering influences around him, William produced no more work than his allotted task; yet he made shift to earn enough to purchase a good suit of clothes, the first of the kind he had ever worn; and this seemed like a gleam of prosperity in his career.

Matters went on satisfactorily for some time. William's uncle treated him kindly, and his situation was in all respects more comfortable than it had ever been before, when, one day in the year 1741, an unhappy quarrel arose, on account of William having absented himself without leave during the week of the races. This was, no doubt, a serious offence. A disallowed absence from labour is, at all times, a breach of contract, and therefore to be condemned; and when the absence is caused by so contemptible, not to say so vicious an amusement as the spectacle of horse-racing, it cannot be passed over without severe reprehension. Reared as our hero had been in ignorance, he was not unconscious of having committed an error, and, under a considerate master, his convictions might have been turned to good account. Unfortunately George Hutton, the uncle, was but a commonplace person, and had no idea of punishment except through hard labour and the cudgel. Accordingly, when the truant apprentice made his appearance on Saturday morning, his sullen and indignant relative told him that, if he did not perform his accustomed task that day, he should be thrashed at night. "Idleness," says Hutton, in narrating what followed, "which had hovered over me five days, did not choose to leave me the sixth. Night came: I wanted one hour's work. I hoped my former conduct would atone for the present; but my uncle had passed his word, and did not wish to break it. 'You have not done the task I ordered.' I was silent. 'Was it in your power to have done it?' Still silent. He repeated again, 'Could you have done it?' As I ever detested lying, I could not think of covering myself, even from a rising storm, by so mean a subterfuge. I therefore answered in a low meek voice, '*I could.*' This fatal word, innocent in itself, and founded upon truth, proved my destruction. 'Then,' says he, 'I'll make you.' He immediately brought a birch broom handle of white hazel, and, holding it by the small end, repeated his blows till I thought he would have broken me to pieces. The windows were open, the evening calm, the sky serene, and everything mild around us. The sound of the roar and the stick penetrated the air to a great distance. The neighbourhood turned out to inquire the cause, when, after some investigation, it was said to be 'only Hutton thrashing one of his lads.' I was drawing towards eighteen, held some rank among my acquaintance, and made a small figure in dress; therefore, though I was greatly hurt in body, I was much more hurt in mind by this flogging. The next day, July 12, 1741, I went to Meeting in the morning as usual. My uncle seemed sorry for what had passed, and inclined to make matters up. At noon he sent me for some fruit, and asked me to partake of it. I thanked him with a sullen 'No.' My wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries. Standing by the palisades of the house in a gloomy posture, a female acquaintance passed by, and turning, with a pointed sneer said, 'You were beaten last night.' The remark stung me to the quick: I would rather she had broken my head."

The idea of running away had on former occasions been suggested to him by an ill-conditioned fellow-apprentice called Roper, and he now determined to put it in practice. Accordingly, one morning he left his uncle's house, which he trusted never more to enter. What follows may be related in his own words. "Figure to yourself a lad of seventeen, not elegantly dressed, nearly five feet high, rather Dutch built, with a long narrow bag of brown leather, that would hold about a bushel, in which was neatly packed up a new suit of clothes, also a white linen bag, which would hold about half as much, containing a sixpenny loaf of coarse blencorn bread, a bit of butter wrapped in the leaves of an old copy-book, a new Bible, value three shillings, one shirt, a pair of stockings, a sun-dial, my best wig, carefully folded and laid at top, that, by lying in the hollow of the bag, it might not be crushed. The ends of the two bags being tied together, I slung them over my left shoulder. My best hat, not being properly calculated for a bag, I hung to the button of my coat. I had only two shillings in my pocket, a spacious world before me, and no plan of operations. I cast back many a melancholy look, while every step set me at a greater distance, and took what I thought an everlasting farewell of Nottingham. I carried neither a light heart nor a light load; nay, there was nothing light about me but the sun in the heavens and the money in my pocket. I considered myself an outcast, an exuberance in the creation, a being now fitted to no purpose. At ten o'clock I arrived at Derby. The inhabitants were gone to bed, as if retreating from my society. I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all were at rest; but before I was aware, I perceived the door open, and heard his foot not three yards from me. I retreated with precipitation. How ill calculated are we to judge of events! I was running from the only hand that could have saved me. Adjoining the town is a field called Abbey-barns, the scene of my childish amusements. Here I took up my abode upon the cold grass, in a damp place, after a day's fatigue, with the sky over my head, and the bags by my side. The place was full of cattle. The full breath of the cows half asleep, the jingling of the chains at the horses' feet, and a mind agitated, were ill calculated to afford me rest. I rose at four, July 13, starved, sore, and stiff, deposited my bags under the fourth tree, covering them with leaves, while I waited upon Warburgh's bridge for my brother Samuel, who I knew would go to the silk-mill before five. I told him that I had differed with my uncle, had left him, and intended to go to Ireland; that he must remember me to my father, whom I should probably see no more. I had all the discourse to myself, for my brother did not utter one word. I arrived at Burton the same morning, having travelled twenty-eight miles, and spent nothing. I was an economist from my cradle, and the character never forsook me. I ever had an inclination to examine fresh places. Leaving my bags at a public-house, I took a view of the town, and, breaking into my first shilling, I spent one penny as a recompense for the care of them. Arriving the same evening within the precincts of Lichfield, I approached a barn, where I intended to lodge; but finding the door shut, I opened my parcels in the fields, dressed, hid my bags near a hedge, and went to take a view of the city for about two hours, though very sore-footed. Returning to the spot about nine, I undressed, bagged up my things in decent order, and prepared for rest: but, alas! I had a bed to seek. About a stone's cast from the place stood another barn, which perhaps might furnish me with a lodging. I thought it needless to take the bags while I examined the place, as my stay would be very short. The second barn yielding no relief, I returned in about ten minutes. But what was my surprise when I perceived the bags were gone! Terror seized me. I clamoured after the rascal, but might as well have been silent, for thieves seldom come at a call. Running, raving, and lamenting about the fields and roads, employed some time. I was too much immersed in distress to find relief in tears: they refused to flow. I described the bags, and told the affair to all I met. I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but redress from none. I saw my hearers dwindle with the twilight, and at eleven o'clock found myself in the open street, left to tell my mournful tale to the silent night. It is not easy to place a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing; a stranger to the world, and the world to me; no employ, nor likely to procure any; no food to eat, or place to rest: all the little property I had upon earth taken from me; nay, even hope, that last and constant friend of the unfortunate, forsook me. I was in a more wretched condition than he who has nothing to lose. I sought repose in the street upon a butcher's block."

With the morning light the young runaway rose from his hard couch, and recommenced his inquiries for his clothes, but without avail. A gentleman to whom he addressed himself informed him that it was market-day at Walsall, a village some miles off, and that possibly he might find something to do there. Setting out, he reached Walsall with blistered feet and a heavy heart. He applied for employment to a man who sold stockings in the market, and was told that there were no stocking-frames at Walsall, but that there were some at Birmingham, and that he might probably find work there. Acting on this information, he set out for Birmingham, which he reached that afternoon. The appearance of this busy and populous town greatly surprised him. The people seemed to possess a vivacity he had never before beheld. He felt as if he had hitherto been among dreamers, but now saw men wide awake. The gait of the men bespoke an alacrity of intellect, and on all sides were symptoms of life and industry. The bustling air of the place, however, only served to increase the young traveller's dejection; he seemed the only idle being in the throng. Having ascertained that there were three stocking-makers in Birmingham, to these he applied in turn. The first bade him go about his business, as he would have nothing to do with a runaway apprentice; the second gave him a penny to get rid of him; and though the third entered into conversation with him, and asked some questions about his acquaintances in Derby, he allowed him to depart.

"It was now about seven o'clock," he writes, "in the evening, Tuesday, July 14, 1741. I sat down to rest upon the north side of the Old Cross, near Philip Street; the poorest of all the poor belonging to that great parish, of which, twenty-seven years after, I should be overseer. I sat under that roof, a silent, oppressed object, where, thirty-one years after, I should sit to determine differences between man and man. Why did not some kind agent comfort me with the distant prospect?

"About ten yards from me, near the corner of Philip Street, I perceived two men in aprons eye me with some attention. They approached near. 'You seem,' says one, 'by your melancholy situation and dusty shoes, a forlorn traveller, without money and without friends.' I assured him it was exactly my case. 'If you choose to accept of a pint of ale, it is at your service. I know what it is myself to be a distressed traveller.' 'I shall receive any favour with thankfulness.' They took me to the Bell, in Philip Street, and gave me what bread, cheese, and beer I chose. They also procured a lodging for me in the neighbourhood, where I slept for three-halfpence."

Next day the idler still hung about Birmingham, regaling his eyes with the sights in the streets, and living on cherries, which were a halfpenny a pound. On the next, however, he set out for Coventry, in hopes of finding employment there. In this, too, he was disappointed; either no work was to be had, or none would be given to a runaway apprentice, as every one to whom he applied saw him to be. On Friday the 17th he left Coventry, and, after passing through several of the villages in the neighbourhood, reached Hinckley about four in the afternoon. Here he applied to one Millward, a stocking-maker, who knew his family at Derby. "He set up," he says, "the same objection that others had done, and I made the same unsuccessful reply. He set me to work till night, about two hours, in which time I earned twopence. He then asked me into the house, entered into conversation with me, told me he was certain I was a runaway apprentice, and begged I would inform him ingenuously. I replied with tears that I was, and that an unhappy difference with my uncle was the cause of my leaving his service. He said if I would set out on my return in the morning, I should be welcome to a bed that night. I told him that I had no objection to the service of my uncle, but that I could not submit to any punishment; and if I were not received upon equitable terms, I would immediately return to my own liberty."

Next morning he took Millward's advice, and set out on his return. He reached Derby at nine in the evening, with eightpence in his pocket out of the two shillings which he had taken with him from Nottingham, having thus spent precisely one shilling and fourpence in the course of his week's rambles. His principal fare had been raw turnips and cherries.

Contrary to expectation, the returned prodigal was received with a degree of kindness by his father, who chanced to be in one of his happier moods. It was agreed that his uncle should be sent for to arrange the terms of surrender, if that were possible. Next day, Sunday, George Hutton arrived, and seemed by no means implacable; for he felt in some measure self-accused. It was finally agreed that young William should return to his duties; and he did so; but although forgiven by others, he could not forgive himself. He had lost self-approbation, lost time and money, and the effects of his unhappy conduct hung about him for years.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the remainder of his apprenticeship to his uncle. His taste for books and reading, indeed, seems first to have been developed about this period; and he also devoted himself enthusiastically to music, becoming a performer on several instruments. His term of apprenticeship having expired in the end of 1744, he continued at the stocking trade as a journeyman with his uncle; depressed, however, by the growing conviction, not only that the stocking trade was one which did not suit him, but also that it was one by which it would be difficult to earn a subsistence. As he did not relish the thought of being a journeyman for life, he asked his uncle to permit him to set a frame in his work-room, and work on his own account—which would make him a master on a small scale. His uncle at first consented, but afterwards drew back, which Hutton thought rather ungenerous, as the plan proposed was a common one in Nottingham. Nevertheless, as he did not like to leave his uncle, he continued to work as a journeyman under him till the month of September 1746, when his uncle's death set him at liberty, or rather cast him adrift, for he had now both a new home and new employment to seek.

After their uncle's death, William Hutton and his brother Thomas went to reside with their sister Catherine, who, in 1743, had married William Perkins, a tailor at Swithland, but had separated from him shortly afterwards, in consequence of an unfortunate disagreement, and taken a house in Nottingham. While the sister laboured hard at the spinning-wheel, the two brothers continued their trade as stocking-makers. Trade was very dull. "The stocking-frame being my own," says William Hutton, "and trade being dead, the hosiers would not employ me. They could scarcely employ their own frames. I was advised to try Leicester, and took with me half a dozen pairs of stockings to sell. I visited several warehouses; but, alas! all proved blank. They would neither employ me, nor give for my goods anything near prime cost. As I stood like a culprit before a gentleman of the name of Bennet, I was so affected that I burst into tears, to think that I should have served seven years to a trade at which I could not get bread."

The greater number of young men, placed in the deplorable circumstances to which Hutton now found himself reduced, would probably lose heart altogether, and sink still lower in condition. Many, indeed, would not scruple to seek relief from others, by begging or otherwise. But William Hutton, uninstructed and unrefined as he was, appears to have possessed a nobility of mind which shrunk from everything that was either mean or dishonourable. Friendless, and almost penniless, he was still a friend to himself. He resolved to battle manfully with his fate, and the battle was not in vain.

SELF-RELIANCE—MIDDLE LIFE.

Reduced to the brink of despair, in consequence of the failure of the trade to which he had been reared, young Hutton bethought himself of trying an entirely new profession; one which has more than once rescued the industrious and deserving from abject penury. This was to deal in books. He began in an exceedingly humble way. For some time he had been in the habit of amusing his leisure hours by reading, and also attempting a little literary composition, his taste, like that of most other inexperienced young men, taking a turn towards versification. These recreations led to the patching and binding of any old volume or pamphlet which fell in his way. His first bold attempt at renovation was on three volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine. "I fastened them together," he says, "in a most cobbled style; but they afforded me a treat. I could only procure books of small value, and these in worn-out bindings. I learned to patch; procured paste, varnish, &c. and brought them into tolerable order; erected shelves, and arranged them in the best manner I was able. If I purchased shabby books, it is no wonder that I dealt with a shabby bookseller, who kept his whole working apparatus in his shop. It is no wonder, too, if, by repeated visits, I became acquainted with this bookseller, and often saw him at work; but it is a wonder and a fact, that I never saw him perform one act but I could perform it myself—so strong was the desire to attain the art. I made no secret of my progress, and the bookseller rather encouraged me; and that for two reasons—I bought such rubbish as nobody else would, and he had often an opportunity of selling me a cast-off tool for a shilling not worth a penny. As I was below every degree of opposition, a rivalship was out of the question.

"The bookseller at length offered me a worn-down press for two shillings, which no man could use, and which was laid by for the fire. I considered the nature of its construction; bought it, and paid the two shillings. I then asked him to favour me with a hammer and a pin, which he brought with half a conquering smile and half a sneer. I drove out the garter-pin, which, being galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He said in anger, 'If I had known, you should not have had it.' However, I could see he consoled himself with the idea that all must return to him in the end. This proved for forty-two years my best binding press.

"A bookbinder fostered by the stocking-frame was such a novelty, that many people gave me a book to bind; that is, among my friends and their acquaintance; and I perceived two advantages attended my work: I chiefly served those who were not judges; consequently, that work passed with them which would not with a master; and, coming from the hands of a stockinger, it carried a merit, because no stockinger could produce its equal."

Having thus begun the business of a bookbinder, he endeavoured to rely on it altogether for subsistence, but finding that he had leisure time on his hands, he filled up the intervals with labour at the stocking-frame; and between the two he managed to support himself in a frugal way. Persevering in this manner, his prospects gradually brightened. Bookbinding became more plentiful, and he resolved to abandon the stocking trade for ever: in this resolution his sister cordially supported him. There was, however, a difficulty in the way. Hitherto he had only used the wretched tools and the materials which his friend the bookseller had been willing to sell him; and many things were wanting which could be had only in London. To the metropolis, therefore, he made up his mind to go, for the purpose of procuring proper tools, and arranging a correspondence for future supplies. Yet where was the money to come from to meet this great enterprise? His sister, who appears to have been the only relative for whom he could entertain an affection, came forward at this juncture. She raised for him three guineas, which for security she sewed in the collar of his shirt, and putting eleven shillings in his pocket, bade him good speed on his journey.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Nottingham to London was dangerous as well as toilsome. The roads were everywhere haunted by highwaymen, one or more of whom Hutton had no doubt he should encounter, and he kept the eleven shillings given him by his sister ready to be handed to the first who should waylay him. Fortunately, no such misadventure occurred on the journey, which being performed on foot, occupied three long and painful days. An extract from his diary, descriptive of what he endured and saw on the excursion, cannot but be acceptable. "On Monday morning at three, April 8 [1749], I set out. Not being used to walk, my feet were blistered with the first ten miles. I must not, however, sink under the fatigue, but endeavour to proceed as if all were well, for much depended on this journey. Aided by resolution, I marched on. Stopping at Leicester, I unfortunately left my knife, and did not discover the loss till I had proceeded eleven miles. I grieved, because it was the only keepsake I had of my worthy friend Mr Webb. In the evening I stopped at Brixworth, having walked fifty-one miles; and my whole expense for the day was fivepence.

"The next day, Tuesday the 9th, I rested at Dunstable. Passing over Finchley Common, on the third day, I overtook a carter, who told me I might be well accommodated at the Horns, in St John Street, Smithfield, by making use of his name; but it happened, in the eagerness of talking, and the sound of his noisy cart, that he forgot to tell his name, and I to ask it.

"I arrived at the Horns at five, described my director, whom they could not recollect: however, I was admitted an inmate. I ordered a mutton-chop and porter; but, alas, I was jaded; I had fasted too long; my appetite was gone, and the chop nearly useless.

"This meal, if it might be called a meal, was the only one during my stay, and, I think, the only time I ever ate under a roof. I did not know one soul in London, therefore could have no invitations. Nature is supported with a little, which was well for me, because I had but little to give her. If a man has any money, he will see stalls enough in London which will supply him with something to eat, and it rests with him to lay out his money to the best advantage. If he cannot afford butter, he must eat his bread without. This will tend to keep up an appetite, which always gives a relish to food, though mean; and the scantiness will add to that relish.

"The next morning I breakfasted in Smithfield upon furmity, at a wheelbarrow. Sometimes I had a halfpenny-worth of soup, and another of bread; at other times bread and cheese. I only ate to live.

"If a man goes to receive money, it may take him a long time to transact his business; if to pay money, it will take him less; and if he has but a little to pay, still less. My errand fell under the third class. I only wanted three alphabets of letters, a set of figures, and some ornamental tools for gilding books; with leather and boards for binding.

"I wished to see a number of curiosities; but my shallow pocket forbade. One penny, to see Bedlam, was all I could spare. Here I met with a variety of curious anecdotes; for I found conversation with a multitude of characters. All the public buildings fell under my eye, and were attentively examined; nor was I wanting in my inquiries. Pass where I would, I never was out of the way of entertainment.

"Though I had walked 125 miles to London, I was upon my feet all the three days I was there. I spent half a day in viewing the west end of the town, the squares, the park, the beautiful building for the fireworks erected in the green park, to celebrate the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. I could not forbear mentioning at night to my landlord at the Horns the curiosities I had seen, which greatly surprised him. He replied, 'I like such a traveller as you. The strangers that come here cannot stir a foot without me, which plagues me to that degree I had rather be without their custom. But you, of yourself, find out more curiosities than they can see, or I can show them.'

"On Saturday evening, April 13, I set out with four shillings for Nottingham, and stopped at St Alban's. Rising the next morning, April 14, I proceeded on my journey. This was a melancholy day: I fell lame, owing to the sinews of my leg being overstrained with hard labour. I was far from home, wholly among strangers, with only the remnant of four shillings. The idea occasioned tears!

"I stopped at Newport Pagnel. My landlord told me my shoes were not fit for travelling: however, I had no others, and, like my blistered feet, I must try to bear them. The next day, Monday the 15th, I slept at Market Harborough, and on the 16th called at Leicester. The landlady had carefully secured my knife, with a view to return it, should I ever come that way. I reached Nottingham in the afternoon, having walked forty miles.

"I had been out nearly nine days; three in going, which cost three and eightpence; three in London, which cost about the same; and three returning, nearly the same. Out of the whole eleven shillings, I brought fourpence back.

"London surprised me; so did the people; for the few with whom I formed a connexion deceived me, by promising what they never performed. This journey furnished vast matter for detail among my friends."

Now prepared for setting up as a bookbinder on a regular plan, the important question arose—where should he commence operations? London first occurred, but this was very properly abandoned. It was finally determined that he should fix on some market-town within a stage of Nottingham, and open shop there on the market-days, till he was somewhat better prepared to begin the world at Birmingham.

After some hesitation, he observes, "I fixed upon Southwell as the first step of elevation. It was fourteen miles distant, and the town as despicable as the road to it. I went over at Michaelmas, took a shop at the rate of twenty shillings a-year, sent a few boards for shelves, a few tools, and about two hundredweight of trash, which might be dignified with the name of books, and worth perhaps a year's rent of my shop. I was my own joiner, put up the shelves and their furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place;" as may be evidenced by the following advertisement:—"William Hutton sells all kinds of Bibles, common prayers, school-books, and books in all arts and sciences, both new and second-hand; all sorts of stationery wares, as sealing-wax, wafers, quills, pens, and paper of all sorts; ink, slates, pencils, cards, letter-cases, letter-files, maps and pictures, books of accompt of all sizes; gilds and letters gentlemen's libraries; binds books in all varieties of bindings at the lowest prices; and takes in subscriptions for the monthly magazines."

It was a desperate effort, and required desperate means. The weather was rainy; but every Saturday morning, he continues, "I set out at five o'clock, carried a burden of from three to thirty pounds weight, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and half a pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister. Nothing short of a surprising resolution and rigid economy could have carried me through this scene."

Besides this resolution and economy, Hutton also exercised a reasonable degree of self-restraint. Eschewing mean temptations, and seeking counsel from his sister, he avoided with becoming tact the imprudent step of marrying before he was in a fit situation to encounter the obligations of matrimony. For such self-denial he takes occasion to congratulate himself; for it tended greatly to promote his subsequent advancement in life.

After the experience and small successes of a year at Southwell, he thought of attempting a removal to Birmingham, and for this purpose, in February 1750, went thither to make up his mind on the subject. His account of the journey affords a graphic picture of the state of the roads in this part of England nearly a century ago.

"Wishing to take Swithland in my return to Nottingham, to visit my two aunts, I was directed through Tamworth, where I spent one penny; then through a few villages, with blind roads, to Charnwood Forest; over which were five miles of uncultivated waste, without any road. To all this I was a stranger.

"Passing through a village in the dusk of the evening, I determined to stop at the next public-house; but, to my surprise, I instantly found myself upon the forest. It began to rain; it was dark; I was in no road; nor was any dwelling near. I was among hills, rocks, and precipices, and so bewildered, I could not retreat. I wandered slowly, for fear of destruction, and hallooed with all my powers; but met with no return. I was about two hours in this cruel state, when I thought the indistinct form of a roof appeared against the sky. My vociferations at length were answered by a gruff voice from within the building, and I was admitted. I was now in a small room, totally dark, except a glow of fire which would barely have roasted a potato, had it been deposited in the centre. In this dismal abode I heard two female voices, one that of an old aunt, the other of a young wife.

"We all sat close to this handful of fire, and, becoming familiarised by conversation, I found my host agreeable. He apologised for not having treated me at first with more civility; he pitied my case, but had not conveniences for accommodation.

"Hints were now given for retiring to rest. 'I will thank you,' said I, 'for something to eat; I have had nothing since morning, when at Birmingham.' 'We should have asked you, but we have nothing in the house.' 'I shall be satisfied with anything.' 'We have no eatables whatever, except some pease porridge, which is rather thin, and we are ashamed to offer.' 'It will be acceptable to a hungry man.'

"While supper was *warming*, for *hot* it could not be, a light was necessary; but, alas! the premises afforded no candle. To supply its place, a leaf was torn from a shattered book, twisted round, kindled, and shook in the hand, to improve the blaze.

"By another lighted leaf we marched up to bed. I could perceive the whole premises consisted of two rooms—house and chamber. In the latter was one bed, and two pair of bedsteads. The husband, wife, aunt, and two children, occupied the first; and the bedstead whose head butted against their bedside was appropriated for me. But now another difficulty arose. There were no bedclothes to cover me. Upon diligent inquiry, nothing could be procured but the wife's petticoat; and I could learn that she robbed her own bed to supply mine. I heard the rain patter upon the thatch during the night, and rejoiced it did not patter upon me.

"By the light of the next morning I had a view of all the family faces. The wife was young, handsome, ragged, and goodnatured. The whole household, I apprehend, could have cast a willing eye upon breakfast; but there seemed a small embarrassment in the expectants. The wife, however, went to her next neighbour's, about a mile, and in an hour returned with a jug of skimmed milk and a piece of a loaf, perhaps two pounds, both of which, I have reason to think, were begged; for money, I believe, was as scarce as candle. Having no fire, we ate it cold, and with a relish.

"My host went with me half a mile, to bring me into something like a track, when I gave him a shake of the hand, a sixpence, and my sincere good wishes. We parted upon the most friendly terms. I had seen poverty in various shapes, but this was the most complete. I had also seen various degrees of idleness, but none surpassed this. Having returned to Nottingham, I gave warning to quit at Southwell, and prepared for a total change of life."

Proceeding to Birmingham, he with some trouble succeeded in finding a small shop likely to suit him. It was the lesser half of the shop of Mrs Dix, No. 6, Bull Street, and for this he agreed to pay a rent of one shilling a-week. Here he commenced business on the 25th of May 1750, his stock in trade being considerably increased by the purchase of a lot of old books, the refuse of a library, from Mr Rudsdall, a dissenting clergyman. The acquisition, small as it was, could not be conveniently paid for in money, and was effected by a note of hand on the following easy terms:—"I promise to pay to Ambrose Rudsdall one pound seven shillings when I am able." The debt was in time justly liquidated, but in the meantime the young and aspiring bookseller had much to encounter. In Birmingham, his abilities were tried by a higher standard than in Southwell, and redoubled exertions were necessary. Melancholy thoughts often came over his naturally buoyant mind; and tears shed in secret may be said to have moistened his humble fare. From such feelings of despondency, he always recovered by an appeal to moral and religious considerations, and by forming new and still more ardent resolutions. On looking round his establishment, he was consoled with observing that he was increasing in the possession of worldly goods, and occasionally a bright golden guinea was added to his treasures. As time wore on, his circumstances improved. His trade was evidently supporting him; and, by dint of extreme frugality—living at the rate of five shillings a-week, including food, rent, washing, and lodging—he found, at the end of a year, that he had saved twenty pounds. At the same time he made a few respectable acquaintances in the town, and now his life became more agreeable. This glimpse of prosperity, however, was for some time shaded by the persecution of the parish overseers, who were afraid that he might become burdensome to the parish, and wished to remove him; which, as the poor-laws then stood, they might have effected.

One of Hutton's first acquaintances in Birmingham was Mr Grace, a hosier in the High Street, one of the persons to whom he applied for work in 1741, when he visited Birmingham as a runaway apprentice. After being a year settled in Birmingham, he was again brought into connexion with Mr Grace, by wishing to take a shop next door to him. The rent was large—eight pounds—and frightened him; but at last he ventured on taking the premises, to which he removed, and where he pursued business in a more elevated style, and with more success. In 1752, he says, "I had a smiling trade, to which I closely attended; and a happy set of acquaintances, whose society gave me pleasure. As I hired out books, the fair sex did not neglect the shop. Some of them were so obliging as to show an inclination to share with me the troubles of the world. Placed at ease, I again addressed the muses, and, as I thought, properly applied my talent, and with better success than five years before. Some of my productions crept into the magazines and other periodical papers. Attention enabled me to abstract a small sum from trade, and I frequently amused myself with marshalling in battalia fifty bright guineas, a sight I had not been accustomed to."

Mr Hutton, now a rising stationer, with a house of his own, began to feel the inconveniences of housekeeping. Twice he engaged a female servant; but one proved to be of intemperate habits, and the other was a dreadful sloven in cookery; and now he considered himself warranted in looking out for a helpmate. He had not far to seek. Mr Grace, his next-door neighbour, being a widower, had lately received his niece, Miss Sarah Cock, from Aston, near Derby, to keep his house, and with this young lady an intimacy sprang up. "I saw her," he says, "the night she arrived, and thought her a little neat delicate creature, and rather handsome. It was impossible, situated as we were, to avoid an intercourse. Without my having the least idea of courtship, she seemed to dislike me, which caused a shyness on my side, and kept us at a distance. The intercourse continued; for, as I had no housekeeper, I dined with Mr Grace at a fixed price." Matters went on in this way for three years, during which Mr Hutton's prospects were continually brightening. "I never courted her," he says, "nor she me; yet we, by the close union with which we were cemented, were travelling towards the temple of Hymen without conversing upon the subject. Such are the happy effects of reciprocal love." At first Mr Grace opposed the match, on the selfish ground that it would deprive him of his housekeeper: at length, however, he came to lend it his favour. Justice compels us to add, that on the part of the wooer there was also something like sordidness in seeking the match. On the 21st of March 1755, he observes, "Mr Grace and I went to Aston to treat with the parents of Miss Cock. As I ever detested being a beggar, I wished to have, in the first instance, as much as they chose to give, for I knew I should never ask afterwards. I answered faithfully whatever questions were asked, and showed the progressive state of my circumstances, which was now an accumulation of two hundred pounds. They offered one hundred. I replied, 'It is rather too little.' 'You cannot,' said her mother with mildness, for she was one of the best women that ever lived, 'desire more than we can give.' Struck with this reasonable reply, I could not call in one word to object." Accordingly, after a little delay, the young couple were married, "a change," says Hutton, "which I never wished to unchange."

From the date of his marriage Mr Hutton's property grew rapidly. In 1756 he took the hint given him by a friend who was a papermaker, and added a paper warehouse to his shop; a step which was the means of making his fortune. "I perceived," he says, "more profit would arise from the new trade than the old; that blank paper would speak in fairer language than printed; that one could only furnish the head, but the other would furnish the pocket; and that the fat kine would, in time, devour the lean. These larger profits, however, could only arise from larger returns, and these would demand a larger capital.

"Few men," he continues, "can bear prosperity. It requires a considerable share of knowledge to know when we are well; for it often happens that he who is well, in attempting to be better, becomes worse. It requires resolution to *keep* well. If there was a profit to the *seller*, I concluded there must be one to the *maker*. I wished to have both. Upon this erroneous principle I longed for a paper mill. I procured all the intelligence I could relative to the fabrication of paper; engaged an artist to make me a model of a mill; attended to business, and nursed my children; while the year ran round. This mill mania continued for three years. I pursued the scheme, till lost in a labyrinth; and was at last glad to sell the concern to Mr Honeyborn for eighty guineas, for which I took his bond, bearing interest. Upon examining my accounts, I found I had lost in cash *two hundred and twenty-nine pounds!* Add to this the loss of three years of the prime part of my life, when trade was prosperous, and at a time when I had no opponent: I considered myself a sufferer of at least L.1000. I was so provoked at my folly, that I followed up my business with redoubled spirit, cast up stock every quarter, and could not rest till I had brought my affairs into a successful line. The first quarter after the sale, which was from Midsummer to Michaelmas, I augmented my fortune twenty-nine pounds."

These losses had no permanent effect on Mr Hutton's fortunes. Year after year the profits of his business increased; and, notwithstanding the growing expenses of his family, he always contrived to have a large balance of the yearly income over the expenditure. Part of his profits he invested in land, purchasing small farms in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. His first speculation of this kind he thus details:—" Ever since I was eight years old, I had shown a fondness for land; often made inquiries about it, and wished to call some my own. This ardent desire after dirt never forsook me; but the want of money had hitherto prevented me from gratifying my wish. Nothing makes a man poorer, except gaming. And to buy land without money, is often followed with ruin. My trade could spare none. Yet this did not expel the desire.

" A papermaker at Alfrick, in Worcestershire, with whom I dealt, told me that a small farm adjoining his own was for sale. He wanted land, and urged me to purchase. I gave him a commission to buy it for L.250, agreed to let it to him for L.20 per annum, and I borrowed all the money to pay for it. Thus I ventured, and with success, upon a most hazardous undertaking."

Having once begun purchasing land, it became a passion with him: fortunately, however, his bargains were generally well-considered and profitable. " The more attention," he writes in the year 1769, " a man pays to any undertaking, the more he is likely to succeed. The purchase of land was a delight, a study, and a profit. We saved this year L.479."

On one piece of land which he purchased at Bennett's Hill, about two miles from town, he erected a house, where he afterwards resided the greater part of every year. And so may be said to close the second chapter in his life.

PUBLIC LIFE—BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

From the period at which we are now arrived, Mr Hutton's life for nearly thirty years ran on in an even and prosperous tenor, diversified by few incidents other than those which happen in the life of most successful citizens. His first step to public life was in 1768, when he was chosen one of the overseers of the poor—a situation in which his active and benevolent mind found congenial exercise. In 1772 he was chosen one of the commissioners of the Court of Requests in Birmingham—a court established for the recovery of small debts, and the settlement of disputes among the poorer classes, the commissioners or judges being men chosen for their temper and practical sagacity. This was precisely the proper element for such a man as Hutton, and he engaged in the duties of commissioner with the utmost relish. " The Court of Requests," he says, " soon became my favourite amusement. I paid a constant attendance, and quickly took the lead. Responsibility, I knew, must follow; for, standing in the front, I was obliged to take it on myself, which excited caution. I had every party to watch, that fraud might not creep in.

" The management of the court engrossed nearly two days in a week of my time, including the trouble it gave me at my own house. I attended the court nineteen years. During this time more than a hundred thousand causes passed through my hands! a number, possibly, beyond what ever passed the decision of any other man. I have had 250 in one day. Though I endeavoured after right, it cannot be supposed, in so large a number, they were all without error."

In the year 1787 he published a volume entitled "The Court of Requests," containing a collection of decisions on a variety of cases which came before him in his public capacity;* and these decisions are fitted to raise the highest ideas of his acuteness and talent as a judge. As a specimen, we may quote his report of one case, in which "the stewards of a sick-club sued a member for the arrears of his weekly contribution. He pleaded nonage.

"*Court.*—Are you married?

"*Defendant.*—Yes.

"*Court.*—And so you are, at the same time, a husband and an infant! Was it honest in you to enter this club, and, if attacked by sickness, to draw money from the box, and yet, to prevent paying what was their due, shelter yourself under childhood?

"*Defendant.*—I have never received anything from the club, consequently I owe nothing to it.

"*Court.*—So much the better that you never had occasion to demand from the box; but every member, though he enjoys a series of health, receives a constant benefit from it; for the very idea of a support in the day of affliction, yields to the mind a daily satisfaction. Health may be better enjoyed when there is a treasure laid up for sickness. Your not receiving is no argument why you should not pay. You continually held a claim in reversion. As we cannot precisely determine a man's age by looking in his face, we have a right to demand a certificate of yours."

The next court-day he produced one from the church register.

"*Court.*—This proof does not come up to the point. What age were you when you were baptised?

"*Defendant.*—I cannot tell.

"*Court.*—A man arrives at maturity twenty-one years after the day of his birth, not his baptism. We generally suppose a child may be a month older than the date of the register. But in cases where one party wishes to defraud another, it becomes necessary to draw the line with precision. If we strictly adhere to a register, it follows, those children who are not baptised till three or four years old, will not be of age till four or five-and-twenty; nay, we have known instances of people being baptised at forty, which would give them a license to do what they often do without—

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* This volume forms one of the publications in a series of cheap reprints; and is better fitted than almost any other book we know for disciplining the popular mind both in notions of justice and in right reasoning and logic, while at the same time it is entertaining as a collection of anecdotes. —*Ed.*

cheat the world till threescore. As you cannot ascertain your exact age, we shall set aside your childish plea, and do you the honour of treating you as a man—an honour you would gladly accept in any place but this."

Mr Hutton, however, had become an author previous to the publication of his "Court of Requests;" for in 1782 was published his "History of Birmingham," a work which has been much admired, and procured him the honour of being elected a member of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. We now pass on to the year 1791. "This year," he writes, "began prosperously, as many had done before it. Trade was extended, and successful. I had for twelve years desisted from buying land, and kept my money in business, so that I had been able to draw out a considerable sum to improve my houses, and to buy furniture, a carriage, &c. without feeling it. My family loved me. I enjoyed the amusements of the pen, the court, and had no pressure upon the mind but the declining health of her I loved. But a calamity awaited me I little suspected."

The calamity here alluded to was the celebrated Birmingham riots of 1791, in which Mr Hutton was one of the principal sufferers. It is necessary to give a brief account of these riots, which he always regarded as constituting an era in his life.

About the year 1790-91, party spirit ran very high in this country, principally in consequence of the public excitement relative to the French Revolution, then just begun, and as yet bloodless. In almost all the large towns of Great Britain there were two parties, one approving of the French Revolution as a triumph of popular principles, the other condemning it as a step to anarchy and irreligion. The former consisted for the most part of dissenters from the Church of England, then suffering under certain civil disabilities, which have since been removed; the latter, on the other hand, consisted principally of adherents of that church. Between the two there sprang up feelings of personal rancour and hostility, which were displayed in a very unseemly manner on all occasions.

In no town did this party spirit run so high as in Birmingham, not only because the dissenters of that town were very numerous, but also because a theological controversy had for several years been going on in it between the celebrated Dr Priestley, then minister of a Unitarian chapel there, and the town clergy. So strong and bitter was sectarian feeling in this town, that clergymen of the Church of England, when asked to funerals, refused to go in the same coach with dissenting ministers. The great majority of the working-classes belonged to what was called "the Church and King party," and disliked the dissenters. Still, the display of feeling was confined to mere words, or acts of incivility; and it was not till the month of July 1791 that any breach of the public peace occurred. The immediate occasion of the terrible riots which happened in the middle of that month, was a dinner held in one of the hotels by a number of gentlemen, to express their sympathy with the French Revolution, and their admiration of its leaders. Similar meetings were held on the same day—the 14th of July—in other towns of the empire. Foreseeing the possibility of a riot, some of the gentlemen who had intended to be present at the dinner in Birmingham absented themselves; and the rest, to the number of eighty-one, broke up at a very early hour—between five and six in the afternoon—after drinking a number of political toasts. By the time the dinner was over, however, a mob of idle men and lads had gathered at the door of the inn, who, from groaning and hissing, and shouting "Church and King," took to throwing stones against the windows. Increasing in number, and growing furious with the exercise, they rushed from the inn to Dr Priestley's meeting-house, burst open the doors, demolished the pews, and set the building on fire. They then proceeded to the Old Meeting, and treated it in a similar manner. Meeting with no resistance from the authorities, they next marched out to a place called Fairhill, at a little distance from town, where Dr Priestley resided. Dr Priestley had barely time to escape with his life, when the mob arrived, entered his house, demolished his furniture, and set it on fire—destroying, in the conflagration, books, philosophical instruments, and manuscripts, which had been the labour of many years. Having accomplished all this mischief without molestation, the mob dispersed about three o'clock in the morning.

Mr Hutton, ignorant of the riot, slept that night at his house at Bennett's Hill, about two miles out of town. "When I arose the next morning," he says, "my servant told me what had happened. I was inclined to believe it only a report; but coming to the town, I found it a melancholy truth, and matters wore an unfavourable aspect; for one mob cannot continue long inactive, and there were two or three floating up and down, seeking whom they might devour, though I was not under the least apprehension of danger to myself. The affrighted inhabitants came in bodies to ask my opinion." No precautions having been taken by the magistrates to quell the mob, it recommenced the work of destruction. The first victim was John Ryland, Esq. a dissenter, and a friend of Dr Priestley, but who had not, any more than the doctor, attended the obnoxious dinner. After destroying his house, the mob broke up into two, the one proceeding to Bordsley, a mile out of town, to burn the house of Mr Taylor, an influential gentleman of Birmingham; the other assembling in the New Street, and meditating an attack on Mr Hutton's premises. About noon, writes Mr Hutton, "a person approached me in tears, and told me 'my house was condemned to fall.' As I had never, with design, offended any man, nor heard any allegations against my conduct, I could not credit the information. Being no man's enemy, I could not believe I had an enemy myself. I thought the people, who had known me forty years, esteemed me too much to injure me. But I drew from fair premises false conclusions. My fellow-sufferers had been guilty of *one* fault, but I of *two*. I was not only a dissenter, but an active commissioner in the Court of Requests. In the office of commissioner I studied the good of others, not my own. Three points I ever kept in view: to keep order, do justice tempered with lenity, and compose differences. Armed with power, I have put a period to thousands of quarrels, have softened the rugged tempers of devouring antagonists, and, without expense to themselves, sent them away friends. But the fatal rock upon which I split was, *I never could find a way to let both parties win.* Some of my friends," he continues, "advised me 'to take care of my goods, for my house must come down.' I treated the advice as ridiculous, and replied '*that* was their duty, and the duty of every inhabitant, for my case was theirs. I had only the power of an individual. Besides, fifty wagons could not carry off my stock in trade, exclusive of the furniture of my house; and if they could, where must I deposit it?' I sent, however, a small quantity of paper to a neighbour, who returned it, and the whole afterwards fell a prey to rapine.

"All business was now at a stand. The shops were shut. The town prison, and that of the Court of Requests, were thrown open, and their strength was added to that of their deliverers. Some gentlemen advised the insurgents assembled in New Street to disperse; when one, whom I well knew, said, 'Do not disperse; they want to sell us. If you will pull down Hutton's house I will give you two guineas to drink, for it was owing to him I lost a cause in the court.' The bargain was instantly struck, and my building fell.

"About three o'clock they approached me. I expostulated with them. 'They would have money.' I gave them all I had, even to a single halfpenny, which one of them had the meanness to take. They wanted more; 'nor would they submit to this treatment,' and began to break the windows, and attempted to seize the goods. I then borrowed all I instantly could, which I gave them, and shook a hundred hard and black hands. 'We will have some drink.' 'You shall have what you please if you will not injure me.' I was then seized by the collar on both sides, and hauled a prisoner to a neighbouring public-house, where, in half an hour, I found an ale score against me of 329 gallons."

Escaping at length from the clutches of the mob who were detaining him in the alehouse, Mr Hutton set out for his house at Bennett's Hill, which he reached about five o'clock, leaving his house in Birmingham to its fate; his son, Mr Thomas Hutton, however, remaining in town to see what he could do to save it. His efforts were ineffectual. "I learned," writes Hutton, "that after I quitted Birmingham, the mob attacked my house there three times. My son bought them off repeatedly; but in the fourth, which began about nine at night, they laboured till eight the next morning, when they had so completely ravaged my dwelling, that I write this narrative in a house without furniture, without roof, door, chimney-piece, window, or window-frame. During this interval of eleven hours, a lighted candle was brought four times, with intent to fire the house, but, by some humane person, was kicked out. At my return, I found a large heap of shavings, chips, and fagots, covered with about three hundred-weight of coal, in an under kitchen, ready for lighting.

"The different pieces of furniture were hoisted to the upper windows, to complete their destruction; and those pieces which survived the fall, were dashed to atoms by three bludgeoners stationed below for that service."

But Mr Hutton's losses were not yet over. On reaching his house at Bennett's Hill the previous evening, he had made several applications to his neighbours to take in part of his furniture, fearing that the rioters, not content with destroying his house and premises in town, would soon follow him to Bennett's Hill. The neighbours to whom he applied were alarmed for the consequences to themselves of protecting the property of so obnoxious a person, and refused to receive it. Mr Hutton's fears that the mob would visit Bennett's Hill were but too well founded. Still unchecked by any decisive measures on the part of the magistracy, the mob began a third day of riot; and their first object of attack was Mr Hutton's country house. "Saturday the 16th," writes Mr Hutton, "was ushered in with fresh calamities to myself. The triumphant mob, at four in the morning, attacked my premises at Bennett's Hill, and threw out the furniture I had tried to save. It was consumed in three fires, the marks of which remain, and the house expired in one vast blaze. The women were as alert as the men. One female, who had stolen some of the property, carried it home while the house was in flames; but returning, saw the coach-house and stables unhurt, and exclaimed, with the decisive tone of an Amazon, 'Confound the coach-house, is not that down yet? We will not do our work by halves!' She instantly brought a lighted fagot from the building, set fire to the coach-house, and reduced the whole to ashes."

It was not till late next day that the riots were suppressed by the arrival of the military from London; and in the meantime several other houses had been destroyed, and much additional damage done. On Monday the 18th, Mr Hutton, who, since the morning of the 16th, had been obliged to wander like a fugitive through the country, returned to Birmingham. "My friends," he says, "received me with joy; and though they had not fought for me, they had been assiduous in securing some of my property, which, I was told, 'had paved half the streets in Birmingham.'

"Seventeen of my friends offered me their own houses; sixteen of them were of the established church, which indicates that I never was a party man. Our cabinets being rifled, papers against government were eagerly sought after; but the invidious seeker forgot that such papers are not in use among the dissenters. Instead, however, of finding treasonable papers in mine, they found one of my teeth wrapt in writing paper, and inscribed, 'This tooth was destroyed by a tough crust July 12, 1775, after a faithful service of more than fifty years. I have only thirty-one left.' The prize was proclaimed the property of a king, and was conducted into the London papers, in which the world was told 'that the antiquaries had sustained an irreparable injury; for one of the sufferers in the late riots had lost a tooth of Richard III., found in Bosworth Field, and valued at L.300.'"

The amount of loss sustained by Mr Hutton during the riots he estimated at L.8243, 3s. 2d., exclusive of the loss resulting from the interruption of his business. The sum awarded to him as a compensation, in terms of an act of parliament passed after the riots, was only L.5390, 17s.; and many of the sufferers fared even worse. "It is inconceivable," he writes, "what trouble and anxiety we underwent in preparing for the trials to recover our lost property. Every obstacle of human invention was thrown in our way. I was induced to wish I had given up my claim, and lost all.

"At the trials, every insult was offered to the sufferers that the malice of an enemy could contrive. The two judges, Baron Thompson and the Lord Chief Baron Eyre, were shocked at the foul treatment; and the latter remarked, that 'he had never, in his whole life, seen so much rancour and ill-blood.'

"The verdict of some of the sufferers," he continues, "did not cover the expenses of the suit. My part of the expenses of my own trial amounted to L.884, 15s. 9d. The sum allowed was paid with as much reluctance as if the sufferers had destroyed their own property. It was two years before we received it; and I am of opinion that we never should have had it at all, but for the vigilance of Lord Aylesford and some of the county gentlemen."

The Birmingham riots seem to have made a very keen impression on Mr Hutton's mind. He never speaks of them without evident feeling. He wrote a history of them about three weeks after their occurrence, which, however, was not published till it appeared in his Life.

"The cruel treatment," he says, "I had met with, totally altered my sentiments of man. I had considered him as designed to assist and comfort his species, to reduce the rough propensities of his nature, and to endeavour after perfection, though he could not reach it. But the return I met with, for having sacrificed nearly two days a week of my time, and no small portion of my talents, to the gratuitous service of the public, during nineteen years, convinced me that the nature of the human species, like that of the brute creation, is to destroy each other. These considerations determined me to withdraw from all public business, to spend the small remainder of existence with my little family, and amuse myself with the book and the pen."

Acting on these resolutions, this pattern of a judge retired from the service of an ungrateful public. From the same cause, Dr Priestley, a man of whom England had great reason to be proud, left his country for America, where he pursued his chemical researches unmolested till the period of his death in 1804.

OLD AGE—RETIREMENT.

The struggling youth and thoughtful man was now in the decline of years, and, desirous of retiring from all active duties, at the end of 1793 he delivered over his business to his son, Mr Thomas Hutton, reserving his estates for his own use. From that period he resided generally at Bennett's Hill, walking in every morning to Birmingham to assist his son in the shop, and returning again in the evening. His wife, who had long been ailing, was now on her deathbed. "My practice," he writes, "had long been to rise about five, relieve the nurse of the night by holding the head of my dear love in my hand, with the elbow resting on the knee. At eight I walked to business at Birmingham, where I stayed till four, when I returned. I nursed her till eight, amused myself with literary pursuits till ten, and then went to rest. January 23—I had left her as usual with the waker and my daughter, and had slept two hours. The sitter-up called me gently. I awoke in surprise. 'Don't be frightened.' 'Is she gone?' 'Yes.' She had departed at half an hour past eleven. I arose. My dear treasure, whom they were preparing to undress, was laid upon the carpet. Grief stops the pen. The scene is affecting. I am undergoing a second death. I can stop the pen, but not the tear."

Hutton's autobiography after this sad event consists of little except occasional notices of short journeys made by himself and his daughter, of purchases of land, &c. interspersed here and there with quaint humorous reflections. "My year," he writes in 1801, "runs round like a boy who beats his hoop round a circle, and with nearly the same effect, that of a little exercise. I rise at six in summer, and seven in winter; march to Birmingham, two miles and a quarter, where my son receives me with open arms. I return at four o'clock, when my daughter receives me with a smile. I then amuse myself with reading, conversation, or study, without any pressure upon the mind, except the melancholy remembrance of her I loved; for, although six years are nearly passed since I lost her, yet her dear image adheres too closely ever to be forgotten, even for one day. How different my case from his who rejoices at nothing so much as the loss of a wife, except the liberty of procuring another! I am now in my 79th year."

That same year he made a journey to the north of England to see the famous Roman wall, which crosses the island from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea; and the results of his antiquarian researches were published in a small volume. He made the journey entirely on foot; and, judging from his own account, his appearance must have been amusing. "I was dressed," says he, "in black, a kind of religious warrant, but divested of assuming airs; and had a budget of the same colour and materials, much like a dragoon's cartridge box or postman's letter pouch, in which were deposited the maps of Cumberland, Northumberland, and the Wall, with its appendages, all three taken out of Gough's edition of the Britannia; also Warburton's map of the Wall, with my own remarks, &c. To this little packet I fastened with a strap an umbrella in a green case, for I was not likely to have a six weeks' tour without wet, and slung it over that shoulder which was the least tired. A person of my appearance and style of travelling is so seldom seen upon the high road, that the crowds I met in my whole journey viewed me with an eye of wonder and inquiry, as if ready to cry out, 'In the name of the Father, &c. what ar't?' and I have reason to believe not a soul met me without a turn of the head, to survey the rear as well as the front."

Of this pedestrian excursion of Mr Hutton in his seventy-ninth year, his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, gives the following lively and affectionate account in a letter to a friend. We introduce it, because it will help to make the reader familiar with the quaint and happy character of the man. "Our summer excursion in 1801," she says, "was ardently wished for by both. My father's object was to see the Roman Wall; mine, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fireside every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last.

"When the time drew near, I represented to my father that it was impossible he should walk the whole way, though I agreed with him that he could walk a considerable part: the only difference between us was, whether he should ride to prevent mischief, or *after* mischief was done. I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient; but he was inflexible. All I could obtain was a promise that he would take care of himself.

"I rode on a pillion behind the servant, and our mode of travelling was this: my father informed himself at night how he could get out of the house the next morning, before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off again. When my horse had fed properly, I followed, passed my father on the road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds.

"My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace, that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot or on horseback, not even through a town. The only time I ever did walk with him was through the streets of Warrington; and then, of my own accord, I kept a little behind, that I might not influence his step. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and he got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour.

"When the horse on which I rode saw my father before him, he neighed, though at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, then stopped, and laid his head on his shoulder.

"My father delivered all his money to me before we left home, reserving only a few pieces of loose coin, in case he should want on the road. I paid all bills, and he had nothing to do but walk out of an inn when he found himself sufficiently refreshed.

"My father was such an enthusiast with regard to the Wall, that he turned neither to the right nor to the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ullswater he saw, because they lay under his feet; but nothing could detain him from his grand object.

"When we had reached Penrith, we took a melancholy breakfast, and parted, with a tear half suppressed on my father's side, and tears not to be suppressed on mine. He continued his way to Carlisle; I turned westward for Keswick. After a few days' stay there, I went back to Hest Bank, a small sea-bathing place near Lancaster, where we had appointed to meet.

"While I remained at Hest Bank I received two scraps of paper, torn from my father's pocket-book; the first dated from Carlisle, July 20, in which he told me he was sound in body, shoe, and stocking, and had just risen from a lodging among fleas. The second from Newcastle, July 23, when he informed me he had been at the Wall's end; that the weather was so hot he was obliged to repose under hedges; and that the country was infested with thieves. But lest I should be under any apprehensions for his personal safety, he added, they were only such as demolished his idol, the Wall, by stealing the stones of which it was composed.

"On the fifth morning after my arrival at Hest Bank, before I was up, I heard my father hem! on the stairs. I answered by calling out 'Father!' which directed him to my room, and a most joyful meeting ensued. He continued here four days, wondered at and respected by the company. We set out on our return home in the same manner as before, and reached it in safety.

"During the whole journey I watched my father with a jealous eye. The first symptom of fatigue I observed was at Budworth, in Cheshire, after he had lost his way, and been six hours upon his legs, first in deep sands, and then on pavement road. At Liverpool his spirits were good, but I thought his voice rather weaker. At Preston he first said he was tired; but having walked eleven miles farther to Garstang, he found himself recovered, and never after, to the best of my remembrance, uttered the least complaint. He usually came into an inn in high spirits, ate a hearty meal, grew sleepy after it, and in two hours was rested. His appetite never forsook him. He regarded strong liquors with abhorrence. Porter he drunk when he could get it; ale and spirits never. He mixed his wine with water, but considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage.

"On our return, walking through Ashton, a village in Lancashire, a dog flew at my father and bit his leg, making a wound about the size of a sixpence. I found him sitting in the inn at Newton, where we had appointed to breakfast, deploring the accident, and dreading its consequences. They were to be dreaded. The leg had yet a hundred miles to walk in extreme hot weather. I comforted my father. 'Now,' said I, 'you will reap the fruit of your temperance. You have put no strong liquors or high sauces into your leg; you eat but when you are hungry, and drink but when you are thirsty, and this will enable your leg to carry you home.' The event showed I was right. The wound was sore, and the leg round it was inflamed, as every leg under such circumstances must be; but it never was very troublesome, nor ever indulged with a plaster.

"From the time we parted at Penrith till we reached home, the weather was intensely hot. My father frequently walked with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and the perspiration was so excessive, that I have even felt his coat damp on the outside from the moisture within: his bulk visibly diminished every day. When we arrived at Wolsley bridge on our return, I was terribly alarmed at this, and thanked God he had but one day more to walk. When we had got within four days of our journey, I could no longer restrain my father. We made forced marches, and if we had had a little farther to go, the foot would fairly have knocked up the horse! The pace he went did not even fatigue his shoes. He walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings."

Another publication besides the "Roman Wall," and the consequence of the same excursion, appeared in 1801, entitled "Remarks on North Wales." A rather amusing incident occurred in connexion with this publication. "The authors of the Monthly Review," he says, "criticising my tour through North Wales, bestow upon the work some encomiums, after which they remark, 'We believe that this veteran traveller has at length taken a longer journey, the important details of which he will not transmit to us poor wanderers below.' This occasioned the following:—

'*To the Authors of the Monthly Review.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I learnt from your Review for the last month that I was dead. I cannot say I was very sorry, though I had a great respect for the man. Your kind expressions will not be charged with insincerity, for praise is lost upon the defunct. You may as well, by these presents, bring me to life in your next, for till then, I cannot attain my former rank among the living. Your fiat musters my friends about me, some in tears; but all terminate with a smile. Others, as I walk the street, cast at me a significant glance, as if surprised to see me above ground, and uncertain whether the ghost or the body moves; but a moment determines that the ghost holds its proper place. Three verses addressed to you, inoffensive as your own remark, will probably be found in the Gentleman's Magazine.

I am, with sincere respect,
Yours, till a second death, W. HUTTON.

From my Shades, at Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham. Aug. 13, 1807.'

"In the next number the reviewers published my letter, with the following remark: 'We insert the above with much pleasure; and as we have now a contradiction of the report to which we alluded, under our venerable friend's own hand, we will engage, if he requires it, never again to state an event which we hope is yet distant, till we have, in like manner, *his own certificate for it.*'"

Although now in his eighty-fifth year, Mr Hutton was a hale old man. "At the age of eighty-two," he says, "I considered myself a young man. I could, without much fatigue, walk forty miles a day. But during the last six years I have felt a sensible decay; and, like a stone rolling down a hill, its velocity increases with the progress. I have lived to bury two generations, and among them many friends whom I loved. I do not know, nor am known by any soul living prior to my twenty-seventh year. But although I barely live myself, I may have taught others to live. I was the first who opened a circulating library in Birmingham in 1751, since which time many have started in the race. I was the first who opened a regular paper warehouse in 1756: there are now a great number. I was also the first who introduced the barrow with two wheels; there are now more than one hundred. I may, in another view, have been beneficial to man by a life of temperance and exercise, which are the grand promoters of health and longevity. Some whom I know have been induced to follow my example, and have done it with success. I was never," he says, "more than twice in London on my own concerns. The first was April 8, 1749, to make a purchase of materials for trade, to the amount of three pounds! the last April 14, 1806, fifty-seven years after, to ratify the purchase of an estate which cost L.11,590! One laid a foundation for the other, and both answered expectation."

The year 1812 concludes Mr Hutton's remarks on his own life; he was now too feeble to use the pen. The circumstances of the last years of his life are recorded by his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, a lady known in the literary world. "My father," she says, "had lived to see himself twice in fashion in Birmingham. Till the riots, he was courted and respected. For some time after the riots he was insulted. He was now reverenced and admired. Two portrait-painters in Birmingham requested him to sit to them, and one of them placed his picture in the public library of the town.

"With strangers my father was never out of fashion. While he was able to walk to Birmingham, he was seated, during a great part of the day, on a bundle of paper, by the fireside of my brother's warehouse, which was facing the street door. This Mr Pratt called 'Mr Hutton's throne.' No day passed in which strangers were not observed to pass and repass several times, looking in, so as to leave no doubt that their object was to obtain a sight of the historian of Birmingham.

"In his ninetieth year, my father's strength and activity gradually diminished. He still walked to and from Birmingham; but he was a machine hard to set a-going, and, when going, not to be stopped. The end of his walk became a short run, in which he leaned forward in proportion to his velocity. In May he fell several times; but he was desirous to hide it from his family, because he feared that my brother and myself might endeavour to throw some obstacles in the way of his walking.

"On Tuesday the 5th of October, when my father wanted six days of completing his ninetieth year, he set out on his accustomed walk to Birmingham. When he had reached half-way, his strength began to fail. When he got into the streets, his helpless situation attracted the notice of numbers of people, who offered him their assistance. He was afraid he should have been overturned by their kindness, for a touch would have thrown him off his balance. He took the arm of one, and at length reached the paper warehouse, which now belonged to his grand-nephew, Samuel Hutton. He had been two hours in walking two miles and a quarter. On his return, he was lifted into his carriage by three men, and out of it by two. In both cases he was perfectly sensible, silent, passive, and helpless.

"I met my father at his gate, and, leaning upon me and a servant, he walked into the house. 'Now,' said he, bursting into tears, 'I have done with Birmingham!' Too surely did I believe him, and most sincerely did I weep with him!

"My father had always a surprising facility in recovering from fatigue. Rest was sure to succeed it immediately, and the happy consequences of rest were soon visible."

From this period Mr Hutton gradually sank, till the 20th of

September 1815, when he died at the age of ninety-two. Regarding the character of this interesting man, we shall quote the concluding observations of his daughter. "My father," she says, "has delineated his own character in the history he has written of his life. Little more remains to be said, and I hope that little will not be too much. I think the predominant feature in my father's character was the love of peace. No quarrel ever happened within the sphere of his influence, in which he did not act the part of a mediator, and endeavour to conciliate both sides; and I believe no quarrel ever happened where he was concerned, in which he did not relinquish a part of his right. The first lessons he taught his children were, that the giving up an argument was meritorious, and that having the last word was a fault. My father's love of peace made him generally silent on those inexhaustible subjects of dispute and animosity—religion and politics.

"The few lessons of good-breeding that reached my father in early life were never forgotten by him. His friend Mr Webb had said, 'Billy, never interrupt any person who is speaking.' My father was a patient hearer. He waited till his turn came; and frequently, in the clamour of a public table, his turn did not come, and what he had to say was lost. I never knew him make one of two persons speaking together. He did not begin till another had ended, and he stopped if another began.

"My father's conduct towards his children was admirable. He allowed us a greater degree of liberty than custom gives to a child; but if he saw us transgressing the bounds of order, a single word, and that a mild one, was sufficient to bring us back. He strongly inculcated the confession of an error. A fault acknowledged was not merely amended—in his estimation it almost became a virtue.

"My father was an uncommon instance of resolution and perseverance, and an example of what these can perform. Another, I might almost say every other, would have sunk under supposed inability when he was falling to the ground, and would therefore have been irrecoverably in bed, while he was still walking. My father was so tenacious of his activity and independence, that he performed every one of his accustomed actions, till it was not possible for him to do it once more. I have no doubt that he prolonged his powers and his life by these exercises.

"My father was nearly five feet six inches in height, well made, strong, and active; a little inclined to corpulence, which did not diminish till within four or five months of his death. From this period he became gradually thin. His countenance was expressive of sense, resolution, and calmness; though, when irritated or animated, he had a very keen eye. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that ninety-two years had scarcely the power to alter his features or make a wrinkle in his face."

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

IN a state of ignorance persons are liable to numerous impositions; they are easily imposed on by rumours and reports which they have not the power of investigating, and still more easily imposed on by their own impressions or notions. Of all the impositions which have vexed the ignorant, a belief in the reality of spectral appearances has been one of the most ridiculous, yet one of the longest and most zealously supported. This belief was once current among even men reputed for their learning—that is, a kind of learning, not founded on a correct knowledge of nature; but, by the progress of inquiry, it has gradually been abandoned by persons of education, and now only is maintained by those whose minds have not been instructed on the subject. Considering that this belief, like every other error, is injurious to happiness, and that, in a particular manner, the young require to be put on their guard against it, we propose, in the present paper, to explain the theory of spectral illusions—how they originate in the mind, and are in no respect supernatural in their character.

To obtain right ideas of this curious, and, to many, mysterious subject, it is necessary to understand, in the first place, what kind of a thing the human mind is, and how it operates in connexion with the senses, or at least two of them—seeing and hearing. The seat of the mind is in the brain; in other words, the brain is the organ or mass of organs by which the thinking faculties act. Like an instrument finely tuned, the brain, when in a sound state of health, performs its part in our economy with fidelity. Shut up in the skull, however, it has no communication with external nature except through the medium of the senses. The senses are the channels of intelligence to the brain. When the eye receives the impression or picture of a thing presented to it, that impression is carried by a nerve to the brain, where the consciousness or mind recognises it; and the same thing occurs with the ear in the transmission of sound. The ordinary notion, therefore, that the eye sees, is scarcely correct. It is the mind, through the operation of the brain, the optic nerve, and the eye, which sees. The eye is only an instrument of vision and recognition. Such is the ordinary process of seeing, and of having a consciousness of what is presented to the eye; and we perceive that the outer organ of vision performs but an inferior part in the operation. There is, indeed, a consciousness of seeing objects, without using the eyes. With these organs shut, we can exert our imagination so far as to recall the image of objects which we formerly have seen. Thus, when in an imperfect state of sleep, with the imagination less or more active, we think that we see objects, and mingle in strange scenes; and this is called *dreaming*. Dreams, therefore, arise principally from a condition of partial wakefulness, in which the unregulated imagination leads to all kinds of visionary conceptions. In a state of entire wakefulness, and with the eyes open, unreal conceptions of objects seemingly present may also be formed; but this occurs only when the system is disordered by disease.

We are now brought to an understanding of the cause of those illusions which, under the name of ghosts, apparitions, or spectres, have in all ages disturbed the minds of the credulous. The disorder which leads to the formation of these baseless visions may be organic or functional, or a combination of both. Organic disorder of the body is that condition in which one or more organs are altered in structure by disease. Functional disorder is less serious in character: it is that condition of things where the healthy action of the organ or organs, in part or whole, is impeded, without the existence of any disease of structure. Lunacy, if not arising from organic disorder, hovers between it and functional derangement, in either case producing unreal conceptions in the mind. Functional disorder may arise in various ways, and be of different kinds. It may be said that violent excitement of the imagination or passions constitutes functional mental disorder: "Anger is a short madness," said the Romans wisely. As for functional bodily disorder, temporary affections of the digestive organs may be pointed to as common causes of such cases of physical derangement. All these disorders, and kinds of disorders, may appear in a complicated form; and, what is of most importance to our present argument, the *nervous system*, on which depends the action of the *senses*, the powers of the will, and the operation of all the involuntary functions (such as the circulation of the blood, and digestion), is, and must necessarily be, involved more or less deeply in all cases of constitutional disorder, organic or functional. These powers of the nerves, which form, as we have seen, the sole medium by which mind and body act and react on each other, are clearly, then, connected with the production of every kind of illusory impression.

In lunacy, from organic derangement, these impressions are usually the most vivid. Every lunatic tells you he sees spectres, or unreal persons; and no doubt they are seemingly present to his diseased perceptions. The same cause, simple insanity, partial or otherwise, and existing either with or without structural brain disease, has been, we truly believe, at the foundation of many more apparition-cases than any other cause. By far the greatest number of such cases ever put on record, have been connected with fanaticism in religious matters; and can there be a doubt that the majority of the poor creatures, men and women, who habitually subjected themselves, in the early centuries of the church, to macerations and lacerations, and saw signs and visions, were simply persons of partially deranged intellect? St Theresa, who lay entranced for whole days, and who, in the fervour of devotion, imagined that she was frequently addressed by the voice of God, and that St Peter and St Paul would often in person visit her solitude, is an example of this order of monomaniacs. That this individual, and others like her, should have been perfectly sensible on all other points, is a phenomenon in the pathology of mind too common to cause any wonder. We would ascribe, we repeat, a large class of apparition-cases, including these devotional ones, to simple mental derangement. The eye in such instances may take in a correct *impression* of external objects, but this is not all that is wanting. A correct *perception by the mind* is essential to healthy and natural vision, and this perception the deranged intellect cannot effect.

We should go farther than this for a complete elucidation of spectral illusions. At the time the spectre makes its appearance, the mind may be neither altogether diseased nor altogether healthful; the perceptive powers may recognise through the eye all surrounding objects exactly as they appear, but, almost in the same instant of time, the mind may mix up an unreal object with them. How, then, is the unreal object introduced into the scene? There is the strongest ground for believing that the unreal object—the spectre—is an idea of the mind acting on the optic nerve, and impressing a picture on the retina, just as effectually as if the object were external to the person. The mind, as it were, daguerreotypes the idea—the flash of thought—on the retina, or mirror of the eye, where it is recognised by the powers of perception. That spectres are mental pictures, is forcibly stated as follows by Sir David Brewster:—"I propose to show that the 'mind's eye' is actually the body's eye, and that the retina is the common tablet on which both classes of impressions are painted, and by means of which they receive their visual existence according to the same optical laws. Nor is this true merely in the case of spectral illusions. It holds good of all ideas recalled by the memory, or created by the imagination, and may be regarded as a fundamental law in the science of pneumatology.

"In the healthy state of the mind and body, the relative intensity of these two classes of impressions on the retina are nicely adjusted. The mental pictures are transient, and comparatively feeble, and in ordinary temperaments are never capable of disturbing or effacing the direct images of visible objects. The affairs of life could not be carried on if the memory were to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not co-exist. The same nervous fibre which is carrying from the brain to the retina the figures of memory, could not at the same instant be carrying back the impressions of external objects from the retina to the brain. The mind cannot perform two different functions at the same instant, and the direction of its attention to one of the two classes of impressions necessarily produce the extinction of the other. But so rapid is the exercise of mental power, that the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two contending impressions is no more recognised than the successive observations of external objects during the twinkling of the eyelids."*

With these general observations, we proceed to an analysis of the different kinds of spectre-seeing, beginning with a short explanation of dreaming and somnambulism, with which apparitional illusions are intimately associated.

DREAMS—SOMNAMBULISM.

Dreaming is a modification of disordered mental action, arising usually from some kind of functional derangement. In sound sleep, the functions of digestion, the circulation of the blood, and all others, may be said to be duly in action, and the mind is accordingly not disturbed. If, however, any of the bodily functions be in a state of derangement; if, in particular, the digestion be incommoded, which it ordinarily is in an artificial mode of life, the senses, the nerves, the mind, will also be probably affected, and an imperfect sleep, with an imperfect consciousness, is the result. According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that, in beginning to sleep, the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility of impressions, and then the sense of smelling.

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* Letters on Natural Magic.

The hearing is next in order; and, last of all, comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly, and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next is the sight; and the taste and smelling awake the last. Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping towards the centre of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm, and perfectly still, as a preliminary of sleep, is well known. From these explanations, it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.

A dream, then, is an imperfectly formed thought. Much of the imperfection and incoherency of such thoughts is from having no immediate consciousness of surrounding objects. The imagination revels unchecked by actual circumstances, and is not under the control of the will. Ungoverned by any ordinary standards of reason, we, in dreaming, have the impression that the *ideas* which chase each other through the mind are *actual occurrences:* a mere ill-formed thought is imagined to be an action. As thought is very rapid, it thus happens that events which would take whole days or a longer time in performance, are dreamed in a few moments. So wonderful is this compression of a multitude of transactions into the very shortest period, that when we are accidently "awakened from a profound slumber by a loud knock at, or by the rapid opening of, the door, a train of actions which it would take hours, or days, or even weeks to accomplish, sometimes passes through the mind. Time, in fact, seems to be in a great measure annihilated. An extensive period is reduced, as it were, to a single point, or rather a single point is made to embrace an extensive period. In one instant we pass through many adventures, see many strange sights, and hear many strange sounds. If we are awaked by a loud knock, we have perhaps the idea of a tumult passing before us, and know all the characters engaged in it—their aspects, and even their very names. If the door open violently, the flood-gates of a canal may appear to be expanding, and we may see the individuals employed in the process, and hear their conversation, which may seem an hour in length; if a light be brought into the room, the notion of the house being in flames invades us, and we are witnesses to the whole conflagration from its commencement till it be finally extinguished. The thoughts which arise in such situations are endless, and assume an infinite variety of aspects.

"One of the most remarkable phenomena attendant upon dreaming, is the almost universal absence of surprise. Scarcely any event, however incredible, impossible, or absurd, gives rise to this emotion. We see circumstances at utter variance with the laws of nature, and yet their discordancy, impracticability, and oddness, never strike us as at all out of the usual course of things. This is one of the strongest proofs that can be alleged in support of the dormant condition of the reflecting faculties. Had these powers been awake and in full activity, they would have pointed out the erroneous nature of the impressions conjured into existence by fancy, and shown us truly that the visions passing before our eyes were merely the chimeras of an excited imagination—the airy phantoms of imperfect sleep."*

Dreams are in general connected with snatches of waking recollections, and assume a character from the dreamer's ordinary pursuits and feelings. Shakspeare has admirably described the effects of dreams of different classes of persons; and the subject has been also well illustrated by Stepney in the following lines:—

"At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And fancy with her train her revels keeps.
Then airy phantoms a mixed scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wished by day;
For memory those images retains
Which passion formed, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chase they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and fairies haunt the murderer's dreams;
Grants and disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard;
The cit's a knight; the sycophant a lord.
Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
Honours and state before this phantom fall;
For sleep, like death, its image, equals all."

Chaucer's description, versified by Dryden, is also worthy of being quoted:—

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes:
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, or are, or e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truth received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed;
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece
In chimeras all; and more absurd or less."

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* Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.

In ordinary dreaming, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bedfellow a smart belabouring. Often also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud. Sometimes nearly all the senses, along with the muscles of motion, are in activity, while part of the cerebral organs are dormant, and in this condition the dreamer becomes a *somnambulist*, or sleep-walker. "If we dream," says Mr Macnish, "that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or, more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognisance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing." In other cases we both walk and see, and in a third variety we at once walk, see, and hear. In the same way the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see, and hear.

Cases of persons in a state of somnambulism rising from bed and walking to a distant part of the house, or of looking for some object of which they were dreaming, and so forth, are exceedingly common, and the seeming marvel is explained by the fact already noticed—only certain senses and portions of brain are asleep while others are waking. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination. The following case, mentioned by Mr Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast. "About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the revenue boat's crew, they pushed off, and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up." The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with one or more of his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

A respectable person, captain of a merchant vessel, told Sir Walter Scott the following story, in illustration of illusion from somnambulism. While lying in the Tagus, a man belonging to his ship was murdered by a Portuguese, and a report soon spread that the spirit of the deceased haunted the vessel. The captain found, on making inquiry, that one of his own mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, was the chief evidence respecting the ghost. The mate affirmed that the spectre took him from bed every night, led him about the ship, and, in short, worried his life out. The captain knew not what to think of this, but he privately resolved to watch the mate by night. He did so, and, at the hour of twelve, saw the man start up with ghastly looks, and light a candle; after which he went to the galley, where he stood staring wildly for a time, as if on some horrible object. He then lifted a can filled with water, sprinkled some of it about, and, appearing much relieved, went quietly back to his bed. Next morning, on being asked if he had been annoyed in the night, he said, "Yes; I was led by the ghost to the galley; but I got hold, in some way or other, of a jar of *holy water*, and freed myself, by sprinkling it about, from the presence of the horrible phantom." The captain now told the truth, as observed; and the mate, though much surprised, believed it. He was never visited by the ghost again, the deception of his own dreaming fancy being thus discovered.

Had the mate burnt his hand with the candle, and, by the same mode of reasoning which led him to believe in the banishment of the ghost by holy water, formed the conclusion that the spectre had touched his hand to imprint on it a perpetual mark, what would have been said of the matter by his comrades and himself in the morning, supposing no watching to have taken place? They would assuredly have held the scar as an indubitable proof of the supernatural visitation, and the story would have remained as darkly mysterious as could be desired.

The condition of nightmare, in which the sufferer is under the feeling of some terrible oppression, is one of the most afflicting kinds of dreaming. In the more simple order of cases of nightmare, the dreamer is only labouring under the influence of indigestion; but in the more severe, the cause is ascribed to cerebral disorder. A gentleman in Edinburgh, lately deceased, was afflicted for years with a nightmare which almost rendered existence unsupportable. On falling asleep, he dreamed that he was chased by a bull; and frequently, in terror of being tossed by the horns of the infuriated animal, he leaped from the bed to the opposite side of the room, on one occasion doing himself a serious injury. At the death of this unhappy gentleman, his head was opened, and a portion of his brain found to be affected with a deep-seated ulcer. In cases of this kind, the spectral illusions of the dreamer are usually most vivid, and on awakening, it requires a strong effort of reason to be convinced that the appearances were nothing more than airy phantoms of the disordered brain.

With these explanations on the subject of dreaming, we are prepared for a consideration of those unreal impressions made on the mind while in a wakeful condition.

ILLUSIONS FROM NEGLECT OF BLOOD-LETTING.

One of the more simple kinds of functional disorder producing false impressions on the mind, is an overfulness of blood in the circulatory vessels. Persons who have followed the discommendable practice of blood-letting periodically, and have neglected it for more than the usual length of time, are the most liable to this species of illusion. Upwards of fifty years ago, Nicolai, a celebrated bookseller in Berlin, experienced the feeling of seeing spectres from this cause. According to an interesting account he has given on the subject, it appears that he was a man of a vivid imagination and excitable temperament, who, some years previous to the occurrences he relates, was troubled with violent vertigo, which he relieved by periodical bleeding with leeches. It became with him a custom to be bled twice in the year; but at length having on one occasion neglected this means of relieving the system, his mind became depressed, and apparitions began to be seemingly present to his eyes. The following is his narration of this painful condition:—

" My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning in order to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents, which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them. On a sudden I perceived, at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see anything; my question, therefore, alarmed her very much, and she immediately sent for a physician. The phantom continued about eight minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted, fell into a restless sleep, which lasted about half an hour. The physician ascribed the apparition to a violent mental emotion, and hoped there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced farther consequences which deserve a more minute description.

"At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was by myself when this happened, and, being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment, but there likewise I was persecuted by the apparition, which, however, at intervals disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture. About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connexion with the first. After the first day the form of the deceased person no more appeared, but its place was supplied with many other phantasms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers; those whom I knew were composed of living and deceased persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. I observed the persons with whom I daily conversed did not appear as phantasms, these representing chiefly persons who lived at some distance from me.

"These phantasms seemed equally clear and distinct at all times and under all circumstances, both when I was by myself and when I was in company, as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street. When I shut my eyes, these phantasms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. I conversed sometimes with my physician and my wife of the phantasms which at the moment surrounded me; they appeared more frequently walking than at rest; nor were they constantly present. They frequently did not come for some time, but always reappeared for a longer or shorter period, either singly or in company; the latter, however, being most frequently the case. I generally saw human forms of both sexes; but they usually seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs, and birds.

"All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts, as well as different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature. None of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these phantasms continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return, while at the same time they increased in number about four weeks after they had first appeared. I also began to hear them talk: these phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided: their consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes, however, I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. These consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at other times they were regularly executed."

Having thus suffered for some time, it occurred to him that the mental disorder might arise from a superabundance of blood, and he again had recourse to leeching. When the leeches were applied, no person was with him besides the surgeon; but during the operation his apartment was crowded with human phantasms of all descriptions. In the course of a few hours, however, they moved around the chamber more slowly; their colour began to fade; until, growing more and more obscure, they at last dissolved into air, and he ceased to be troubled with them afterwards.

ILLUSIONS FROM DERANGEMENT IN DIGESTION.

Any derangement of the digestive powers acts on the brain; when the derangement is excessive, and the health otherwise impaired, the mind becomes affected, so as to deceive the senses and to produce spectral illusions. Sir David Brewster, in his Letters on Natural Magic, narrates the case of a lady of high character and intelligence, but of vivid imagination, who was so affected from only simple derangement of the stomach. The facts were communicated by the husband of the lady, a man of learning and science, and are as follow:—

" 1. The first illusion to which Mrs A. was subject was one which affected only the ear. On the 26th of December 1830, about half-past four in the afternoon, she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice calling her by name, '—— ——, come here! come to me!' She imagined that he was calling at the door to have it opened; but upon going there and opening the door, she was surprised to find no person there. Upon returning to the fire, she again heard the same voice calling out very distinctly and loudly, '——, come; come here!' She then opened two other doors of the same room, and upon seeing no person, she returned to the fireplace. After a few moments, she heard the same voice still calling, '—— ——, come to me! come! come away!' in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, 'Where are you? I don't know where you are;' still imagining that he was somewhere in search of her: but receiving no answer, she shortly after went up stairs. On Mr A.'s return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why he called to her so often, and where he was; and she was of course greatly surprised to learn that he had not been near the house at the time.

"2. The next illusion which occurred to Mrs A. was of a more alarming character. On the 30th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted only a few minutes before, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet at most of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after the lapse of a few minutes, 'Why don't you speak, ——?' The figure immediately moved off towards the window at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed that it was anything supernatural, and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. The appearance was seen in bright daylight, and lasted four or five minutes. When the figure stood close to her, it concealed the real objects behind it, and the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality.

"3. On these two occasions Mrs A. was alone, but when the next phantasm appeared her husband was present. This took place on the 4th of January 1831. About ten o'clock at night, when Mr and Mrs A. were sitting in the drawing-room, Mr A. took up the poker to stir the fire, and when he was in the act of doing this, Mrs A. exclaimed, 'Why, there's the cat in the room!' 'Where?' asked Mr A. 'There, close to you,' she replied. 'Where?' he repeated. 'Why, on the rug to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle.' Mr A., who had still the poker in his hand, pushed it in the direction mentioned. 'Take care,' cried Mrs A.; 'take care, you are hitting her with the poker.' Mr A. again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, 'Why, sitting up there close to your feet on the rug: she is looking at me. It is Kitty—come here, Kitty?' There were two cats in the house, one of which went by this name, and they were rarely if ever in the drawing-room. At this time Mrs A. had no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. When she was asked to touch it, she got up for the purpose, and seemed as if she were pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said, 'It has gone under the chair.' Mr A. assured her it was an illusion, but she would not believe it. He then lifted up the chair, and Mrs A. saw nothing more of it. The room was then searched all over, and nothing found in it. There was a dog lying on the hearth, which would have betrayed great uneasiness if a cat had been in the room, but he lay perfectly quiet. In order to be quite certain, Mr A. rung the bell, and sent for the two cats, both of which were found in the housekeeper's room.

"4. About a month after this occurrence, Mrs A., who had taken a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed about eleven o'clock at night, and, sitting before the dressing-glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relation, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. After a few minutes, she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder; but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction."

Passing over from the fifth to the ninth cases, we come to the tenth. "On the 26th of October, about two P.M., Mrs A. was sitting in a chair by the window in the same room with her husband. He heard her exclaim, 'What have I seen!' And on looking at her, he observed a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance road to the house. As it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare to receive company, but, as if spell-bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and as it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postilions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons and other hideous figures. The whole then vanished entirely, when she uttered the above-mentioned exclamation.

"11. On the morning of the 30th October, when Mrs A. was sitting in her own room with a favourite dog in her lap, she distinctly saw the same dog moving about the room during the space of about a minute or rather more.

"12. On the 3d December, about nine P.M., when Mr and Mrs A. were sitting near each other in the drawing-room, occupied in reading, Mr A. felt a pressure on his foot. On looking up, he observed Mrs A.'s eyes fixed with a strong and unnatural stare on a chair about nine or ten feet distant. Upon asking her what she saw, the expression of her countenance changed, and upon recovering herself, she told Mr A. that she had seen his brother, who was alive and well at the moment in London, seated in the opposite chair, but dressed in grave-clothes, and with a ghastly countenance, as if scarcely alive!

"From the very commencement of the spectral illusions," observes Sir David in conclusion, "both Mrs A. and her husband were well aware of their nature and origin, and both of them paid the most minute attention to the circumstances which accompanied them, not only with the view of throwing light upon so curious a subject, but for the purpose of ascertaining their connexion with the state of health under which they appeared."

ILLUSIONS FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS.

A bodily disorder, which in itself ought to afford a solution of nearly all apparitions, is that called *delirium tremens*, or vulgarly *blue devils*. This is most commonly induced, in otherwise healthy subjects, by continued intemperance in intoxicating liquors. It is a disorder intimately connected with a derangement of the digestive functions. So long as the drinker can take food, he is comparatively secure against the disease, but when his stomach rejects common nourishment, and he persists in taking stimulants, the effects are for the most part speedily visible, at least in peculiarly nervous constitutions. The first symptom is commonly a slight impairment of the healthy powers of the senses of hearing and seeing. A ringing in the ears probably takes place; then any common noise, such as the rattle of a cart on the street, assumes to the hearing a particular sound, and arranges itself into a certain tune perhaps, or certain words, which haunt the sufferer, and are by and by rung into his ears on the recurrence of *every* noise. The proverb, "As the fool thinks, so the bell tinks," becomes very applicable in his case. His sense of seeing, in the meanwhile, begins to show equal disorder; figures float before him perpetually when his eyes are closed at night. By day also, objects seem to move before him that are really stationary. The senses of touch, taste, and smell, are also involved in confusion. In this way the disturbance of the senses goes on, increasing always with the disorder of the alimentary function, until the unhappy drinker is at last visited, most probably in the twilight, by visionary figures as distinct in outline as living beings, and which seem to speak to him with the voice of life. At first he mistakes them for realities; but, soon discovering his error, is thrown into the deepest alarm. If he has the courage to approach and examine any one of the illusory figures, he probably finds that some fold of drapery, or some shadow, has been the object converted by his diseased sense into the apparition, and he may also find that the voice was but some simple household sound, converted by his disordered ear into strange speech: for the senses, at least in the milder cases of this sort, rather *convert* than *create*, though the metamorphosed may differ widely from the real substance. The visitations and sufferings of the party may go on increasing, till he takes courage to speak to the physician, who, by great care, restores his alimentary organs to a state of health, and, in consequence, the visions slowly leave him. If, however, remedies are not applied in time, the party will probably sink under the influence of his disorder. The spectral figures and voices being solely and entirely the creation of his own fancy, will seem to do or say anything that may be uppermost in that fancy at the moment, and will encourage him to self-murder by every possible argument—all emanating, of course, from his own brain. The whole consists merely of his own fancies, bodied forth to him visibly and audibly in his seeing and hearing organs. His own poor head is the seat of all; there is nothing apart from him—nothing but vacancy.

Dr Alderson, a respectable physician, mentions his being called to a keeper of a public-house, who was in a state of great terror, and who described himself as having been haunted for some time with spectres. He had first noticed something to be wrong with him on being laughed at by a little girl for desiring her to lift some oyster-shells from the floor. He himself stooped, but found none. Soon after, in the twilight, he saw a soldier enter the house, and, not liking his manner, desired him to go away; but receiving no answer, he sprang forward to seize the intruder, and to his horror found the shape to be but a phantom! The visitations increased by night and by day, till he could not distinguish real customers from imaginary ones, so definite and distinct were the latter in outline. Sometimes they took the forms of living friends, and sometimes of people long dead. Dr Alderson resorted to a course of treatment which restored the strength of the digestive organs, and gradually banished the spectres.

ILLUSIONS FROM SEVERE DISORDERS.

Among the other varieties of bodily ailments affecting either structure or function, which have been found to produce spectral illusions, fevers, inflammatory affections, epileptic attacks, hysteria, and disorders of the nerves generally, are among the most prominent. As regards fevers and inflammatory affections, particularly those of the brain, it is well known to almost every mother or member of a large family, that scarcely any severe case can occur without illusions of the sight to a greater or less extent. In hysteric and epileptic cases also, where fits or partial trances occur, the same phenomena are frequently observed. But we shall not enlarge on the effects produced by the influence of severe and obviously existing maladies, as it is in those cases only where the spectre-seer has exhibited *apparent* sanity of mind and body that special wonder has been excited. It is so far of great importance, however, to notice that these diseases do produce the illusions, as in most cases it will be found, on inquiry, that the party subject to them, however sound to appearance at the time, *afterwards* displayed some of these complaints in full force; and we may then rationally explain the whole matter by supposing the seeds of the ailments to have early existed in a latent state. A German lady, of excellent talents and high character, published an account some years back of successive visions with which she had been honoured, as she believed, by Divine favour. The case of this lady throws so much light on delusions arising from deranged temperament and kindred maladies, that we take the liberty of extracting it from the interesting work of Dr Hibbert.

"The illusions which the lady experienced first came on in the fourth year of her age, while she was sitting with her little doll upon her knees; and, for the greater convenience of dressing and undressing it, resting her feet upon a large folio Bible. 'I had scarcely taken my place,' she observes, 'above a minute, when I heard a voice at my ear say, "Put the book where you found it;" but as I did not see any person, I did not do so. The voice, however, repeated the mandate, that I should do it immediately; and, at the same time, I thought somebody took hold of my face. I instantly obeyed with fear and trembling; but not being able to lift the book upon the table, I called the servant-maid to come quickly and assist me. When she came, and saw that I was alone and terrified, she scolded me, as nobody was there.' It may be remarked of this part of the account, that the voice which the narrator heard can only be regarded as a renovated feeling of the mind, resulting from some prior remonstrances that she might have incurred from her protectors, whenever she treated with unbecoming irreverence the holy volume; while the impression of a person taking hold of her face, may be referred to some morbid sensation of touch, incidental to many nervous affections, which would easily associate itself with the imaginary rebuke of her mysterious monitor, so as to impart to the whole of the illusion a certain degree of connexion and consistency. The patient (for such I shall call her) next describes the extreme diligence and the peculiar delight with which, as she grew up in years, she read twice over, from the beginning to the end, the pages of the Scriptures; and she likewise dwells upon her constant endeavour to render the Bible more intelligible, by often hearing sermons and reading religious books. It is certainly of importance to know the subject of her incessant and anxious studies, as it is well calculated to explain the nature of her visions, which, as we might expect, were generally of a religious description. We are, in the next place, told by the lady, that after she had reached her seventh year, she saw, when playing, a clear flame which seemed to enter through the chamber door, while in the middle of it was a long bright light about the size of a child of six years old. The phantasm remained stationary for half an hour near the stove of the room, and then went out again by the room door; the white light first, and the flame following it. After this vision, we hear of no other until the lady is married, when, unfortunately, her husband made her life so bitter to her, that she could think only of death. Hence must have necessarily arisen the combining influence of strong mental emotions, which could not but act as powerful exciting agents upon a frame the mental feelings of which, from constitutional causes, were of the most intense kind. Spectral illusions would of course become very frequent. Thus, on one occasion, when she had received some ill treatment from her husband, she made a resolution to desist from prayer, thinking the Lord had forsaken her; but, upon farther consideration, she repented of this purpose, and, after returning thanks to Heaven, went to bed. She awakened towards the morning, and then, to her astonishment, found that it was broad daylight, and that at her bedside was seated a heavenly figure in the shape of a man about sixty years of age, dressed in a bluish robe, with bright hair, and a countenance shining like the clearest red and white crystal. He looked at her with tenderness, saying nothing more than '*Proceed, proceed, proceed!*' These words were unintelligible to her, until they were solved by another phantasm, young and beautiful as an angel, who appeared on the opposite side of the bed, and more explicitly added, '*Proceed in prayer, proceed in faith, proceed in trials.*' After this incident, a strange light appeared, when she immediately felt herself pulled by the hairs of her head, and pinched and tormented in various ways. The cause of this affliction she soon discovered to be the devil himself, who made his *debut* in the usual hideous form under which he is personated, until at length the angel interfered and pushed away the foul fiend with his elbow. 'Afterwards,' as the lady added, 'the light came again, and both persons looked mournfully at it. The young one then said, "Lord, this is sufficient;" and he uttered these words three times. Whilst he repeated them, I looked at him, and beheld two large white wings on his shoulders, and therefore I knew him to be an angel of God. The light immediately disappeared, the two figures vanished, and the day was suddenly converted into night. My heart was again restored to its right place, the pain ceased, and I arose.'"

Dr Crichton, author of an able work on insanity, found that this unfortunate lady was always affected with the *aura epileptica* during the prevalence of the illusions; or, in other words, that she was labouring under slight attacks of epilepsy. Thus simply was explained a series of phenomena which, from the high character for veracity of the subject of them, astonished a great part of Germany.

ILLUSIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Persons in a desponding or gloomy state of mind are exceedingly liable to be deceived by their fancies. The morbid imagination catches at every seemingly mysterious appearance, and transforms it into a spectre, or warning of approaching dissolution. "A man who is thoroughly frightened," observes a popular American writer,* "can imagine almost anything. The whistling of the wind sounds in his ears like the cry of dying men. As he walks along trembling in the dark, the friendly guide-post is a giant; the tree gently waving in the wind is a ghost; and every cow he chances to meet is some fearful apparition from the land of hobgoblins. Who is there that cannot testify, from personal experience, of some such freaks of imagination? How often does one wake up in the night and find the clothes upon the chair, or some article of furniture in the room, assuming a distinctly defined form, altogether different from that which it in reality possesses!

"There is in imagination a potency far exceeding the fabled power of Aladdin's lamp. How often does one sit in wintry evening musings, and trace in the glowing embers the features of an absent friend! Imagination, with its magic wand, will there build the city with its countless spires—or marshal contending armies—or drive the tempest-shattered ship upon the ocean. The following story, related by Scott, affords a good illustration of this principle:—

"'Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw right before him, in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and position of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onward towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen occupied by greatcoats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured with all his power to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this he was unable to do. And the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured.'

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* Scientific Tracts. Boston: 1832.

"Most persons under such circumstances would have declared unhesitatingly that the ghost of the departed had appeared to them, and they would have found great multitudes who would have believed it. When the imagination has such power to recall the images of the absent, is it at all wonderful that many persons should attribute such appearances to supernatural visitations? Had the poet himself been in the place of the screen, he probably would not have been more vividly present. How many, then, of the causes of vulgar fear are to be attributed to the effect of imagination! A lady was once passing through a wood, in the darkening twilight of a stormy evening, to visit a friend who was watching over a dying child. The clouds were thick—the rain beginning to fall; darkness was increasing; the wind was moaning mournfully through the trees. The lady's heart almost failed her as she saw that she had a mile to walk through the woods in the gathering gloom. But the reflection of the situation of her friend forbade her turning back. Excited and trembling, she called to her aid a nervous resolution, and pressed onward. She had not proceeded far, when she beheld in the path before her the movement of some very indistinct object. It appeared to keep a little distance in advance of her, and as she made efforts to get nearer to see what it was, it seemed proportionably to recede. The lady began to feel rather unpleasantly. There was some pale white object certainly discernible before her, and it appeared mysteriously to float along at a regular distance, without any effort at motion. Notwithstanding the lady's good sense and unusual resolution, a cold chill began to come over her. She made every effort to resist her fears, and soon succeeded in drawing nearer the mysterious object, when she was appalled at beholding the features of her friend's child, cold in death, wrapt in its shroud. She gazed earnestly, and there it remained distinct and clear before her eyes. She considered it a monition that her friend's child was dead, and that she must hasten on to her aid. But there was the apparition directly in her path. She must pass it. Taking up a little stick, she forced herself along to the object, and behold, some little animal scampered away. It was this that her excited imagination had transformed into the corpse of an infant in its winding-sheet. The vision before her eyes was undoubtedly as clear as the reality could have been. Such is the power of imagination. If this lady, when she saw the corpse, had turned in terror and fled home, what reasoning could ever have satisfied her that she had not seen something supernatural? When it is known that the imagination has such a power as this, can we longer wonder at any accounts which are of unearthly appearances?"

The numerous stories told of ghosts, or the spirits of persons who are dead, will in most instances be found to have originated in diseased imagination, aggravated by some abnormal defect of mind. We may mention a remarkable case in point, and one which is not mentioned in English works on this subject; it is told by the compiler of Les Causes Célèbres. Two young noblemen, the Marquises De Rambouillet and De Precy, belonging to two of the first families of France, made an agreement, in the warmth of their friendship, that the one who died first should return to the other with tidings of the world to come. Soon afterwards, De Rambouillet went to the wars in Flanders, while De Precy remained at Paris, stricken by a fever. Lying alone in bed, and severely ill, De Precy one day heard a rustling of his bed-curtains, and turning round, saw his friend De Rambouillet in full military attire. The sick man sprung over the bed to welcome his friend, but the other receded, and said that he had come to fulfil his promise, having been killed on that very day. He further said that it behoved De Precy to think more of the after-world, as all that was said of it was true, and as he himself would die in his first battle. De Precy was then left by the phantom; and it was afterwards found that De Rambouillet had fallen on that day. De Precy recovered, went to the wars, and died in his first combat. Here, after a compact—the very conception of which argues credulousness or weakness of mind—we not only have one of the parties left in anxiety about the other, but left in a violent fever, and aware that his friend was engaged in a bloody war. That a spectral illusion should occur in such a case, is a thing not at all to be wondered at, as little as the direction and shape that the sick man's wanderings took. The fulfilment of the prophecy is the point of interest; and regarding it we would simply use the words of Dr Hibbert, in referring to the story of Lord Balcarras and Viscount Dundee. Lord Balcarras was confined as a Jacobite in the castle of Edinburgh, while Dundee was fighting for the same cause; and on one occasion the apparition of the latter came to the bedside of Balcarras, looked at him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantelpiece, and then walked away. It afterwards appeared that Dundee fell just about the time at Killiecrankie. "With regard to this point," says Dr Hibbert, "it must be considered that, agreeably to the well-known doctrine of chances, the event (of Dundee's death) might as well occur then as at any other time; while a far greater proportion of other apparitions, less fortunate in such a supposed confirmation of their supernatural origin, are allowed quietly to sink into oblivion." This observation applies equally as well to the case of De Precy as to that of Balcarras, each of whom knew that his friend was then hotly campaigning, and could most probably even guess, from the latest bulletins, on what day the hostile armies would decisively meet. We are not told whether or not Balcarras, like De Precy, was in ill health, but the Scottish lord was confined on a charge of high treason, and on Dundee's life or death, victory or defeat, the fate of the prisoner must have been felt by himself to rest. This was enough to give his lordship a vivid dream, and even to give him a waking portraiture of Dundee, after the fashion of the bust of Curran case.

But though explanations may thus be given of the common run of apparition cases, it may seem to some that there are particular cases not to be so accounted for. Of this nature, such readers may say, is the well-warranted story of the Irish lady of rank, who, having married a second time, was visited in the night-time by the spirit of her first husband, from whom she received a notification of the appointed period of her own death. The lady was at first terrified, but regained her courage. "How shall I know to-morrow morn," said she boldly to the spectre, "that this is not a delusion of the senses—that I indeed am visited by a spirit?" "Let this be a token to thee for life," said the visitant, and, grasping the arm of the lady for an instant, disappeared. In the morning a dark mark, as if of a fresh burn, was seen on the wrist, and the lady kept the scar covered over while she lived. She died at the time prophesied.

This story is told with great unction by some memoir writers, and the circumstances are said to have been long kept secret by the lady's family. For argument's sake, let us admit the most striking points of the case to be true. As for the circumstance of her death at the time foretold, it is well known how powerful imagination is in causing fulfilment in these cases; and at all events, one instance of such a fulfilment is no great marvel amid hundreds of failures. But the black mark—what of it? We confess to the reader, that if we had actually seen the scar upon the wrist of the lady, we should not have been one step nearer to the admission of supernatural agency. Supposing, however, that the mark actually existed, could it not have been explained by somnambulism? The lady may readily have risen in her sleep, burnt her hand against the bed-room grate, and, conscious of an unpleasing sensation, though not awakened by it, her fancy may have formed the whole story of the preternatural visitation, precisely as the Irish mate of the merchant vessel invented the circumstances connected with the holy water. When we find that such an explanation of the matter is accordant with observed and unquestionable facts, it would be irrational to overlook it, and seek a solution in a supposed breach of the laws of nature.

In some instances, it may be difficult to decide whether spectral appearances and spectral noises proceed from functional derangement or from an overwrought state of mind. Want of exercise and amusement may also be a prevailing cause. A friend mentions to us the following case. An acquaintance of his, a merchant in London, who had for years paid a very close attention to business, was one day, while alone in his counting-house, very much surprised to hear, as he imagined, persons outside the door talking freely about him. Thinking it was some acquaintances who were playing off a trick, he opened the door to request them to come in, when, to his amazement, nobody was there. He again sat down at his desk, and in a few minutes the same dialogue recommenced. The language employed was now very alarming. One voice seemed to say, "We have the scoundrel safe in his counting-house; let us go in and seize him." "Certainly," replied the other voice; "it is right to take him; he has been guilty of a great crime, and ought to be brought to condign punishment." Alarmed at these threats, the bewildered merchant rushed to the door; and there again no person was to be seen. He now locked his door and went home; but the voices, as he thought, followed him through the crowd, and he arrived at his house in a most unenviable state of mind. Inclined to ascribe the voices to derangement in mind, he sent for a medical attendant, and told his case; and a certain kind of treatment was prescribed. This, however, failed: the voices menacing him with punishment for purely imaginary crimes continued, and he was reduced to the brink of despair. At length a friend prescribed entire relaxation from business, and a daily game of cricket; which, to his great relief, proved an effectual remedy. The exercise banished the phantom voices, and they were no more heard.

In bygone times, when any kind of nonsense was believed without investigation, the Lowland Scotch, as they alleged, occasionally saw *wraiths*, or spectral appearances of persons who were soon to quit this mortal scene; the Irish were also accustomed to the spectacle of *fetches;* and the Highlanders had their *second-sight;* the whole, be it observed, being but a variety of mental disease or some kind of delusion. In some instances the appearances were a result of atmospheric refraction, but generally they were nothing more than the phantoms of a morbid and over-excited fancy. The progress of education and intelligence has almost everywhere banished such delusions.

ILLUSIONS FROM DERANGEMENT OF THE EYES.

In our preliminary observations, it was shown that spectral appearances produced by mental disorder were really formed or daguerreotyped on the eye; but an unsound state of the eye itself may also cause these phantoms. Dr Abercrombie mentions two cases strikingly illustrative of this fact. In one of these, a gentleman of high mental endowments, and of the age of eighty, enjoying uninterrupted health, and very temperate in his habits, was the person subject to the illusions. For twelve years this gentleman had daily visitations of spectral figures, attired often in foreign dresses, such as Roman, Turkish, and Grecian, and presenting all varieties of the human countenance, in its gradations from childhood to old age. Sometimes faces only were visible, and the countenance of the gentleman himself not unfrequently appeared among them. One old and arch-looking lady was the most constant visitor, and she always wore a tartan plaid of an antique cut. These illusory appearances were rather amusing than otherwise, being for the most part of a pleasing character. The second case mentioned by Dr Abercrombie was one even more remarkable than the preceding. "A gentleman of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in active business, has all his life been the sport of spectral illusions, to such an extent that, in meeting a friend on the street, he has first to appeal to the sense of touch before he can determine whether or not the appearance is real. He can call up figures at will by a steady process of mental conception, and the figures may either be something real, or the composition of his own fancy." Another member of the family was subject to the same delusive impressions.

These very curious cases indicate, we think, a defective condition of the retina, which may be held as one distinct and specific source of spectral deceptions. That defective condition seems to consist in an unusual sensitiveness, rendering the organ liable to have figures called up upon it by the stimulus of the fancy, as if impressed by actual external objects. In ordinary circumstances, on a friend being vividly called to one's remembrance, one can mentally form a complete conception of his face and figure in their minutest lineaments. "My father!" says Hamlet; "methinks I see him now!" "Where, my lord?" "In my *mind's eye,* Horatio." In Hamlet's case, an apparition is described as having followed this delineation by the memory, and so may a vivid impression of any figure or object be transferred from the mind to the retina, where the latter organ is permanently or temporarily in a weak or peculiarly sensitive state. In this way the spectral illusions seem to have been habitually caused in the two cases described. There the defect in the retina was the fundamental or ultimate cause of their existence, and the fancy of the individual the power which regulated their frequency and character. Slighter cases of this nature are of comparatively common occurrence—cases in which the retina is for a short time so affected as to give the impression of an apparition. Every one is aware that a peculiarly bright or shining object, if long gazed upon, does not leave the retina as soon as the eye is withdrawn from it. It remains upon the nerve for a considerable time afterwards, at least in outline, as may be observed by closing the eyelids on such occasions. This retentive power, when aided by the imagination, and perhaps by a little bodily derangement with which the senses sympathise, may be carried so far as to produce an actual and forcible spectral illusion. A gentleman, who had gazed long and earnestly on a small and beautiful portrait of the Virgin and Child, was startled, immediately on turning his eye from the picture, by seeing a woman and infant at the other end of his chamber of the full size of life. A particular circumstance, however, disclosed in a moment the source of the appearance. The picture was a three parts' length, and the apparitional figures also wanted the lower fourth of the body, thus showing that the figures had merely been retained on the tablet of the eye. But the retina may retain an impression much longer than in this case; or rather may recall, after a considerable time, an impression that has been very vividly made at the first. A celebrated oculist in London lately mentioned to us that he had been some time ago waited on by a gentleman who laboured under an annoying spectral impression in his eye. He stated that, having looked steadfastly on a copy of the Lord's Prayer, printed in minute characters within a circle the size of a sixpence, he had ever since had the impression of the Lord's Prayer in his eye. On whatever object he turned his organs of vision, there was the small round copy of the Lord's Prayer present, and partly covering it.

It appears, then, from the cases described, that the eye, through defectiveness of its parts, or through the power of the retina in retaining or recalling vivid impressions, may itself be the main agent in producing spectral illusions. From one particular circumstance, we may generally tell at once whether or not the eye is the organ in fault on such occasions. In Dr Abercrombie's cases, the spectral figures *never spoke*. This is equivalent to a positive indication that the sense of hearing was not involved in the derangement; in short, that the eye, and not the whole of the senses, or general system, constituted the seat of the defect.

ILLUSIONS EXPLAINED BY PHRENOLOGY.

In previous sections, it has been stated that maladies of various kinds are capable of producing spectral illusions by their effects on the brain and nervous system. In some cases, it was stated that the brain is directly diseased; in other cases, that the perceptions made by that organ are only indirectly deranged by sympathy with some bodily malady. Madness, for example, having its origin in diseased cerebral structure, may be attended with spectral illusions; and disorder of the alimentary organs, caused by dissipation, may be an indirect source of them; the senses, and the brain which forms perceptions through their reports, being functionally disordered from sympathy. That a peculiar temperament of body, and, in part, a particular mental constitution, are requisite to give a predisposition to the affection, there can be little doubt. Some mental philosophers go a great way farther. The phrenologists hold that it is chiefly on a particular development of one portion of the brain, which they describe as the seat of the sentiment of Wonder, that the tendency to see visions depends. It is observed by them that this "sentiment, when in a state of extreme exaltation (great development and high excitement), may stimulate the perceptive faculties to perceive objects fitted to gratify it; and that spectres, apparitions, spirits, &c. are the kind of ideas suited to please an inordinate Wonder." They class pretenders to supernatural messages and missions, the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and workers of miracles, among such patients. Separating the remark just quoted from its reference to the organology of the phrenological science, we may hold it to signify that the sentiment of wonder, when predominant in an individual's mind, will stimulate those faculties which take cognisance of the forms, colours, sizes, &c. of material existences, to such a pitch of activity, that illusory perceptions of objects, characterised by qualities fitted to gratify wonder, will be formed in the brain. The following case, contributed a number of years ago by Mr Simpson to the Phrenological Journal, No. 6, affords an interesting example of the manner in which spectral illusions are accounted for by the strict rules of this new mental science.

"Miss S. L., a young lady under twenty years of age, of good family, well educated, free from any superstitious fears, and in perfect general health of body and soundness of mind, has, nevertheless, been for some years occasionally troubled, both in the night and in the day, with visions of persons and inanimate objects, in numerous modes and forms. She was early subject to such illusions occasionally, and the first she remembers was that of a carpet spread out in the air, which descended near her, and vanished away.

"After an interval of some years, she began to see human figures in her room as she lay wide awake in bed, even in the daylight of the morning. These figures were whitish, or rather gray, and transparent like cobweb, and generally above the size of life. At this time she had acute headaches, very singularly confined to one small spot of the head. On being asked to point out the spot, the utmost care being taken not to lead her to the answer, our readers may judge of our feelings as phrenologists when she touched with her forefinger and thumb each side of the root of the nose, the commencement of the eyebrows, and the spot immediately over the top of the nose—the ascertained seats of the organs of Form, Size, and Individuality! Here, particularly on each side of the root of the nose, she said the sensation could only be compared to that of running sharp knives into the part. The pain increased when she held her head down, and was much relieved by holding her face upwards. Miss S. L., on being asked if the pain was confined to that spot, answered, that 'some time afterwards the pain extended to right and left along the eyebrows, and a little above them, and completely round the eyes, which felt often as if they would have burst from their sockets.' When this happened, her visions were varied precisely as the phrenologist would have anticipated, and she detailed the progress without a single leading question. Weight, Colouring, Order, Number, Locality, all became affected; and let us observe what happened. The whitish or cobweb spectres assumed the natural colour of the objects, but they continued often to present themselves, though not always, above the size of life. She saw a beggar one day out of doors, natural in size and colour, who vanished as she came up to the spot. Colouring being over-excited, began to occasion its specific and fantastical illusions. Bright spots, like stars on a black ground, filled the room in the dark, and even in daylight; and sudden and sometimes gradual illumination of the room during the night seemed to take place. Innumerable balls of fire seemed one day to pour like a torrent out of one of the rooms of the house down the staircase. On one occasion the pain between the eyes, and along the lower ridge of the brow, struck her suddenly with great violence—when instantly the room filled with stars and bright spots. On attempting on that occasion to go to bed, she said she was conscious of an inability to balance herself, as if she had been tipsy; and she fell, having made repeated efforts to seize the bed-post, which, in the most unaccountable manner, eluded her grasp, by shifting its place, and also by presenting her with a number of bed-posts instead of one. If the organ of Weight, situated between Size and Colouring, be the organ of the instinct to preserve, and power of preserving equilibrium, it must be the necessary consequence of the derangement of that organ to overset the balance of the person. Over-excited Number we should expect to produce multiplication of objects, and the first experience she had of this illusion was the multiplication of the bed-posts, and subsequently of any inanimate object she looked at, that object being in itself real and single: a book, a footstool, a work-box, would increase to twenty, or fifty, sometimes without order or arrangement, and at other times piled regularly one above another. Such objects deluded her in another way, by increasing in size, as she looked at them, to the most amazing excess—again resuming their natural size—less than which they never seemed to become—and again swelling out. Locality, over-excited, gave her the illusion of objects, which she had been accustomed to regard as fixed, being out of their places; and she thinks, but is not sure, that on one occasion a door and window in one apartment seemed to have changed places; but, as she added, she might have been deceived by a mirror. This qualification gave us the more confidence in her accuracy, when, as she did with regard to all her other illusions, she spoke more positively. She had not hitherto observed a great and painful confusion in the visions which visited her, so as to entitle us to infer the derangement of Order. Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Colouring, Locality, and Number, only seemed hitherto affected.

"For nearly two years Miss S. L. was free from her frontal headaches, and—mark the coincidence—untroubled by visions or any other illusive perceptions. Some months ago, however, all her distressing symptoms returned in great aggravation, when she was conscious of a want of health. The pain was more acute than before along the frontal bone, and round and in the eyeballs; and all the organs there situated recommenced their game of illusion. Single figures of absent and deceased friends were terribly real to her, both in the day and the night, sometimes cobweb, but generally coloured. She sometimes saw friends on the street, who proved phantoms when she approached to speak to them; and instances occurred where, from not having thus satisfied herself of the illusion, she affirmed to such friends that she had seen them in certain places, at certain times, when they proved to her the clearest *alibi*. The confusion of her spectral forms now distressed her. (Order affected.) The oppression and perplexity was intolerable when figures presented themselves before her in inextricable disorder, and still more when they changed—as with Nicolai—from whole figures to parts of figures, faces, and half faces, and limbs—sometimes of inordinate size and dreadful deformity. One instance of illusive disorder which she mentioned is curious, and has the farther effect of exhibiting what cannot be put in terms, except those of the derangement of the just perception of gravitation or equilibrium. (Weight.) One night, as she sat in her bed-room, and was about to go to bed, a stream of spectres, persons' faces, and limbs, in the most shocking confusion, seemed to her to pour into her room from the window, in the manner of a cascade! Although the cascade continued apparently in rapid descending motion, there was no accumulation of figures in the room, the supply unaccountably vanishing after having formed the cascade. Colossal figures are her frequent visitors. (Size.)

"Real but inanimate objects have assumed to her the form of animals; and she has often attempted to lift articles from the ground, which, like the oysters in the pot-house cellar, eluded her grasp.

"More recently, she has experienced a great aggravation of her alarms; for, like Nicolai, she began to hear her spectral visitors speak! (The organs of Language and Tune, or Sound, affected.) At first her crowds kept up a buzzing and indescribable gibbering, and occasionally joined in a loud and terribly disagreeable laugh, which she could only impute to fiends. These unwelcome sounds were generally followed by a rapid and always alarming advance of the figures, which often on those occasions presented very large and fearful faces, with insufferable glaring eyes close to her own. All self-possession then failed her, and the cold sweat of terror stood on her brow. Her single figures of the deceased and absent then began to gibber, and soon more distinctly to address her; but terror has hitherto prevented her from understanding what they said.

"She went, not very wisely, to see that banquet of demonology, Der Freischutz; and of course, for some time afterwards, the *dramatis personæ* of that edifying piece, not excepting his Satanic majesty in person, were her nightly visitors. Some particular figures are persevering in their visits to her. A Moor, with a turban, frequently looks over her shoulder, very impertinently, when she uses a mirror.

"Of the other illusive perceptions of Miss S. L., we may mention the sensation of being lifted up, and of sinking down and falling forward, with the puzzling perception of objects off their perpendicular; for example, the room, floor, and all, sloping to one side. (Weight affected.)

"Colours in her work, or otherwise, long looked at, are slow to quit her sight. She has noises in her head, and a sensation of heat all over it; and, last of all, when asked if she ever experienced acute pain elsewhere about the head than in the lower range of the forehead, she answered that three several times she was suddenly affected with such excruciating throbbing pain on the top of the head, that she had almost fainted; and when asked to put her finger on the spot, she put the points of each forefinger precisely on the organ of Wonder, on each side of the coronal surface!"

In the same paper Mr Simpson adduces the singular illusive perceptions suffered occasionally by Mr John Hunter, the great anatomist, several of which are identical with Miss S. L.'s. In the eighteenth and other numbers of the Phrenological Journal, other cases of spectral illusions are mentioned, several with local pain, which are held to corroborate the inferences drawn from that of Miss S. L. But the case of that lady seems to us the most comprehensive on the subject.

In a subsequent paper by Mr Simpson (in No. 7), the most brief and satisfactory explanation of the illusions of the English Opium-Eater is given. The forms and faces that persecuted him in millions (Form diseased)—the expansion of a night into a hundred years (Time)—his insufferable lights and splendours

(Colour)—his descent for millions of miles without finding a bottom (Weight or Resistance, giving the feeling of support, diseased)—all described by him with an eloquence that startled the public—are only aggravated illusions, due to his irregularities. It is extremely probable that the intoxicating gas affects the same organs.

ILLUSIONS FROM ARTIFICE.

Illusions from the use of phantasmagoria, magic lanterns, mirrors, and other means of deception connected with professed jugglery, need not here be more than alluded to. Illusions arising from the alleged appearance of, and intercourse with, spirits, are of a different kind, and a regular notice of such would form a dark chapter in the history of our popular superstitions. In all ages, there have been persons who lived by imposing on the vulgar, and pretending to possess supernatural powers. Others, either through heedlessness or a wanton spirit of mischief, have inflicted scarcely less injury on society by terrifying children and weak-minded persons with tales of ghosts and other spectral appearances. It is not yet a century since the metropolis was thrown into a state of extraordinary excitement by the Cock Lane ghost; and as the history of this affair will best illustrate the absurdity of this class of illusions, we may be allowed to add it to our list of apparition anecdotes.

About the year 1759, Mr Kempe, a gentleman from the county of Norfolk, came to reside with the sister of his deceased wife, in the house of a Mr Parsons in Cock Lane, near Smithfield. The lady, it appears, slept with a girl, the daughter of Parsons, and complained of being disturbed with very unaccountable noises. From this or some other cause, Mr Kempe and his sister-in-law removed to another lodging in Bartlett Street. Here, unfortunately, the lady, who passed by the name of Mrs Kempe, was attacked with small-pox, and died; and on the 2d of February 1760, her body was interred in a vault in St John's church, Clerkenwell.

From this event two years elapsed, when a report was propagated that a great knocking and scratching had been heard in the night at the house of Parsons, to the great terror of all the family; all methods employed to discover the cause of it being ineffectual. This noise was always heard under the bed in which lay two children, the eldest of whom had slept with Mrs Kempe, as already mentioned, during her residence in this house. To find out whence it proceeded, Mr Parsons ordered the wainscot to be taken down; but the knocking and scratching, instead of ceasing, became more violent than ever. The children were then removed into the two pair of stairs room, whither they were followed by the same noise, which sometimes continued during the whole night.

From these circumstances, it was apprehended that the house was haunted; and the elder child declared that she had, some time before, seen the apparition of a woman, surrounded, as it were, by a blazing light. But the girl was not the only person who was favoured with a sight of this luminous lady. A publican in the neighbourhood, bringing a pot of beer into the house, about eleven o'clock at night, was so terrified that he let the beer fall, upon seeing on the stairs, as he was looking up, the bright shining figure of a woman, which cast such a light that he could see the dial in the charity school, through a window in that building. The figure passed by him, and beckoned him to follow; but he was too much terrified to obey its directions, ran home as fast as possible, and was taken very ill. About an hour after this Mr Parsons himself, having occasion to go into another room, saw the same apparition.

As the knocking and scratching only followed the children, the girl who had seen the supposed apparition was interrogated what she thought it was like. She declared it was Mrs Kempe, who about two years before had lodged in the house. On this information, the circumstances attending Mrs Kempe's death were recollected, and were pronounced by those who heard them to be of a dark and disagreeable nature. Suspicions were whispered about tending to inculpate Mr Kempe; fresh circumstances were brought to light, and it was hinted that the deceased had not died a natural death; that, in fact, she had been poisoned.

The knocking and scratching now began to be more violent; they seemed to proceed from underneath the bedstead of the child, who was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations. In a word, Parsons gave out that the spirit of Mrs Kempe had taken possession of the girl. The noises increased in violence, and several gentlemen were requested to sit up all night in the child's room. On the 13th of January, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, a respectable clergyman was sent for, who, addressing himself to the supposed spirit, desired that, if any injury had been done to the person who had lived in that house, he might be answered in the affirmative by one single knock; if the contrary, by two knocks. This was immediately answered by one knock. He then asked several questions, which were all very rationally answered in the same way. Crowds now went to hear the ghost: among others, Dr Johnson, "the Colossus of British literature," who was imposed on like the rest. Many persons, however, would not be duped. Suspecting a trick, with the sanction of the lord mayor they set themselves carefully to watch the movements of the girl. The supposed ghost having announced that it would attend any gentleman into the vault under St John's church, in which the body of Mrs Kempe was entombed, and point out the coffin by knocking on the lid, several persons proceeded to the vault accordingly, there to await the result. On entering this gloomy receptacle at midnight, the party waited for some time in silence for the spirit to perform its promise, but nothing ensued. The person accused by the ghost then went down, with several others, into the vault, but no effect was perceived. Returning to the bed-room of the girl, the party examined her closely, but could draw no confession from her; on their departure, however, towards morning, they arrived at the conviction that the girl possessed the art of counterfeiting noises. Farther examinations took place, and ultimately it was discovered that she was a finished impostor. They found that she had been in the habit of taking with her to bed a thin and sonorous piece of wood, on which she produced the noises that had deceived such crowds of credulous individuals. Parsons, who had been privy to the plot for injuring the reputation of Mr Kempe, with his daughter, and several accomplices, were now taken into custody; and after a trial before Lord Mansfield, were condemned to various terms of imprisonment; Parsons being, in addition, ordered to stand in the pillory. Such was the termination of an affair which not only found partisans among the weak and credulous, but even staggered many men reputed for possessing sound understandings. A worthy clergyman, whose faith was stronger than his reason, and who had warmly interested himself in behalf of the reality of the spirit, was so overwhelmed with grief and chagrin, that he did not long survive the detection of the imposture.

CONCLUSION.

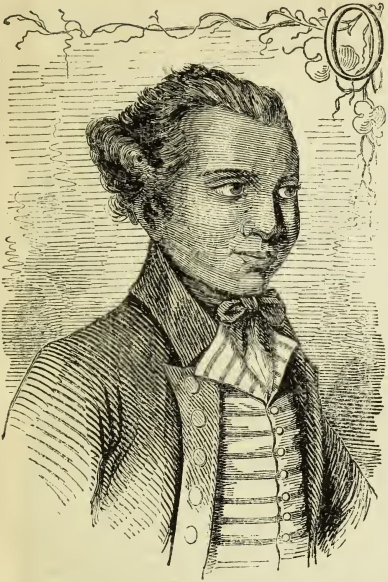
A word of advice may now be given in conclusion to those who are subject to illusions of a spectral kind. If hysteria, epilepsy, or any well-marked bodily affection be an accompaniment of these illusions, of course remedial measures should be used which have a reference to these maladies, and the physician is the party to be applied to. If, however, no well-defined bodily ailment exists, a word of counsel may be useful from ourselves. We believe that, in general, spectral illusions are caused by disorders originating in the alimentary system, and that the continued use of stimulating liquors is to be most commonly blamed for the visitation. If the patient is conscious that this is the case, his path to relief lies open before him. The removal of the cause will almost always remove the effect. At the same time, the process of cure may be slow. The imagination becomes morbidly active in such cases, and many maintain the illusions after the digestive system is restored to order. But this will not be the case long, for the morbidity of the imagination does not usually survive, for any length of time, the restoration of the sanity of the body. To effect a cure of the fundamental derangement of the alimentary system, aperient medicines may be used in the first instance, and afterwards tonics—nourishing food, in small quantities, at the outset—and gentle but frequent exercise in the open air. Last, but not least, for the cure of the sufferer from spectral illusions, the indulgence in cheerful society is to be recommended. Solitude infallibly nurses the morbidity of the imagination. In some cases, where the system is much weakened, and the indulgence in stimulants has been long-continued, it may be advisable only to drop the use of them by degrees. But the habit is broken off at once, for the most part, with safety, as Father Mathew's temperance experiences in Ireland satisfactorily prove. Even in the instances of the most inveterate drunkards, no harm followed from instantaneous abstinence. Therefore, as a *little* too often leads to *much* in the matter of drinking, those who would break off the practice should not be over-indulgent to themselves, through fear of the consequences of change.

If opium have been the cause of the illusions, a *gradual* cessation from its use is advisable; and if the digestive functions have been deranged by it, the same course should be followed as in the case of ardent liquors.

Should the sufferer from spectral illusions be conscious of no error as regards the use of stimulants or narcotics, some affection of the brain may be suspected, and headaches will corroborate this suspicion. Local or general blood-letting will prove in most cases the best remedy. Leeches or cupping may be tried in the first place, and, if tried ineffectively, the lancet may then be employed.

With respect to the demonstrable truthfulness of stories of apparitions, we consider that the whole may be referred to natural causes. Let us think of the apparent reasons for the majority of spectral communications, supposing them to be supernatural. Can we deem it accordant with the dignity of that great Power which orders the universe, that a spirit should be sent to warn a libertine of his death? Or that a spiritual messenger should be commissioned to walk about an old manor-house, dressed in a white sheet, and dragging clanking chains, for no better purpose than to frighten old women and servant girls, as said to be done in all haunted-chamber cases? Or that a supernatural being should be charged with the notable task of tapping on bed-heads, pulling down plates, and making a clatter among tea-cups, as in the case of the Stockwell ghost, and a thousand others? The supposition is monstrous. If to any one inhabitant of this earth —a petty atom, occupying a speck of a place on a ball which is itself an insignificant unit among millions of spheres—if to such a one a supernatural communication was deigned, certainly it would be for some purpose worthy of the all-wise Communicator, and fraught with importance to the recipient of the message, as well, perhaps, as to his whole race. Keeping this in mind, how absurd do the majority of our apparition stories appear!

PRINCE LEE BOO.



ON the 10th of August 1783, the Antelope, a packet of three hundred tons burden, in the service of the East India Company, and under the command of Captain Henry Wilson, suffered shipwreck on the Pelew Islands, one of the numerous groups which stud the Pacific, and the nearest of any importance to the East India Islands. At that time the Polynesians had had but little intercourse with white men, and were of course ignorant of many of those virtues and vices which have since so materially altered their character. Our countrymen, however, met with the most kindly treatment, and in turn presented the natives with articles and implements calculated to assist them in the operations of their primitive mode of life. During their stay, which continued till the 12th of November, the crew were busy in constructing a small schooner, for the purpose of conveying them to Macao, in China; an effort which was ultimately crowned with success.

One of the most interesting and important personages met with by Captain Wilson during his stay, was Abba Thulle, king of Cooroorаa and of several of the adjoining islets. Uniformly humane, and attentive to the wants of the unfortunate crew, this individual, in his intercourse with them, soon perceived their superiority in warlike preparation, in mechanical skill, in their power of turning almost every object to use, and, above all, in the obedience, regularity, and order with which each attended to his respective duties. He used to say that, though his subjects looked up to him with respect, and regarded him as not only superior in rank, but in knowledge, yet that, after being with the English, and contemplating their ingenuity, he had often felt his own insignificance, in seeing the lowest of them exercise talents that he had ever been a stranger to. Impressed with this conviction, he resolved to intrust one of his sons to Captain Wilson's care, that the youth might have the advantage of improving himself by accompanying the English, and of learning many things that might at his return greatly benefit his own country. This announcement was too important not to be cordially welcomed by Captain Wilson, and the result was, that the king's second son, Prince Lee Boo, then in his nineteenth year, was, on the departure of the schooner, handed over with due ceremony, "to be instructed in all things that he ought to know, and to be made an *English* man." To the brief history of this amiable and promising youth we devote the following pages, premising, that our account is chiefly abridged from "Keate's Pelew Islands," a volume compiled from the journals and communications of Captain Wilson and his brother officers.

VOYAGE FROM PELEW TO CHINA.

After an affectionate parting, the crew and their new charge left Pelew on the 12th of November 1783. Lee Boo, the first night he slept on board, ordered Boyam, his servant (a Malay, who acted also as his interpreter), to bring his mat upon deck; apparently annoyed by the restraint and confinement of a cabin. He was the next morning much surprised at not seeing land. Captain Wilson now clothed him in a shirt, waistcoat, and a pair of trousers: he appeared to feel himself uneasy in wearing the two first articles, and soon took them off and folded them up, using them only as a pillow; but, being impressed with an idea of the indelicacy of having no clothing, he never appeared without his trousers. As the vessel, proceeding northward, advanced into a climate gradually growing colder, he in a little time felt less inconvenience in putting on again his jacket and shirt; to which, when he had been a little time accustomed, his new-taught sense of propriety was so great, that he would never change his dress, or any part of it, in the presence of another person, always retiring for that purpose to some dark corner where no one could see him.

As they approached the Chinese coast, Lee Boo appeared quite delighted at the sight of land and the number of boats on the water. Before Captain Wilson went on shore, the prince, on seeing the large Portuguese ships at anchor in the Typa, appeared to be greatly astonished, exclaiming, as he looked at them, "Clow, clow, muc clow!" that is, Large, large, very large! Here he gave our people an early opportunity of seeing the natural benevolence of his mind. Some of the Chinese boats, that are rowed by poor Tartar women, with their little children tied to their backs, and who live in families on the water, surrounded the vessel to petition for fragments of victuals; and the young prince, on noticing their supplications, gave them oranges, and such other things as he had, being particularly attentive to offer them those edibles which he liked best himself.

On landing at Macao, Lee Boo was introduced to the former acquaintances of Captain Wilson: among others to a Mr M'Intyre, and to a Portuguese gentleman of some distinction, to whose residence he was first taken. This being the first house our young traveller had ever seen, he was apparently lost in silent admiration. What struck most his imagination at first, was the upright walls and the flat ceilings; he seemed as if puzzling himself to comprehend how they could be formed; and the decorations of the rooms were also no small subject of astonishment. When he was introduced to the ladies of the family, his deportment was so easy and polite, that it was exceeded only by his abundant good-nature. So far from being embarrassed, he permitted the company to examine his hands, which were tattooed, and appeared pleased with the attention shown him. When he retired with Captain Wilson, his behaviour left on the mind of every one present the impression, that however great the surprise might be which the scenes of a new world had awakened in him, it could hardly be exceeded by that which his own amiable manners and native polish would excite in others.

Mr M'Intyre next conducted them to his own house, where they were introduced into a hall lighted up, with a table in the middle covered for supper, and a sideboard handsomely decorated. Here a new scene burst at once on Lee Boo's mind: he was all eye, all admiration. The vessels of glass appeared to be the objects which rivetted most his attention. Mr M'Intyre showed him whatever he conceived would amuse him; but everything that surrounded him was attracting; his eye was like his mind, lost and bewildered. It was in truth to him a scene of magic, a fairy tale. Amongst the things that solicited his notice, was a large mirror at the upper end of the hall, which reflected almost his whole person. Here Lee Boo stood in perfect amazement at seeing himself: he laughed, he drew back, and returned to look again, quite absorbed in wonder. He made an effort to look behind, as if conceiving somebody was there, but found the glass fixed close to the wall. Mr M'Intyre observing the idea that had crossed him, ordered a small glass to be brought into the room, wherein having viewed his face, he looked behind, to discover the person who looked at him, totally unable to make out how all this was produced.

After passing an evening, which had been rendered pleasant and cheerful from the hospitality of their host and the simplicity of Lee Boo, our people retired for the night. Whether the prince passed it in sleep, or in reflecting on the occurrences of the day, is uncertain; but it is more than probable they were the next morning recollected by him in that confused manner in which we recall the traces of a dream.

Soon after the crew came on shore, some of them went to purchase such things as they were in want of, in doing which they did not forget Lee Boo, who was a favourite with them all. They bought him some little trinkets, which they thought would, from their novelty, please him. Amongst them was a string of large glass beads, the first sight of which almost threw him into an ecstacy: he hugged them with a transport that could not be exceeded by the interested possessor of a string of pearls of equal magnitude. His imagination told him he had in his hands all the wealth the world could afford him. He ran with eagerness to Captain Wilson, to show him his riches, and, enraptured with the idea that his family should share them with him, he, in the utmost agitation, intreated Captain Wilson would immediately get him a Chinese vessel, to carry his treasures to Pelew, and deliver them to the king, that he might distribute them as he thought best, and thereby see what a country the English had conveyed him to; adding, that the people who carried them should tell the king that Lee Boo would soon send him other presents. He also told Captain Wilson that if the people faithfully executed their charge, he would (independent of what Abba Thulle would give them) present them at their return with one or two beads, as a reward for their fidelity.

Whilst Lee Boo remained at Macao, he had frequent opportunities of seeing people of different nations; and also was shown three Englishwomen, who, having lost their husbands in India, had been sent from Madras thither, and were waiting there to return to Europe, to whom the "new man," as he was called, gave the preference to any other of the fair sex he had seen.

Having no quadrupeds at Pelew, the two dogs left there were the only kind he had seen; on which account the sheep, goats, and other cattle which he met with whilst at Macao, were viewed with wonder. The Newfoundland dog which had been given to his uncle in Pelew, being called Sailor, he applied the word sailor to every animal that had four legs. Seeing some horses in a stable, he called them "clow sailor;" that is, "large sailor;" but the next day, observing a man pass the house on horseback, he was himself so wonderfully astonished, that he wanted every one to go and see the strange sight. He went afterwards to the stables where the horses were; he felt, he stroked them, and was inquisitive to know what their food was, having found, by offering them some oranges he had in his pocket, that they would not eat them. He was easily persuaded to get on one of their backs; and when he was informed what a noble, docile, and useful animal it was, he with much earnestness besought the captain to get one sent to his uncle, to whom he said he was sure it would be of great service.

Anxious to obtain a vessel bound for England, Captain Wilson left Macao for Canton, taking his wondering charge along with him. At Canton, the number of houses, the variety of shops, and the multitude of artificers, greatly astonished him. Being at the Company's table at the factory, the vessels of glass, of various shapes and sizes, particularly the glass chandeliers, attracted his notice. When, on looking round, he surveyed the number of attendants standing behind the gentlemen's chairs, he observed to Captain Wilson that the king, his father, lived in a manner very different, having only a little fish, a yam, or a cocoa-nut, which he ate from off a leaf, and drank out of the shell of the nut; and when his meal was finished, wiped his mouth and his fingers with a bit of cocoa-nut husk; whereas the company present ate a bit of one thing and then a bit of another, the servants always supplying them with a different plate, and different sorts of vessels to drink out of. He seemed from the first to relish tea; coffee he disliked the smell of, and therefore refused it, at the same time telling Captain Wilson he would drink it if he ordered him. On their arrival at Macao, one of the seamen being much intoxicated, Lee Boo expressed great concern, thinking him very ill, and applied to Mr Sharp, the surgeon, to go and see him. Being told nothing material ailed him, that it was only the effect of a liquor that common people were apt to indulge in, and that he would soon be well, he appeared satisfied; but would never after even taste spirits, if any were offered him, saying "it was not drink fit for gentlemen." As to his eating and drinking, he was in both temperate to a degree.

Whilst at Canton, several gentlemen, who had been at Madagascar and other places where the throwing of the spear is practised, and who themselves were in some degree skilled in the art, having expressed a wish to see the prince perform this exercise, they assembled at the hall of the factory for that purpose. Lee Boo did not at first point his spear to any particular object, but only shook and poised it, as is usually done before the weapon is thrown from the hand: this they were also able to do; but, proposing to aim at some particular point, they fixed this point to be a gauze cage which hung up in the hall, and which had a bird painted in the middle. Lee Boo took up his spear with great apparent indifference, and, levelling at the little bird, struck it through the head, astonishing all his competitors, who, at the great distance from whence they flung, with much difficulty even hit the cage.

He was greatly pleased with the stone buildings and spacious rooms in the houses at Canton; but the flat ceilings still continued to excite his wonder: he often compared them with the sloping thatched roofs at Pelew, and said, by the time he went back he should have learnt how it was done, and would then tell the people there in what manner they ought to build. The benefiting his country by whatever he saw, seemed to be the point to which all his observations were directed.

Being at the house of Mr Freeman, one of the supercargoes, amongst the things brought in for tea was a sugar-dish of blue glass, which much struck Lee Boo's fancy. The joy with which he viewed it, induced that gentleman, after tea, to carry him into another room, where there were two barrels of the same kind of blue glass (which held about two quarts each) placed on brackets: his eye was again caught by the same alluring colour; he looked at them eagerly, then went away, and returned to them with new delight. The gentleman observing the pleasure they gave him, told him he would make him a present of them, and that he should carry them to Pelew. This threw him into such a transport of joy, he could hardly contain himself. He declared them to be a great treasure; and that, when he returned, his father Abba Thulle should have them. He wished his relations at Pelew could but see them, as he was sure they would be lost in astonishment.

A passage to England having been obtained in the Morse, East Indiaman, Captain Wilson and Lee Boo bade adieu to their hospitable friends at Canton about the end of December 1783.

VOYAGE FROM CANTON TO ENGLAND.

The homeward voyage of the Morse was prosperous and pleasant, and Lee Boo received every kindness and attention from the commander, Captain Elliot. On the other hand, he was so courteous and amiable, that every one was ready to render him any service in their power; and thus the tedium of their long voyage was greatly alleviated. Lee Boo was extremely desirous of knowing the name and country of every ship he met at sea, and would repeat what he was told over and over, till he had fixed it well in his memory; and, as each inquiry was gratified, he made a knot on his line; but these knots now having greatly multiplied, he was obliged to repeat them over every day to refresh his memory, and often to recur to Captain Wilson or others when he had forgot what any particular knot referred to. The officers in the Morse, with whom only he associated, when they saw him thus busied with his line, used to say he was reading his journal. He frequently asked after all the people of the Oroolong, who had gone aboard different ships at China, particularly after the captain's son and Mr Sharp.

He had not been long on the voyage, before he solicited Captain Wilson to get him a book, and point out to him the letters, that he might, when he knew them, be instructed in reading. All convenient opportunities were allotted to gratify this wish of his young pupil, who discovered great readiness in comprehending every information given him.

On arriving at St Helena, he was much struck with the soldiers and cannon on the fortifications; and the coming in soon after of four English men-of-war, afforded him a sight highly delighting, particularly those which had two tier of guns. It was explained to him that these ships were intended only for fighting, and that the other vessels which he then saw in the bay were destined for commerce, to transport and exchange from one country to another its produce and manufactures. Captain Buller, the commander of his majesty's ship Chaser, had the goodness to take him on board his own and another ship, to let him see the men exercised at the great guns and small arms, which exceedingly impressed his imagination.

On being carried to see a school, he expressed a wish that he could learn as the boys did, feeling his own deficiency in knowledge.

He desired to ride on horseback into the country, which he was permitted to do: he sat well, and galloped, showed no fear of falling, and appeared highly pleased both with the novelty and pleasure of the exercise.

Visiting the Company's garden, he noticed some shady walks formed with bamboos arching overhead on lattice-work. He was struck with the refreshing coolness they afforded, and observed that his own countrymen were ignorant of the advantages they might enjoy, saying that on this island they had but little wood, yet applied it to a good purpose; that at Pelew they had great abundance, and knew not how to use it; adding, that when he went back he would speak to the king, tell him how defective they were, and have men employed to make such bowers as he had seen. Such were the dawnings of a mind that felt its own darkness, and had the good sense to catch at every ray of light that might lead it forward to information and improvement!

Before the Morse quitted St Helena the Lascelles arrived, by which occurrence Lee Boo had an interview with his first friend, Mr Sharp. He had a sight of him from a window, and ran out with the utmost impatience to take him by the hand; happy, after so long a separation, to meet him again, and evincing by his ardour the grateful sentiments he retained of the attention that gentleman had shown him.

As he drew near the British Channel, the number of vessels that he observed pursuing their different courses increasing so much, he was obliged to give up the keeping of his journal; but was still very inquisitive to know whither they were sailing. When the Morse got to the Isle of Wight, Captain Wilson, his brother, the prince, with several other passengers, quitted her, and coming in a boat between the Needles, arrived safely at Portsmouth on the 14th of July 1784. On landing, the number and size of the men-of-war in harbour, the variety of houses, and the ramparts, were all objects of attraction: he seemed so totally absorbed in silent surprise, that he had no leisure to ask any questions. The officer of the Morse charged with the despatches setting off immediately for London, Captain Wilson, impatient to see his family, accompanied him, leaving his young traveller under the care of his brother, to follow him by a coach, which was to set off in the evening. As soon as he reached town, he was conveyed to the captain's house at Rotherhithe, where he was not a little happy to rejoin his adopted father, and in being introduced to his family.

Though part of his journey had been passed during the night, yet, with returning day, his eyes had full employment on every side; and when he had got to what was now to be for some time his destined home, he arrived in all the natural glow of his youthful spirits. Whatever he had observed in silence was now eagerly disclosed. He described all the circumstances of his journey; said it was very pleasant; that he had been put into a little house, which was run away with by horses; that he slept, but still was going on; and whilst he went one way, the fields, houses, and trees all went another; everything, from the quickness of travelling, appearing to him to be in motion.

At the hour of rest, he was shown by Mr M. Wilson up to his chamber, where for the first time he saw a four-post bed. He could scarcely conceive what it meant. He jumped in, and jumped out again; felt and pulled aside the curtains; got into bed, and then got out a second time to admire its exterior form. At length, having become acquainted with its use and convenience, he laid himself down to sleep, saying "that in England there was a house for everything."

HIS CONDUCT IN ENGLAND.

"It was not, I believe, more than a week after his arrival," continues the narrative of Mr Keate, "when I was invited by my late valued friend Robert Rashleigh, Esq. to dinner, where Captain Wilson and his young charge were expected. Lee Boo then possessed but very little English, yet, between words and action, made himself tolerably understood, and seemed to comprehend the greater part of what was said to him, especially having the captain by him to explain whatever he did not clearly comprehend. He was dressed as an Englishman, excepting that he wore his hair in the fashion of his own country; appeared to be between nineteen and twenty years of age; was of middle stature; and had a countenance so strongly marked with sensibility and good-humour, that it instantly prejudiced every one in his favour; and this countenance was enlivened by eyes so quick and intelligent, that they might really be said to announce his thoughts and conceptions without the aid of language.

"Though the accounts I had previously received of this 'new man,' as he was called at Macao, had greatly raised my expectations, yet, when I had been a little time in his company, I was perfectly astonished at the ease and gentleness of his manners: he was lively and pleasant, and had a politeness without form or restraint, which appeared to be the result of natural good-breeding. As I chanced to sit near him at table, I paid him a great deal of attention, which he seemed to be very sensible of. Many questions were of course put to Captain Wilson by the company concerning this personage, and the country he had brought him from, which no European had ever visited before. He obligingly entered on many particular circumstances which were highly interesting, spoke of the battles in which his people had assisted the king of Pelew, and of the peculiar manner the natives had of tying up their hair when going to war. Lee Boo, who fully understood what his friend was explaining, very obligingly, and unasked, untied his own, and threw it into the form Captain Wilson had been describing. I might tire the reader were I to enumerate the trivial occurrences of a few hours, rendered only of consequence from the singularity of this young man's situation; suffice it to say, there was in all his deportment such affability and propriety of behaviour, that when he took leave of the company, there was hardly any one present who did not feel a satisfaction in having had an interview with him.

"I went to Rotherhithe a few days after to see Captain Wilson; Lee Boo was reading at a window; he recollected me instantly, and flew with eagerness to the door to meet me, looked on me as a friend, and ever after attached himself to me, appearing to be happy whenever we met together. In this visit I had a good deal of conversation with him, and we mutually managed to be pretty well understood by each other. He seemed to be pleased with everything about him; said, 'All fine country, fine street, fine coach, and house upon house up to sky,' putting alternately one hand above another, by which I found (the habitations in Pelew being all on the ground) that every separate storey of our buildings he at that time considered as a distinct house.

"He was introduced to several of the directors of the India Company, taken to visit many of the captain's friends, and gradually shown most of the public buildings in the different quarters of the town; but his prudent conductor had the caution to avoid taking him to any places of public entertainment, lest he might accidentally, in those heated resorts, catch the small-pox—a disease which he purposed to inoculate the young prince with, as soon as he had acquired enough of our language to be reasoned into the necessity of submitting to the operation; judging, and surely not without good reason, that, by giving him so offensive and troublesome a distemper, without first explaining its nature, and preparing his mind to yield to it, it might weaken that unbounded confidence which this youth placed in his adopted father.

"After he had been a while settled, and a little habituated to the manners of this country, he was sent every day to an academy at Rotherhithe, to be instructed in reading and writing, which he was himself eager to attain, and most assiduous in learning. His whole deportment, whilst there, was so engaging, that it not only gained him the esteem of the gentleman under whose tuition he was placed, but also the affection of his young companions. In the hours of recess, when he returned to the captain's house, he amused the whole family by his vivacity, noticing every particularity he saw in any of his schoolfellows, with great good-humour mimicking their different manners, sometimes saying he would have a school of his own when he returned to Pelew, and should be thought very wise when he taught the great people their letters.

"He always addressed Mr Wilson by the appellation of captain; but never would call Mrs Wilson (to whom he behaved with the warmest affection) by any other name than that of mother, looking on that as a mark of the greatest respect. Being often told he should say Mrs Wilson, his constant reply was, 'No, no—mother, mother.'

"Captain Wilson, when invited to dine with his particular friends, was generally accompanied by Lee Boo; on which occasions there was so much ease and politeness in his behaviour, as if he had been always habituated to good company. He adapted himself very readily to whatever he saw were the customs of the country, and fully confirmed me in an opinion which I have ever entertained, that good manners is the natural result of natural good sense.

"Wherever this young man went, nothing escaped his observation: he had an ardent desire of information, and thankfully received it, always expressing a wish to know by what means effects which he noticed were produced. I was one day in company with him, where a young lady sat down to the harpsichord, to see how he was affected with music. He appeared greatly surprised that the instrument could throw out so much sound. It was opened, to let him see its interior construction; he pored over it with great attention, watching how the jacks were moved, and seemed far more disposed to puzzle out the means which produced the sounds, than to attend to the music that was playing. He was afterwards requested to give us a Pelew song: he did not wait for those repeated intreaties which singers usually require, but obligingly began one as soon as asked: the tones, however, were so harsh and discordant, and his breast seemed to labour with so much exertion, that his whole countenance was changed by it, and every one's ears stunned with the horrid notes. From this sample of Pelew singing, it is not to be wondered that a chorus of such performers had the effect of making our countrymen at Oroolong fly to their arms; it might, in truth, have alarmed a whole garrison; though, when he had been some time here, he readily learned two or three English songs, in which his voice appeared by no means inharmonious.

"Lee Boo's temper was very mild and compassionate, discovering, in various instances, that he had brought from his father's territories that spirit of philanthropy which was found to reign there; yet he at all times governed it by discretion and judgment. If he saw the young asking relief, he would rebuke them with what little English he was master of, telling them it was a shame to beg when they were able to work; but the intreaties of old age he could never withstand, saying, 'Must give poor old man—old man no able to work.'

"I am perfectly convinced that Captain Wilson, from the confidence which the king had reposed in him, would have held himself inviolably bound to protect and serve this young creature to the utmost extent of his abilities; but, independent of what he felt was due to the noble character of Abba Thulle, there was so much gentleness and so much gratitude lodged in Lee Boo's heart, that not only the captain, but every member of his family, viewed him with the warmest sentiments of disinterested affection. Mr H. Wilson, the captain's son, being a youth of a very amiable character, and a few years younger than Lee Boo, they had, during their voyage to and stay in China, become mutually attached to each other; and meeting again under the father's roof, their friendship was still more cemented. The young prince looked on him as a brother, and, in his leisure hours from the academy, was happy to find in him a companion to converse with, to exercise the throwing of the spear, or to partake in any innocent recreation.

"Boyam, the Malay whom the king had sent to attend on his son, proving an unprincipled, dishonest fellow, Lee Boo was so disgusted with his conduct, that he intreated Captain Wilson to send him back to Sumatra, which he had learned was the Malay's own country; and Tom Rose, a man of tried fidelity, and who had picked up a great deal of the Pelew language, being at this time in England, was engaged to supply his place; an exchange which gave great satisfaction to all parties.

"Captain Wilson being now and then incommoded with severe headaches, which were sometimes relieved by lying down on the bed, on these occasions the feelings of Lee Boo were ever alarmed. He appeared always unhappy, would creep up softly to his protector's chamber, and sit silently by his bedside for a long time together without moving, peeping gently from time to time between the curtains to see if he slept or lay easy.

"As the anecdotes of this singular youth are but scanty, being all unfortunately limited to a very short period, I would unwillingly, in this place, withhold one where his own heart described itself. The captain having been all the morning in London, after dinner asked his son if he had been at some place he had, before he went to town, directed him to call at with a particular message. The fact was, the two young friends had been amusing themselves with throwing the spear, and the business had been totally forgotten. Captain Wilson was hurt at the neglect, and told his son it was very idle and careless; this being spoken in an impatient tone of voice, which Lee Boo conceiving was a mark of anger in the father, slipped unobserved out of the parlour. The matter was instantly forgotten, and something else talked of; when, Lee Boo being missed, Harry Wilson was sent to look after him, who, finding him in a back room quite dejected, desired him to return to the family. Lee Boo took his young friend by the hand, and on entering the parlour, went up to the father, and laying hold of his hand, joined it with that of his son, and pressing them together, dropped over both those tears of sensibility which his affectionate heart could not on the occasion suppress.

"Captain Wilson and the young prince dining with me early after his arrival, I was asking how he was affected by painting. On mentioning the subject, Dr Carmichael Smyth, whom I had requested to meet this stranger, wished me to bring a miniature of myself, that we might all thereby observe if it struck him: he took it in his hand, and instantly darting his eyes towards me, called out, 'Misser Keate—very nice, very good.' The captain then asking him if he understood what it signified, he replied, 'Lee Boo understand well; that Misser Keate die, this Misser Keate live.' A treatise on the utility and intent of portrait-painting could not have better defined the art than this little sentence. Mrs Wilson desiring Lee Boo, who was on the opposite side of the table, to send her some cherries, perceiving that he was going to take them up with his fingers, jocosely noticed it to him; he instantly resorted to a spoon; but, sensible that he had discovered a little unpoliteness, his countenance was in a moment suffused with a blush that visibly forced itself through his dark complexion. A lady who was of the party being incommoded by the violent heat of the day, was nearly fainting, and obliged to leave the room. This amiable youth seemed much distressed at the accident, and seeing her appear again when we were summoned to tea, his inquiries and particular attention to her as strongly marked his tenderness as it did his good-breeding.

"He was fond of riding in a coach beyond any other conveyance, because, he said, people could be carried where they wanted to go, and at the same time sit and converse together. He seemed particularly pleased at going to church, and though he could not comprehend the service, yet he perfectly understood the intent of it, and always behaved there with remarkable propriety and attention.

"Captain Wilson kept him from going abroad, except to visit friends, for the reason already assigned, as also from another prudential consideration, that his mind might be tranquil, nor too much drawn off from the great object in view, the attaining the language, which would enable him to comprehend fully every purposed information, and to enjoy better whatever he should then be shown. The river, the shipping, and the bridges, he was forcibly struck with; and he was several times taken to see the Guards exercised and marched in St James's Park; a sight which gratified him much—everything that was military greatly engaging his attention. To a young creature situated as he was, and whose eye and mind were ever in quest of information, circumstances perpetually occurred that at the time interested those who were about him, but which at present would be trespassing too much on the reader to mention.

"I went to see him the morning after Lunardi's first ascent in the balloon, not doubting but that I should have found him to the greatest degree astonished at an exhibition which had excited so much curiosity even amongst ourselves; but, to my great surprise, it did not appear to have engaged him in the least. He said he thought it a very foolish thing to ride in the air like a bird, when a man could travel so much more pleasantly on horseback or in a coach. He was either not aware of the difficulty or hazard of the enterprise, or it is not improbable that a man flying up through the clouds, suspended at a balloon, might have been ranked by him as a common occurrence in a country which was perpetually spreading before him so many subjects of surprise.

"Whenever he had opportunities of seeing gardens, he was an attentive observer of the plants and fruit trees, would ask many questions about them, and say, when he returned home, he would take seeds of such as would live and flourish in Pelew; talked frequently of the things he should then persuade the king to alter or adopt; and appeared, in viewing most objects, to consider how far they might be rendered useful to his own country.

"He was now proceeding with hasty strides in gaining the English language, and advancing so rapidly with his pen, that he would probably in a short time have written a very fine hand, when he was overtaken with that very disease which with so much caution had been guarded against. On the 16th of December he felt himself much indisposed, and in a day or two after, an eruption appeared all over him. Captain Wilson called to inform me of his uneasiness, and was then going to Dr Carmichael Smyth, to request he would see him, apprehending that it might be the small-pox."

HIS DEATH.

"Dr Smyth, with whose professional abilities were united every accomplishment of the scholar and the gentleman, and whose friendship I feel a pride in acknowledging myself long possessed of, desired me to go with him to Rotherhithe. When he descended from Lee Boo's chamber (where he rather wished me not to go), he told the family that there was not a doubt with respect to the disease, and was sorry to add (what he thought it right to prepare them for) that the appearances were such as almost totally precluded the hope of a favourable termination, but that he had ordered whatever the present moment required. Captain Wilson earnestly solicited the continuance, if possible, of his visits, and was assured that, however inconvenient the distance, he would daily attend the issue of the distemper.

"When I went the second day, I found Mr Sharp there, a gentleman often mentioned in the foregoing narrative, who, hearing of his young friend's illness, had come to assist Captain Wilson, nor ever stirred from the house till poor Lee Boo had yielded to his fate.

"The captain having never had the small-pox himself, was now precluded going into Lee Boo's room, who, informed of the cause, acquiesced in being deprived of seeing him, still continuing to be full of inquiries after his health, fearing he might catch the disease; but though Captain Wilson complied with the request of his family in not going into the chamber, yet he never absented himself from the house; and Mr Sharp constantly took care that every direction was duly attended to, and from him I received the account of our unfortunate young stranger during his illness, which he bore with great firmness of mind, never refusing to take anything that was ordered for him, when told that Dr Smyth (to whose opinion he paid the greatest deference) desired it. Mrs Wilson happening to have some indisposition at this time, which confined her to her bed, Lee Boo, on hearing of it, became impatient, saying, 'What! mother ill? Lee Boo get up to see her;' which he did, and would go to her apartment, to be satisfied how she really was.

"On the Thursday before his death, walking across the room, he looked at himself in the glass (his face being then much swelled and disfigured); he shook his head, and turned away, as if disgusted at his own appearance, and told Mr Sharp that 'his father and mother much grieve, for they knew he was very sick.' This he repeated several times. At night, growing worse, he appeared to think himself in danger; he took Mr Sharp by the hand, and, fixing his eyes steadfastly on him, with earnestness said, 'Good friend, when you go to Pelew, tell Abba Thulle that Lee Boo take much drink to make small-pox go away, but he die; that the captain and mother' (meaning Mrs Wilson) 'very kind—all English very good men: was much sorry he could not speak to the king the number of fine things the English had got.' Then he reckoned what had been given him as presents, which he wished Mr Sharp would distribute, when he went back, among the chiefs; and requested that very particular care might be taken of the blue glass barrels on pedestals, which he directed should be given to the king.

"Poor Tom Rose, who stood at the foot of his young master's bed, was shedding tears at hearing all this, which Lee Boo observing, rebuked him for his weakness, asking, 'Why should he be crying so because Lee Boo die?'

"Whatever he felt, his spirit was above complaining; and Mrs Wilson's chamber being adjoining to his own, he often called out to inquire if she were better, always adding, lest she might suffer any disquietude on his account, 'Lee Boo do well, mother.' The small-pox, which had been out eight or nine days, not rising, he began to feel himself sink, and told Mr Sharp he was going away. His mind, however, remained perfectly clear and calm to the last, though what he suffered in the latter part of his existence was severe indeed. The strength of his constitution struggled long and hard against the venom of his distemper, till exhausted nature yielded in the contest.

"Captain Wilson noticed to the India House the unfortunate death of this young man, and received orders to conduct everything with proper decency respecting his funeral. He was interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, the captain and his brother attending. All the young people of the academy joined in this testimony of regard; and the concourse of people at the church was so great, that it appeared as if the whole parish had assembled to join in seeing the last ceremonies paid to one who was so much beloved by all who had known him.

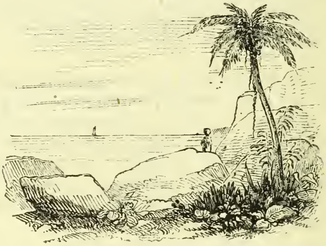
"The India Company soon after ordered a tomb to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription, which I have transcribed from it:—

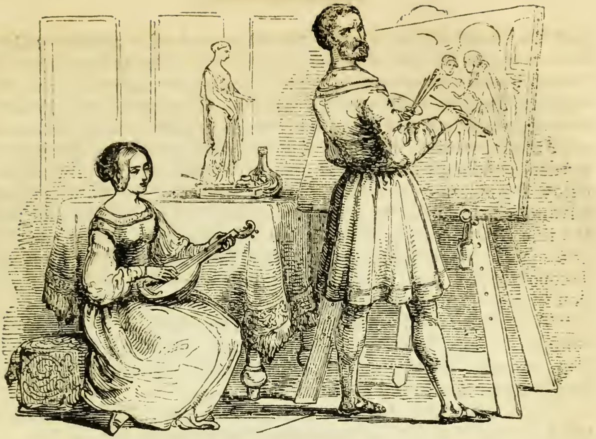
'To the memory of Prince Lee Boo, a native of the Pelew or Palos Islands, and son to Abba Thulle, rupack or king of the island Coorooraa, who departed this life on the 27th of December 1784, aged 20 years: this stone is inscribed by the Honourable United East India Company as a testimony of esteem for the humane and kind treatment afforded by his father to the crew of their ship, the Antelope, Captain Wilson, which was wrecked off that island in the night of the 9th of August 1783.

Stop, reader, stop! let nature claim a tear—
A prince of mine, Lee Boo, lies buried here.'

"Among the little property which he left behind, beside what he had particularly requested Mr Sharp to convey to his father and friends, there were found, after his death, the stones or seeds of most of the fruits he had tasted in England, carefully and separately put up. And when one considers that his stay with us was but five months and twelve days, we find that in the midst of the wild field of novelty that encompassed him, he had not been neglectful of that which, before his departure from Pelew, had been probably pointed out to him as a principal matter of attention." Indeed, in all his movements and acquirements, one idea seemed to be predominant—namely, that of conveying to his native islands not only the manners and customs, the arts and manufactures of the English, but specimens of the natural produce and peculiarities of their country. It is true that many things which at first appeared to him important and valuable, would, as he became better informed, present themselves in their true light; but this does not render the less worthy of our admiration his early zeal and industry.

From these trifling anecdotes of this amiable youth, cut off in the moment that his character began to blossom, what hopes might not have been entertained of the future fruit such a plant would have produced! He had both ardour and talents for improvement, and every gentle quality of the heart to make himself beloved; so that, as far as the dim sight of mortals is permitted to penetrate, he might, had his days been lengthened, have carried back to his own country—not the vices of a new world, but those solid advantages which his own good sense would have suggested as likely to become most useful to it.





THE TINTORETTO.

A TALE.

I.

THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.

OUR true tale is of a daughter of Venice—Venice of which the poet sings—

> "There is a glorious city in the sea:
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
> Invisible; and from the land we went
> As to a floating city—steering in,
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
> Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky—
> By many a pile in more than eastern splendour,
> Of old the residence of merchant kings."

In this splendid and interesting city, in the year 1575, was to be seen, close to the church of Santa Maria dell' Orta, or St Mary of the Garden, a house which the long stripes of red and green and blue and yellow that covered its front betokened to be that of a dyer, while the absence of the piece of cloth or stuff usually hung out as a sign, together with the perfect stillness that reigned in the warerooms, and the idle boilers that lay turned upside down, as plainly told that the trade which used to support its inhabitants had ceased to be carried on. Evening was approaching, and a fresh breeze had just sprung up to succeed the burning heat of an August sun, when the door of the garden attached to the house opened, to admit an old woman to enjoy the pleasant coolness. Leaning on a stick, she was slowly advancing through the trees, examining with both eye and hand the fine fruit hanging down from the branches, when the noise of a man's step behind her made her turn her head. "Is it you, Jacopo?" said the old woman; "but what is the matter with you? You look quite cross."

"The matter?—the matter is, that the night is falling, and I cannot see any longer," said the man, breaking between his fingers, in his vexation as he spoke, one of those small pencils used by painters to lay on their colours.

"The night falls for every one as well as you, my son," replied the old woman in a calm and gentle tone.

"Yes; but my colours were all on the palette: I had just caught the precise tone of colouring; and all will be dried up to-morrow, and I shall have to begin the whole again. It is too bad—quite too bad."

"Well, what is to hinder you from beginning your dyeing again to-morrow?"

"My dyeing!" replied Jacopo impatiently; "you are always talking, mother, as if my father were still alive, and you were the wife of a dyer. You are the mother of a painter, Signor Jacopo Robusti—remember that, mother—of the Tintoretto. Painting and dyeing are two different things."*

"Not so very different after all," said the old woman coolly. "Painting or dyeing, call it what you please, but both must be done with colours; so it is all the same thing."

"All the same thing!" repeated Jacopo, with a momentary gesture of impatience.

"Yes, indeed; I know very well what I am saying. I am sure at all events, if there be any difference, it is only in the way of using the colours. Your father, my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul, used to boil them and dip the cloths in them; and you lay them on canvas with your pencil: but one way or the other, they are still colours, and I hope you do not think your mother, the daughter, wife, and mother of a dyer, born in the very midst of them, wants to be taught at this time of day what colours are."

"Well, well, mother, let us talk no more about it," said Jacopo, endeavouring to repress every expression of impatience; "let us talk of our children."

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* *Tintore* is the Italian for dyer; and *Tintoretto,* or Little Dyer, was the name usually applied to Jacopo, the son of old Robusti, although painting, not dyeing, was his profession.

"Oh yes, dear, handsome little Dominic, and my sweet, pretty little Marietta;" and, as if there were magic in the very names to soothe her, she now took the arm of her son with a look of gratified affection.

"*Little* Dominic indeed! A great tall young man of twenty—my pupil and successor! He is, indeed, I own it, my joy and my boast," said the artist-father, proudly raising his head. "What simplicity and boldness of design! what brilliancy of colouring! Like myself, he has taken for his motto the inscription that I have put over the door of my studio—'The design of Michael Angelo, and the colouring of Titian.' He will inherit my fame, as he inherits my genius. Posterity will confound Tintoretto the father with Tintoretto the son. Have you seen his last picture, mother; the picture which the canons of St Ambrosio have ordered for their chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta?"

"How could I see it?" said the signora; "I do not even see himself: the boy is never at home."

"That is to say, mother, he never stirs from his workshop."

"If that be the case, when I go and knock at the door, why does he never open it, nor even answer me?"

"Because, when an artist is at work, he hears nothing of what is passing around him. I rather approve of that fancy of his of locking his door; it prevents his being disturbed. My Dominic will yet be an honour to me; for to his natural talent he unites indefatigable industry, and you know how much that alone can do. I wish I could say as much for his sister," added he with a heavy sigh.

"Marietta! Well, well, what can you possibly have to say against the dear little girl?"

"Much, mother, much; and this among other things. Having but two children, and wishing to dedicate them both to the fine arts, I had determined, in my wisdom, that one should learn painting, and the other music. Dominic has met my wishes; and I have nothing to lay to his charge. But as for Marietta, I never hear her either sing or play on the mandoline.* Why is this, mother—why is this? She well knows, ungrateful child as she is, what a relaxation her sweet voice is to me after all my toils, and how I delight in hearing it."

"Well, Jacopo, I will tell her this, and you will find she will begin again her singing. Do not be always finding fault with everything. You grumble at the night for falling, at the sun for casting too great a glare, at me because I see no more difference between painting and dyeing than between a white cap and a cap that is white, at my poor little Marietta, who is meekness and gentleness itself, for not singing, when perhaps she has a cold, and is hoarse. Jacopo Robusti, instead of calling you, what all Venice calls you, the Tintoretto, I will call you by the name which the Society of Artists of St Roch gave you—Il Furioso (The Furious)."

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* The mandoline was a stringed instrument, shaped like a lute, and played with the fingers.

"Ah!" exclaimed the artist, whose countenance seemed suddenly to light up, "I can scarcely help laughing, even now, at the surprise of my rivals at the unparalleled proof of the wondrous quickness of my execution. The society offered a prize for the best design to decorate the ceiling of the hall; and though my competitors were Paul Veronese, Salviati, and Frederico Gucchero, my picture was finished, approved, and fixed in its place, before the others had completed even their sketch. What a triumph! what a brilliant triumph!"

"Triumph it may be, Jacopo; but now, since the children are not here, will you give me leave to ask you one question? Will you have the goodness to tell me of what use is painting?"

"The noblest art in existence, mother; animating the canvas, and making it live, and breathe, and move before you. Were it only in its power of recalling the features of the object of our fond affections, the snatching from oblivion and making immortal the beloved image, no other is worthy to be compared with it. And yet you can ask of what use is painting?"

"I am speaking as a housekeeper, and you are answering as an artist, Jacopo. Painting scarcely affords us a livelihood; and it is of this I complain. Your father's dyeing brought in a hundred times more than your painting, Jacopo."

"This is all idle, mother: you know I am not a tradesman," said Jacopo coldly.

"The very thing I complain of, my son; for we must live."

"But have we not enough, mother? Is there anything wanting in the house?"

"No; but that is all Marietta's good management, Jacopo. I do not know how our little girl contrives it, but money, in her hands, lasts a month, when, with any other, it would be gone in a week."

"Where is she now, mother?"

"She is out, Jacopo."

"Out at supper time! This is one of the charges I have against the child. I have not time to watch over her, and I confide her to your care. Where is she?"

"Your daughter does not require to be watched over by us: she is an angel, and the angels will take care of each other."

The appearance, at this moment, of a third person at the garden door, silenced both the mother and son.

II.

A YOUNG GIRL'S SECRET.

It was a young girl of striking beauty whom they both now advanced to meet. Her slight and delicate form had the lightness and undulating motion of the reed; her beautiful brown hair, fastened at the top of her head by pins of gold, left bare a forehead on which was the impress of artless innocence and modesty; but her features, perfect in their outline, were wholly devoid of the downy freshness of early youth. Could it be care that had so paled the rose of her faded cheek? Was it toil that had so dimmed the brightness of those beautiful blue eyes, rendered so languid the expression of that young face, and made that tall and fragile figure droop, as if asking earth to receive her, and give her at last to rest? When she perceived her father and grandmother, a slight colour for a moment tinged the paleness of her complexion, and as she quickened her pace, she said, in a tone of voice so soft, so sweet—it was music in itself—"This lovely evening must indeed have tempted you, for supper is on the table, and you both still here."

"We were waiting for you, Marietta," said her father some what gravely; "where have you been?"

"At the Grimani palace, father," she answered.

"Marietta, Marietta," returned Jacopo, as with his daughter they took the way to the eating-room, "you are growing up; you bear away the palm from the prettiest girls of Venice; you will soon be of age to be married; and the son of the Countess Grimani is a youth of twenty——"

"Well, and where is the harm?" interrupted the mother Robusti, as she took her place at the table; "if the Count Grimani should appreciate the good qualities of our child as they deserve, when Marietta is of age to be married, what is the harm of all this?"

"None in the world," said the Tintoretto. "I am not one of those fathers who do violence to the inclinations of their children. My daughter may marry a prince if she please; but I should prefer her marrying one of her own rank."

"And I would rather she took the prince," said the old mother.

"One of her own rank for me, who would not blush to call me father, and who would not despise her grandmother."

"A count for me, who would give my darling girl the title of countess," said the dyer's widow.

"One of the people like herself, who would make my daughter happy, mother."

"A count might make her just as happy, son."

"We must not be above our situation in life, mother."

"We are nowhere forbidden to rise, Jacopo."

"But we must rise by talent and industry."

"Does talent raise us in society, Jacopo?"

"Oh, grandmamma," said Marietta, who had hitherto been modestly silent, "how can you—you, the mother of the Tintoretto—ask whether talent elevates?"

"Tell me, you little goose," said the mother Robusti, "has your father been made a nobleman—has he got any titles?"

"If he has not the nobility that consists in titles, yet he has the nobility that genius and talent confer." And the fair face of the young girl suddenly glowed with enthusiasm as she gazed on her father. "Grandmamma, Venice is proud of my father; she exults in numbering him amongst her most celebrated citizens: and say—say, dear grandmamma, what name of count, or marquis, or prince, will you compare with that of the Tintoretto?"

The eyes of the Tintoretto were at that moment fondly fixed upon the bright face of his child.

"This is all very fine," said the old woman, with a contemptuous shake of the head; "but, after all, what is your father, Marietta, but a dyer, as his father was before him; my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul: and mark my words, he may paint pictures and apotheoses, and Adams and Eves beguiled by serpents, but he will never rise above his present condition; he will never get beyond dyeing; he will be always grinding and mixing colours—it may be more or it may be less than my poor husband, my poor Robusti——"

"Pray, grandmamma, let us say no more of painting or dyeing," said Marietta hastily, having perceived a slight frown on her father's brow, who now exclaimed—"You are quite right, Marietta: besides, I want to ask about your brother. As I passed his workshop just now, I happened to look in, and he was not there. Do you know where he is?"

Marietta answered, with somewhat of embarrassment, "You must not be uneasy or displeased with Dominic, father; he went out for a walk, I think—I suppose—with some friends perhaps."

"There is no harm done," replied Jacopo, "so you need not be stammering and blushing and casting down your eyes, girl. I am not angry with Dominic for that. All work and no play would never do."

"Was I blushing?" said Marietta, whose embarrassment appeared to increase.

"Blushing, indeed!" said the old woman; "it is pale she is, and not red, the poor child."

"It is quite true," said the father. "Are you ill, my child, or is there anything troubling you? Speak freely and openly. You are a modest, and a prudent, and a well-conducted girl, and that makes amends for much."

"You were displeased with me, then, father. Will you not tell me why?"

"Yes," said the Tintoretto, fixing his eyes on the young girl, "I was displeased with you, because there seemed to me something very mysterious in your conduct."

"Mysterious!" interrupted the mother Robusti.

"Ask no questions, mother; for I would have spoken sooner, but for fear of making you uneasy. The conduct of Marietta has been for some time, if not mysterious, at least strange and unaccountable. I never see her now bounding through the house, or pulling flowers, or gathering fruit in the garden. I never hear her sing, or see her even touch the mandoline. If you are not ill, Marietta, if you have no grief or care, why are you becoming so thin, so pale, as if withering before my very eyes?"

A gentle knock interrupted the conversation, and, happily for Marietta, spared her a reply. She jumped up, and ran to open the hall door.

III.

THE CANON OF ST AMBROSIO.

At sight of a person in the garb of the canons of St Ambrosio, the Tintoretto and his mother rose and saluted him respectfully; but as to Marietta, she seemed petrified by the visit. There she stood, leaving the reverend father still in the passage, without inviting him to come in, or even thinking of shutting the door. The mother Robusti, however, was not so slow in her welcome—curtsey after curtsey testified her sense of his presence. "Will your reverence have the goodness to walk in, and if I might presume so far as to ask you to sit down and honour us by partaking of our poor supper? Marietta, child, what can you be about, to leave his reverence standing so long? A chair here, girl—quick, a chair."

Starting from her apparent stupor, Marietta, with a forced smile, apologised for her inattention, and shutting the door, eagerly placed a chair close to the table for the canon. "Pray take a seat, Father Ambrosio," said she; "will your reverence try a little soup, or a glass of wine?"

"Not anything, I thank you, my dear child," said the reverend father, whose austere countenance seemed to relax while speaking to Marietta. "Pray, do not let me disturb you, Signora Robusti. Go on with your supper, Signor Jacopo. I only came to——"

"To pay us a friendly, neighbourly visit," quickly interrupted Marietta, who endeavoured to hide, under an assumed gaiety, an anxiety which, in spite of all, was perceptible in her look and manner. "It is very kind of you, father—very kind indeed. But the canons of your order have always been remarkable for their condescension and kindness."

"Who could be otherwise than kind to you, my daughter," answered the canon. "But I came here to——"

"Did you visit the Countess Grimani to-day, father?" again interrupted Marietta.

"Yes, daughter; but——"

"She has had many trials; but I trust they will now soon be over," said Marietta, who, it was evident, had some reason for not letting the visitor finish his sentences. The usually modest retiring girl appeared to have quite changed her character: she talked incessantly, and seemed resolved to let no one but herself utter a word, or at least to give the father no opportunity of telling the object of his visit. In vain did he begin, "I came out this evening, at some inconvenience;" and again, "I have come here to say:" she contrived always to break in with some question or remark, till at last her father turned to the canon—"I must beg of you, father, to excuse this little chatterbox of a girl, who has so often interrupted you when about to tell us to what we owe the honour of this visit."

"I wanted to see your son Dominic, signor," said Ambrosio.

"My brother is not at home just now," said Marietta, before any one else could reply. "But to-morrow he will wait upon you, if you wish. Only tell me your hour, father, and he shall be punctual. Yes, indeed, I will answer for him; Dominic shall be with you precisely at the hour you name."

"If you would have the kindness to tell me your business with him," said the Tintoretto. An answer was already upon the lips of Father Ambrosio, when Marietta again interposed—"I am sure it is about the picture for the chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta. Am I not right, reverend father? It is finished, or nearly so: a few touches only are wanting; and to-morrow, or the day after at farthest, it shall be in its place in your chapel. You may rely upon me, father. I pledge myself that you shall have it." She then added in a lower tone, "I implore of you to say no more now, for my sake, this once."

The Father Ambrosio rose. "That was all I wanted, at least *just now*," said he with some emphasis on the last words. "Signora Marietta is quite right; but if in three days I do not get my picture, I must come back to you again: remember this, daughter. Charity prescribes to us to be indulgent; but too much indulgence is often a mere weakness, by which we become the abettor of faults, which a little more firmness might prevent, or be the means of correcting. I do not mean this for you, my child," added he; "however, some time or other you may profit by this piece of advice." And with these words he made his parting salutations, and withdrew.

"Well, what is he at with his indulgence, and his charity, and his weakness, and his faults?" said the grandmother with a puzzled look. "One would think he was giving advice, as you run up the scale, to keep yourself in practice."

"Come, dear grandmamma, let us finish our supper," said Marietta with the air of one who had suddenly been relieved from some heavy weight of care.

IV.

THE MORNING WALK.

All were yet asleep in the house of the artist—even the Tintoretto, usually so early a riser; indeed, even the sun was not yet up—when the door of one of the rooms was gently opened, and Marietta, pale as the white flower of the eglantine, appeared on the threshold. "Not a sound!" said she, after a moment's anxious listening. "He is not yet come in; for the whole night I have never closed my eyes. Brother, brother, how sadly art thou to blame." Then, advancing on tiptoe into the corridor, she descended the stairs, opened the hall door, and darted into the street.

She passed in front of St Mark's church, into which she entered; but it was not to admire the interior of it, rich as it was. Deeper and higher thoughts were hers; she offered one prayer for guidance, and hurried out in the direction of the principal canal, there with eager eye to watch each gondola that floated by, as if to discover whom it bore along the waters. At length a gondola approached the landing-place, and let out a passenger. She stopped, for a well-known voice struck upon her ear; and turning quickly round, she faced a tall youth, whose disordered dress, flushed face, and unsteady gait, too plainly betokened his condition.

"Dominic!" cried Marietta. How much of tender reproach was in the utterance of that single word!

"Well, well; I know all you would say, Marietta," answered the young man, affecting an ease which the expression of his face betrayed he did not feel. "I am a bad boy, a ne'er-do-well, a sot, a lazy dog—am I not?"

"You are still worse than all these, Dominic," said Marietta in accents of deep sadness; "you are a bad son and a bad brother."

"Oh, there I must stop you, Marietta. I am anything you like but that. I adore, I respect, I revere my father; and I love you, sister—love you more than you believe."

"If you love me, Dominic, come home with me at once."

"I am all obedience, you see, dear Marietta, beloved Marietta!" said Dominic, taking his sister's arm, and turning towards home. On their way, Marietta said, "Father Ambrosio came yesterday evening to the house, and I was so much frightened, brother!"

"What! Afraid of Father Ambrosio, Marietta?"

"Alas! not of him, but of what he might have told. If you knew all my contrivances to prevent his speaking of the money you owe him; and the picture, too, that, in your name, I promised he should have to-morrow. You will go to work the moment you go in, will you not, Dominic?"

"You mean go to sleep, Marietta; indeed you may rely upon it: I am half asleep already."

"Sleep, Dominic! Can you sleep?"

"You shall see, my dear; you shall see. Sleep? ay, and snore too."

"You will sleep," said Marietta in a reproachful tone, "when to-morrow, nay, perhaps this very evening, my father, who thinks you the best of sons, who cites you as a model worthy of all imitation—my poor father will hear that this studious son passes his days and nights at the tavern; that the pupil, who is his pride and his boast, has not touched a pencil for more than a year; and that the prudent, the sensible youth, borrows money wherever he can get it, to squander in folly and vice. Dominic, one sentence uttered last night by Father Ambrosio made me tremble. He saw through my subterfuges, and, as he went away, he said—— Nay, Dominic, do listen to me—he said——"

"But listen to me in your turn, my good little sister," drawled out Dominic. "If I get no sleep, I shall surely be ill; and you would not like to see me ill, I am sure."

"Heaven forbid!" said Marietta fervently.

"Then you must let me go to bed when I go home."

"But the picture for the chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta, brother?"

"The hand which has brought it so far, will carry it on to the end."

"That is to say, Dominic, that you reckon upon my finishing it?"

"Your penetration is truly astonishing, Marietta."

"And your assurance perfectly incredible. But it is impossible for me to finish this picture, and I will tell you why. I am taking a likeness of the Countess Grimani, and she has advanced me some ducats of the price."

"Fy, fy, Marietta; I am ashamed of you. You ought not thus to anticipate your earnings."

"How much did you borrow upon your picture, Dominic?"

"I! Oh, but that was quite different. I had debts which I was obliged to pay."

"And I, Dominic—I had to support my father, my grandmother, and—and—yourself. Our father gains no more than just covers his expenses, and you know we must live."

"You ought to have told me all this, Marietta, and I would have acted accordingly."

"I told it to you a hundred times."

"Yes, but at such cross times, Marietta; always at the very moment that I was either going to or coming from my friends."

"But at what time is it ever otherwise with you, Dominic?"

By this time the brother and sister had arrived at home; they entered, and found that no one was yet up in the house. Marietta had scarcely put her foot on the first step of the staircase leading to her brother's workshop, than Dominic, catching her hand, pressed it affectionately, and whispering, "Good-by, sister, I am going to bed," disappeared inside the door of a small room which he occupied on the ground-floor.

Marietta remained for a moment as if bewildered; then, with the air of one who resigns herself to an evil she cannot remedy, she was turning towards her brother's workshop, when she heard herself called loudly by her father.

V.

THE LESSON ON THE MANDOLINE.

"Marietta!" said the Tintoretto, who, with his pencil in one hand and his palette in the other, was standing before one of his masterpieces, the picture of Susanna in the bath—"bring your mandoline, and give me a little music to cheer me this morning." At this peremptory order Marietta trembled and turned pale.

"Father," said she hesitatingly, "if you could at all excuse me; for—for——"

"What!—what!" said the Tintoretto impatiently.

"I have the portrait of the Countess Grimani to finish," said she hurriedly, but with more confidence, believing she had now found a good excuse.

"This is always the burden of your song—the Countess Grimani and her portrait!" said the artist, turning, without looking at his daughter, to resume his painting. "But the Countess Grimani is safe in bed at this hour of the morning; so pray, for once sing another song, Marietta, and without waiting for any more pressing, child."

"I have got a slight cold, and am a little hoarse this morning," said the young girl, almost with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, that's a different matter, Marietta—quite different;" and Marietta, breathing again at the reprieve, was turning towards the door to retire, when her father stopped her by saying, "But at all events, go for your mandoline: you can play, I suppose, though you cannot sing?"

"I intreat of you, father," said Marietta, summoning all her courage, "do not ask me for music this morning—I have not time."

"And what else have you to do but to please your father?" said the Tintoretto, the cloud now fast gathering on his brow—"what have you to do anywhere else, when my order is that you should stay here? Under pretence that your health is delicate, you are let go on as you like; you are not required to do anything in the house; in short, you are quite spoiled; and it is high time all this should have an end. I say, go fetch your mandoline. If you cannot sing, at least you can play, signora—you can play. My bile is up—take care!"

There was nothing to be said. Marietta took down the instrument from the place where it hung, and, seating herself on a low stool behind her father, began to prelude. But her thoughts were elsewhere—with her brother's picture and her own portrait. In imagination, she saw Father Ambrosio come back to disclose all, and by one word destroy all her father's fond hopes for his son, and bring him the sad knowledge, that vain had been his efforts to train him up in the paths of virtue and honourable industry, in which genius finds its surest road to undying fame—a road strewed with laurels that cost no tears. In imagination, she heard the Countess Grimani reproach her with negligence, and her heart sunk within her; and so listlessly, so feebly did she touch the instrument, that the merest beginner would have been ashamed of the tuneless, inharmonious notes produced. But how was she startled when suddenly she saw her instrument, upon which the tears she could not restrain had been for some minutes falling fast, flying to the other end of the room; and felt the same hand which had shivered it into pieces take her by the shoulder, push her roughly out of the workshop, drag her up to her room, and throw her upon the first seat that presented itself! All was the work of an instant. Not a word had passed between her and her father. He had done all, had disappeared and double-locked the room door upon her before she had even seen the storm gathering; nor did she comprehend the extent of her misfortune till she heard the voice of her father crying to her, "You shall not stir out of that for a week!"

We must leave her to weep and muse upon the means of preventing what she most dreaded, while we follow the Tintoretto.

VI.

A LETTER WITH A ROYAL SEAL.

Jacopo Robusti had resumed his work. At first he could scarcely hold the pencil. A father's hand, after chastising his child, could not but shake. By degrees, however, it steadied; and when his mother came in, he had almost forgotten his anger and its cause. "A courier in a fine livery, and mounted on a beautiful horse, has just brought this letter for you, my son," said the Signora Robusti, placing on the edge of her son's tressel a paper folded square, and secured by a green ribbon, to which hung a seal in green wax. Then seeing that her son neither answered her nor even looked at the letter, she added, "Do you wish me to call Marietta to read it?"

"Marietta! Marietta, indeed!" repeated the painter, the name seeming to revive his anger. "I beg of you, mother, to let me alone about Marietta."

"How crossly you say that, Jacopo; one would think you were angry with the dear creature, my darling sweet child."

"The dear creature, the darling sweet child," retorted Jacopo, "is a little obstinate, impertinent girl, whom I have just locked up in her room, and forbidden to come into my presence for a week."

"Locked her up!" exclaimed the old woman, as if she scarcely believed she had heard aright.

"Oh, I suppose I ought not to have dared to do such a thing," replied Jacopo, becoming more and more excited.

The good grandmother stood for a few moments listening to him with the air of one in a waking dream, then coming up close to him, said, "Jacopo, you will revoke your too harsh sentence; you will pardon my poor child. I ask not what she has done; she must have done wrong, since you are displeased with her; but you will forgive her; say, will you not?"

To avoid answering his mother, whose pleadings touched his heart more than he cared to admit, Jacopo Robusti took up the letter to read, and began by looking at the signature. "It is from King Philip of Spain!" exclaimed he; and glancing rapidly over the letter, added, "He speaks of a portrait painted by Dominic doubtless, though he says by my daughter—a mistake, of course—and he invites the painter to his court. He wishes to have his likeness taken by him. What an honour! I am transported with joy. Mother, pray call Dominic." And he began calling loudly himself, "Dominic, Dominic! The poor boy is shut up at his work, and so absorbed in it, that he does not even hear me. Dominic, Dominic!"

At this instant the door opened, and Signora Robusti, who was leaving the room, was stopped by the appearance of Father Ambrosio.

VII.

FATHER AMBROSIO AGAIN.

"I beg your pardon; I have mistaken the workshop," said the father, and was about to retire, when he was prevented by Robusti.

"Pray walk in, Father Ambrosio, for if it be Dominic you want, my mother was just going to call him here, as I, too, have something to say to him."

The canon took the chair placed for him by the signora as she left the room to call her grandson, who ere long made his appearance. His red eyes and swollen features, and the disorder of his whole appearance, betrayed that the night had certainly not been passed quietly in bed, though he seemed at the moment still half asleep. But one glance at Father Ambrosio's grave and stern countenance seemed completely to arouse him, and he advanced towards him with an almost supplicating air.

"I have called to see if the picture is ready, Signor Dominic," said the canon. It is now the twentieth of August, and you are aware that, according to our agreement, this picture ought to have been in its place for the feast of the Assumption five days ago."

"I assure you, father—I assure you," stammered Dominic in evident embarrassment.

"I assure *you*, sir, that when promises are made, they ought to be kept," said the canon. "However, I am come to release you from your engagement, sir. Keep the picture, and refund the advance made to you."

"What advance?" asked Jacopo. "What do you mean?"

"Only that I paid for the picture long since."

"Dominic, Dominic! you took payment in advance?" cried the Tintoretto with indignant surprise.

"It was to give to his sister, doubtless," interposed the grandmother, always ready to defend the young people; "it was to give to his sister for household expenses. You do not provide the means, Jacopo, and you know the house must be kept up."

All this time Dominic stood with downcast eyes, and made no reply. The Tintoretto, willing to find, in what his mother had suggested, an excuse for him who was the pride of his heart, now said, "I will ask your reverence to forgive my son for once, in consideration of the letter which he has just received from the king of Spain. I would not ask you, could I for a moment believe that what you complain of, and what so much startled me at first, was more than the result of a pressing family necessity, for which he sought to provide means. Here, Dominic; I sent for you that you might read this good news."

Dominic took the letter handed to him by his father; but scarcely had he cast his eyes over its contents than he exclaimed, "It is not for me, father; it is for Marietta."

"You must be mistaken, boy," said Jacopo; "I suppose it is a portrait of some Spanish noble that his majesty has seen; and your sister daubs, but she does not paint. I can get nothing of any kind from her—an indolent, good-for-nothing girl, whom I had taught music, and now she cannot play a note."

"Is it my sister?" said Dominic in utter astonishment.

"Yes, your sister. Not half an hour ago I begged of her to sing a little to divert me—the young lady, out of humour, doubtless, at having been up too early, wanted forsooth to go to bed again, and I cannot tell you all the idle excuses she invented; and when at last I forced her to get her mandoline, she actually wept for vexation."

"My poor Marietta!" said Dominic.

"Your poor Marietta is locked up in her own room for the next week, I promise you," said Jacopo coolly.

"Locked up!" cried Dominic impetuously, and giving way to a burst of natural feeling—"you have been angry with my sister; you have punished her, and she did not tell you that it is for me, to toil for me, to make up for the time that I lose—spare me the shame of saying how—that she gets up before day, and, not content with doing my work, she supports us all by her portrait-painting; for you know, dear father, how little either you or I have contributed. Yes, father, Marietta is an angel of goodness; and the king's letter is certainly for her."

"My child! my child!" said the Tintoretto with deep emotion; "and I to reproach her! to treat her so harshly! My poor Marietta!" and, darting out of the room, he was followed by all present. But what were their feelings when they came to the young girl's room, and saw that the prison-door was already open, and the prisoner gone.

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

The whole party remained motionless with astonishment on the threshold of the deserted chamber. "My child! where is my child?" cried the old grandmother, bursting into tears; "what is become of my child?" and, as is usual where there is much grief and not much sense, she began to throw the blame on everybody. She scolded her son for his being so severe, Dominic for being so idle, and even Father Ambrosio for being silent. But suddenly Dominic exclaimed, "Fool that I was, ungrateful fool, not to remember where I would surely find her;" and, leading the way to his workshop, he approached the door on tiptoe, put his eye to the key-hole, and whispered, "She is there!" and the impatient Jacopo rushed in, followed by the whole party. At sight of her father, Marietta, imagining she had irritated him still more by leaving the room, started up in terror, and fell upon her knees, crying, "Pardon, my father; pardon!"

"It is I who ought to ask your pardon," said the Tintoretto, raising his daughter, and pressing her fondly to his bosom—"pardon for having wronged such an angel." He then suddenly exclaimed, as he caught a view of the picture at which Marietta had been at work, "What colouring! what force! what finish! Who could have produced such a picture?"

"It was my brother—it was my sister," cried both the brother and the sister at the same time.

"It was you, sister, who caught the expression of the Virgin."

"It was you, brother, who designed that head."

"It was you, Marietta, who painted those angels."

"But it was you who sketched them, Dominic."

"Ah, Marietta," said Dominic, taking both his sister's hands, "do not exalt me at your own expense any longer. You have humbled me in the dust; you have shown me what a mean contemptible wretch I have been. Oh, how my utter selfishness stands out in contrast with your self-sacrificing spirit! One word would have exculpated you, and you did not speak that word. I hate myself for my heartlessness."

"Do not make me appear better than I am, Dominic," answered Marietta with a sweet smile; "for when I saw my father so angry with me, I was on the point of uttering that word; but I thought that the anger impending over my head would have fallen more heavily upon yours, and I was silent."

"You are two good children," said Father Ambrosio, whose sternness had completely given way before this exhibition of devoted sisterly affection. "I am persuaded, Dominic, you could not have the heart to offend again; therefore, for your sister's sake, and in consideration of your open avowal of all, I will wait for the finishing of your picture, and you shall have some additional payment."

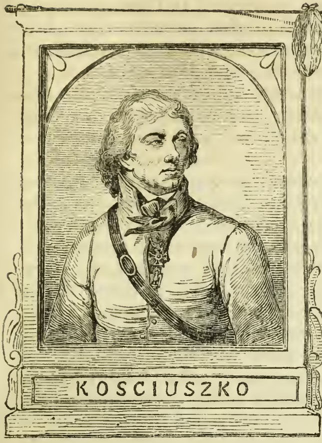
"But, Marietta," said the Tintoretto, who stood gazing at the picture with the pride of a father and of an artist, "you are a great painter. My God, I thank thee! I shall die happy."

"She is something better than a great painter," said the old grandmother, with the tears rolling down her cheeks; "she is a good daughter, a good sister, a good Christian. As to her being a painter, how could she have avoided it, born and reared as she was, like myself, in the very midst of colours?"

We need not dwell upon the happy explanation which followed. How amply was Marietta repaid for her anxious and incessant toil! A brother restored to her, to his father, to virtue; herself once more the object of a father's love—his pride, his boast. All concealment—that trial to an ingenuous mind—at an end, she could take her pencil and work happily, with a fond father hanging over her and encouraging her. He wished her to attempt historical painting; but, as a woman, she shrunk from the necessary studies, and devoted herself to portraits; and soon, under the instructions of her father, became an adept both in design and colouring; nay, she made such progress, that her contemporaries ranked her productions with those of Titian. All the nobility of Venice would have their portraits taken by her; and the king of Spain, the Emperor Maximilian, and the Archduke Ferdinand, endeavoured to draw her to their courts by the most liberal offers. But her devoted attachment to her father made her reject all these proposals, and she remained with him till her death, which took place at the age of thirty, in 1590—natural weakness of constitution having been still more increased by early toil. She was interred at the convent of Santa Maria dell' Orta, which owed its chief embellishment to her genius.

HISTORY OF POLAND.

EARLY HISTORY.



KOSCIUSZKO

PREVIOUS to the year 1795, there existed in Europe a country called Poland—a name associated in all minds with ideas of heroism and disaster. Poland is now no more, and many of its people are wanderers. How such should be the case, cannot but be a matter of interest to all reflecting minds, and this we propose to explain in the following pages.

The Poles belong to that variety of the human race called the *Sclavonic.* This variety, identical, it is believed, with the Scythians of ancient history, at one time overspread the whole of the southern and eastern parts of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic and the Adriatic as far as the Ural mountains. In consequence, however, of the pressure of the numerous races which overran Europe during the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, the pure Sclavonians were confined within what may be called the central district of Europe, including Prussia, the east of Austria, and the south-west of Russia. This central district of Europe, inhabited by an almost unmixed Sclavonic people, received at an early period the name of Poland, from the Sclavonic word *Polska,* which signifies a plain, or a flat country. The boundaries of Poland extended from 48 degrees to 58 degrees north latitude, and from 15 degrees to 33 degrees east longitude, including the whole territory lying between the Baltic and the Black Sea in one direction, and the Carpathian mountains and the river Dwina in another. The area of Poland was 284,000 square miles, or a third more than that of France; and its population in 1772 was fifteen millions.

Until the end of the tenth century, the Poles were pagans. About this time, however, they were converted to Christianity by missionaries from Germany and Bohemia. Their history after this becomes less obscure; but it would be an exceedingly unprofitable undertaking to follow them through the incessant wars and civil broils in which they were engaged for the next five centuries. Suffice it to say, that, during this period, two dynasties reigned successively over Poland—the dynasty of the Piasts, and that of the Jagellons. Under the latter, the country made considerable advances in civilisation. The Poles began to assume a respectable standing in literature; and the university of Cracow became the most important school in Central Europe. Among the celebrated Polish names of this period is that of the far-famed Nicolas Copernic, or Copernicus, who first promulgated the true notion of the solar system, and who died in 1543.

Commencing our narrative with the end of the sixteenth century, let us first give a general description of the state of society and the mode of government which we find then established among the Poles.

In Poland, as in Russia at the present day, society consisted but of two classes—nobles and serfs. The noble, or privileged class, including a body of clergy, amounted to about 200,000; while the great body of the inhabitants numbered several millions. Under the rule of this handful of masters did these millions of serfs till the soil of Poland, and perform all the manual labour of the nation—the severity of their condition being perhaps only modified by the softening influences of the church, which in these barbarous times was the only institution that leant mercifully towards the poor. The nobles viewed themselves as almost a different order of beings from the common people: their persons were sacred; and they had the power of life and death over their dependents. Among the serfs or common people there were various ranks and gradations; but, politically, the great mass of the inhabitants of Poland were a degraded order: they do not make any appearance in what is usually called history; and what we term Polish history, is in fact the history of the Polish nobles. The agricultural serfs, who were the most numerous, appear to have been sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and animalism; but in the towns, such as Posen, Warsaw, and Bromberg, the serfs, who pursued various crafts, were considerably higher in the scale of civilisation.

The Jagellon dynasty becoming extinct in 1572, the plan of elective monarchy was adopted; the election being reposed in the hands of the legislature, which consisted of two chambers—the chamber of senators or chief nobles, and the chamber of nuncios or representatives of the other nobles; and the king, with these two chambers, constituted the Polish diet. When the king wished to hold a diet or parliament, which was generally every two years, he sent letters-patent to the palatines of the kingdom—that is, the chief officers in each palatinate—stating his intention to hold the diet, and also giving a brief list of the subjects which would come under its consideration. The nobles of the various palatinates then met and elected their deputies, three for each palatinate, giving them at the same time certain instructions for their conduct at the ensuing diet. When the day arrived appointed for the holding of the diet, the king, the senators, and the deputies, assembled at the place of meeting, which was usually Warsaw: and the three orders sat in the same hall, some distinctions of etiquette being observed between the superior and inferior nobles, but all enjoying equal legislative influence. Originally, the Polish diets were characterised by honesty and zeal for the general good; but latterly, the members became venal and corrupt. There were also certain absurd customs, the observance of which prevented anything like vigorous government. One of these was the custom of restricting the sittings of the diets to the period of six weeks—a custom which was so rigorously observed, that when the six weeks were ended, the diet would break up in the midst of the most important business. Another absurd regulation was that which obliged every vote to be unanimous—a regulation which compelled the diet to pass not the best measures, but only those which should please everybody. Not only so, but every one of the whole series of measures proposed in the diet required to be passed unanimously, or the whole series would have fallen to the ground. Thus a single negative vote in the sixth week would overturn the whole work of the session. This was called the *liberum veto.*

The king had extremely little power in the diet: his suggestions were as liable to criticism as those of an ordinary member. Besides the deputies from the palatinates, deputies from several of the cities had seats in the diet. The Prussian provinces of Poland had a separate legislature; but on occasions of general importance, such as the election of the king, they sent representatives to the diet.

Such is a sketch of the constitution of Poland as it existed from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. It was a republic of nobles, governed by a legislature and a chief magistrate of its own choosing; and resting upon a population of serfs, who had no voice in public affairs, but whose business it was to labour for the subsistence of the whole community.

The first king elected according to the new order of things was Henry of Valois, brother to Charles IX. of France. The reign of Henry, however, was short; for his brother, Charles IX., dying in 1574, leaving him his successor, Henry secretly slipped out of Poland, to take possession of a throne which he thought preferable to that which he already occupied. In July 1575, therefore, the Poles declared the throne vacant, and elected Stephen Batory, a man of energy and vigorous talent, who had raised himself from the position of a plain Hungarian noble to that of sovereign prince of Transylvania. The glory of Batory's reign consists in the success with which he maintained a long war against the Russians. Not only did he repel their invasions; he also made several victorious expeditions into the heart of Muscovy returning with great spoil. No sooner was the war with

Muscovy at an end, than he turned his arms against the Tartars of the eastern frontier, and, by means of his cavalry, cleared the Ukraine of these troublesome enemies, annexing its inhabitants, the Cossacks, to the dominion of Poland, and establishing among them some of the arts and institutions of civilised life. In the end of Batory's reign, the Swedes began to imitate the Russians, and attempt to gain a footing in the Polish territories of the Baltic. Batory was preparing to make war upon them, when he was cut off by death in the year 1586.

Four candidates now appeared for the throne of Poland—two princes of the house of Austria, Fedor Ivanovitch, the czar of Muscovy, and Sigismund Vasa, son of John III., king of Sweden. The election, after a struggle, fell upon the last, who accordingly ascended the Polish throne, which he occupied for the long period of forty-five years, during the whole of which the political history of Poland is mixed up with that of Russia and Sweden. This Sigismund was succeeded in 1632 by his son, Uladislav II., who was elected without opposition. His reign, which lasted till his death in 1648, was noted for a series of wars with Muscovites, Turks, and Swedes; and that of his brother and successor, John Casimir, was still more distinguished by an invasion of Tartars and Cossacks, united with an outbreak of serfs and rebel nobles. In 1668 John Casimir, whose disposition had always been that of a monk rather than that of a king, resigned his throne, and retired to France, where he died as Abbé de St Germain in 1672. He left the kingdom shorn of a considerable part of its ancient dominions; for, besides that portion of it which had been annexed to Muscovy, Poland sustained another loss in this reign by the erection of the Polish dependency of Brandenburg into an independent state—the germ of the present Prussian kingdom.

For two years after the abdication of John Casimir, the country was in a state of turmoil and confusion, caused partly by the recent calamities, and partly by intrigues regarding the succession; but in 1670, a powerful faction of the inferior nobles secured the election of Michael Wisnowitzki, an amiable, but silly young man. His election gave rise to great dissatisfaction among the Polish grandees; and it is probable that a civil war would have broken out, had not the Poles been called upon to use all their energies against their old enemies the Turks. Crossing the south-eastern frontier of Poland with an immense army, these formidable foes swept all before them. Polish valour, even when commanded by the greatest of Polish geniuses, was unable to check their progress; and in 1672 a dishonourable treaty was concluded, by which Poland ceded to Turkey a section of her territories, and engaged to pay to the sultan an annual tribute of 22,000 ducats. No sooner was this ignominious treaty concluded, than the Polish nobles became ashamed of it; and it was resolved to break the peace, and challenge Turkey once more to a decisive death-grapple. Luckily, at this moment Wisnowitzki died; and on the 20th of April 1674, the Polish diet elected, as his successor, John Sobieski—a name illustrious in the history of Poland, and on which we may for a moment pause.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

John Sobieski was born, in the summer of 1629, at Olesko, a little place in Black Russia, at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, on the confines of Lithuania and Poland, and in the centre of the most elevated plateau of these countries. He was of a noble family, his father being castellan of Cracow, and the proprietor of princely estates, and his mother being descended from Zalkiewski, one of the most celebrated generals that Poland had produced. John, and an elder brother named Mark, spent their early years on their father's estates, and received an education corresponding to their high station. When John was sixteen years of age, the two brothers went to complete their education at Paris, where they served some time in the body-guards of Louis XIV. After a residence of some years in France, the brothers travelled into Italy, and thence into Turkey, then at peace with Poland; and they were in Constantinople at the time when the insurrection of serfs broke out in Poland on the occasion of the Cossack invasion. The two Sobieskis, on receiving intelligence of this insurrection, immediately left Constantinople, and hurried home to commence active service with John Casimir in the loyal Polish army. In one engagement with the Tartars, the elder brother Mark was killed. John continued to serve during the war, rising from rank to rank, till, in the year 1660, he was one of the commanders of the Polish army sent to repel the Russians, who were ravaging the eastern provinces of the kingdom. A great victory which he gained at Slobadyssa over the Muscovite general Sheremetoff, established his military reputation, and from that time the name of Sobieski was known over all eastern Europe. His fame increased during the six years which followed, till he outshone all his contemporaries. He was created by his sovereign, John Casimir, first the grand marshal, and afterwards the grand hetman of the kingdom; the first being the highest civil, and the second the highest military dignity in Poland, and the two having never before been held in conjunction by the same individual. These dignities, having once been conferred on Sobieski, could not be revoked; for, by the Polish constitution, the king, though he had the power to confer honours, was not permitted to resume them.

In 1667 a second army of Cossacks and Tartars invaded Poland, and the task of repelling them devolved on Sobieski, as grand hetman. Raising at his own expense an army of 20,000 men, he marched to meet the invaders. His efforts were successful; the Cossacks and Tartars, baffled and defeated, were obliged to sue for peace; and the Polish republic, which all Europe had expected to see extinguished, owed its deliverance to Sobieski.

When John Casimir abdicated the throne, Sobieski, retaining his office of grand hetman under his successor, the feeble Wisnowitzki, was commander-in-chief of the Polish forces against the Turks. In the campaigns of 1671 and 1672, his successes against this powerful enemy were almost miraculous. But all his exertions were insufficient, in the existing condition of the republic, to deliver it from the terror of the impetuous Mussulmans. In 1672, as we have already informed our readers, a disgraceful truce was concluded between the Polish diet and the sultan. The republic was now racked by internal convulsions; nobles, serfs, and clergy, contending with each other, and a large faction of the nobility being inclined to dethrone Wisnowitzki, and attempt a complete revolution in the government. With this party Sobieski had no sympathy; and finding that his services at Warsaw were of no avail, he retired to his estates.

Meanwhile the revolutionary party were busy at Warsaw. They had formed themselves (as was customary among the Polish nobles, when they aimed at any object which could not be discussed in a diet) into a body called the Royal Confederation, and were proceeding to carry out their plans for remodelling the constitution. Before this self-elected body, some private enemy of Sobieski impeached him as a traitor. They summoned him to Warsaw to defend himself. Sobieski came—accompanied, however, by a retinue of the highest nobles, and some regiments of horse. The court and the accuser were abashed. Sobieski, acting in his capacity as grand marshal of Poland, denounced the Royal Confederation as illegal, and insisted on its being changed into a constitutional diet. The demand was complied with. The men who had joined in accusing him were now the most lavish in his praises, as a "hero into whom the souls of all preceding heroes had passed;" he was triumphantly acquitted of all the charges that had been brought against him; and the man who had impeached him was condemned to death. When, in conclusion, Sobieski, as grand hetman, advised the immediate rupture of the dishonourable treaty with the Turks, their approval was unanimous and enthusiastic.

Raising an army of 30,000 men, not without difficulty, Sobieski marched against the Turks. He laid siege to the fortress of Kotzim, garrisoned by a strong Turkish force, and hitherto deemed impregnable. The fortress was taken; the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia yielded; the Turks hastily retreated across the Danube; and "Europe thanked God for the most signal success which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the infidel." While the Poles were preparing to follow up their victory, intelligence reached the camp that Wisnowitzki was dead. He had died of a surfeit of apples sent him from Dantzic. The army returned home, to be present at the assembling of the diet for the election of the new sovereign.

The diet had already met when Sobieski, and those of the Polish nobles who had been with him, reached Warsaw. The electors were divided respecting the claims of two candidates, both foreigners—Charles of Lorraine, who was supported by Austria; and Philip of Neuburg, who was supported by Louis XIV. of France. Many of the Polish nobility had become so corrupt, that foreign gold and foreign influence ruled the diet. In this case, the Austrian candidate seemed to be most favourably received; but, as the diet was engaged in the discussion, Sobieski entered, and taking his place in the diet, proposed the Prince of Condé. A stormy discussion ensued, in the midst of which the cry of "Let a Pole rule over Poland," was raised by one of the nobles, who further proposed that John Sobieski should be elected. The proposition went with the humour of the assembly, and Sobieski, under the title of John III., was proclaimed king of Poland (1674).

Sobieski accepted the proffered honour, and immediately set about improving the national affairs, founding an institution for the education of Polish nobles, and increasing the army. The nation being placed in a critical position as respects the encroachments of the Turks, at that time a powerful and dreaded enemy in Europe, the leading idea of Sobieski was to attack, and, by a series of movements, drive this Asiatic people out of their possessions, and, if possible, restore the Byzantine empire. Such was the magnificent scheme to the execution of which he devoted himself, and in which he endeavoured to engage the co-operation of the great European powers. As the Turks had already threatened to invade Italy, and seize on Rome, as they had formerly done on Constantinople, the pope, as was natural, seems most eagerly to have entered into his views.

After several battles of lesser moment with his Turkish foes, Sobieski prepared for a grand effort; but before he could mature his plans, the pasha of Damascus appeared with an army of 300,000 men on the Polish frontier, and threatened the national subjugation. With the small force he could immediately collect, amounting to not more than 10,000 soldiers, Sobieski opposed this enormous force, taking up his position in two small villages on the banks of the Dneister, where he withstood a bombardment for twenty days. Food and ammunition had failed; but still the Poles held out. Gathering the balls and shells which the enemy threw within their intrenchments, they thrust them into their own cannons and mortars, and dashed them back against the faces of the Turks, who surrounded them on all sides to the distance of a musket-shot. The besiegers were surprised, and slackened their fire. At length, early in the morning of the 14th of October 1676, they saw the Poles issue slowly out of their intrenchments in order of battle, and apparently confident of victory. A superstitious fear came over them at such a strange sight. No ordinary mortal, they thought, could dare such a thing; and the Tartars cried out that it was useless to fight against the wizard king. The pasha himself was superior to the fears of his men; but knowing that succours were approaching from Poland, he offered an honourable peace, which was accepted, and Sobieski returned home in triumph.

Seven years of peace followed. These were spent by Sobieski in performing his ordinary duties as king of Poland—duties which the constant jealousies and discords of the nobles rendered by no means easy. He found himself, especially, checked in all that he undertook by the inordinate and morbid love of independence which animated the Polish nobles, and prevented them from agreeing in measures which, however salutary for the nation, might have a tendency to increase the power of the king. He also felt particularly the defects of the Polish constitution; above all, the preposterous arrangement, that every act of the diet must be passed unanimously. Struggling against these political vexations, Sobieski had an additional torment in his domestic relations; his wife, a Frenchwoman, giving him daily uneasiness by her conduct. It was almost a relief to the hero when, in 1683, a threatened invasion of Christendom by the Turks called him again to the field.

The Turks had been long preparing this invasion, resolved that it should surpass in magnitude all previous ones. The point of Christendom against which the attack was to be directed was not Poland, but Austria. The subtle genius of Louis XIV. of France was concerned in this: he had intrigued with the sultan, in order that, by means of a Turkish invasion, he might weaken those European nations to whose interests he was unfriendly; and that the invasion might be the more successful, he was at this moment endeavouring to excite a conspiracy among the Polish nobles, with a view to the deposition of Sobieski, of whom alone the Turks stood in dread. The intrigue was discovered by means of a letter to Louis from the French ambassador, which Sobieski intercepted. Summoning a diet, he read the letter, which implicated several nobles present in the conspiracy; but cunningly expressed his belief that the charge against them was a forgery. "But," added he, "to convince the world that it is so, you must declare war against the Turks." War was accordingly declared.

Meanwhile the Turks, under the vizier Kara Mustapha, were scouring the plains of Hungary. All Europe was in consternation when it was discovered that they were marching against the Austrian capital, Vienna. The Emperor Leopold fled, with his court, leaving his dominions to be defended by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who had been Sobieski's rival for the Polish throne. On the 15th of July the siege of Vienna was begun. Who now could save Christendom but Sobieski? Courier after courier was despatched by the pope and by the emperor to implore his assistance. Austria being no friend to Poland, and having in various ways deserved ill at the hands of Sobieski, it was feared he would refuse his help, and leave Vienna to its fate. But in the soul of Sobieski hatred to the Turks was a profound and earnest feeling, to which all mere personal animosity, all mere political reasoning, gave way. He could not, he dared not remain at ease, and see a Christian city besieged by Mahomedans. Assembling his forces, he marched to Vienna; all Europe looking with anxiety for the result.

At Heilbrunn, Sobieski joined his forces with those of the Duke of Lorraine; and on the 11th of September 1683, the allied army reached the summit of the Calemburg, from which were seen the towers of Vienna, and far spreading round the city, the gilded tents of the Turkish army. On the 12th of September, having heard mass, and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when a battle was impending—the king descended the mountain, to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslims on the plains below. "The shouts of the Christian army bore to the enemy the dreaded name of Sobieski. The latter were driven to their intrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, Sobieski deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be forced. Five o'clock in the afternoon had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Kara Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent, tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch, that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He made towards the pasha's tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, '*Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*'—(Not unto us, not unto us, Lord of Hosts, but to thy name be the glory). He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry. They drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. 'Allah,' said the Tartar khan, 'but the wizard is with them sure enough.' At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry of 'God for Poland!' cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band: their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings, that 'if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances.' The shock was rude, and for some minutes dreadful; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of their leader, and, more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts. They gave way on every side; the khan was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now despairing vizier. 'Canst not *thou* help me?' said Mustapha to the brave Tartar; 'then I am lost indeed.' 'The Polish king is there,' replied the other; 'I know him well. Did I not tell thee that all we could do was to get away as quickly as possible?' Still the vizier attempted to make a stand—in vain. With tears in his eyes, he embraced his sons, and, following the universal example, fled. Europe was saved."*

After this great victory, Sobieski and his troops entered Vienna, and divine service was performed in the cathedral. Sobieski was kneeling on the steps of the altar, when a priest read aloud the text from Scripture—"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." The effect upon the audience was electrical; they acknowledged the application by marks of vehement emotion. The whole Christian world responded to the sentiment. "Protestants as well as Catholics caught the enthusiasm. Every pulpit, at Mentz as at Venice, in England as in Spain, resounded with the praises of the victor. At Rome the rejoicings continued a whole month. Innocent XI., bathed in tears of gratitude and joy, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix." Christendom was saved from a Mahomedan conquest; and the hero to whom all the nations of Europe attributed the glorious achievement, was John Sobieski.

After completely clearing Austria of the Turks, Sobieski returned to Poland, again to be harassed with political and domestic annoyances. To such a height did the spirit of anarchy reach, that not only were all his efforts for the good of the country thwarted, but he himself became the object of calumny. He was called a tyrant, a traitor, a destroyer of liberty; he was even challenged by one of his nobles to fight a duel. In this anarchy Sobieski saw too fearfully foreshadowed the downfall of Poland. At the close of the diet of 1688, he addressed the assembled nobles in these foreboding words—"I am no believer in auguries; but, as a Christian, I believe that the power and justice of Him who made the universe, regulates the destinies of states. Wherever, therefore, during the lifetime of the prince, crime is attempted with impunity, where altar is raised against altar, and strange gods followed under the very eye of the true one, there I believe the vengeance of the Most High has already begun its work." Sobieski then expressed a wish to resign his throne. His nobles, alarmed and conscience-stricken, persuaded him to retain it. The remaining years of his life, embittered by family griefs and by sad anticipations of his country's fortune, were spent in the cultivation of literature and in religious exercises. Clogged and confined by an absurd system of government, to which the nobles tenaciously clung, his genius was prevented from employing itself with effect upon great national objects. He died suddenly on Corpus Christi day, in the year 1696; and "with him," says the historian, "the glory of Poland descended to the tomb."

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* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. vii.

SWEDISH AND RUSSIAN DOMINATION.

On the death of Sobieski, the crown of Poland was disposed of to the highest bidder. The competitors were James Sobieski, the son of John, the prince of Conti, the elector of Bavaria, and Frederick Augustus, elector of Saxony. The last was the successful candidate, having bought over one half of the Polish nobility, and terrified the other half by the approach of his Saxon troops. He had just succeeded to the electorate of Saxony, and was already celebrated as one of the strongest and most handsome men in Europe.

Augustus entertained a great ambition to be a conqueror, and the particular province which he wished to annex to Poland was Livonia, on the Baltic—a province which had originally belonged to the Teutonic knights; for which the Swedes, Poles, and Russians had long contended; but which had now, for nearly a century, been in the possession of Sweden. Still further to stimulate him in his design of a struggle with Sweden, having, while engaged in an expedition against the Turks, met the czar of Russia, Peter Alexiowitz—afterwards known to the world as Peter the Great, but then only returning from his travels, to put his gigantic plans for the aggrandisement of his country into execution—the two monarchs concluded an alliance, by which Russia and Poland were bound to assist each other in shattering the power of Sweden, and wresting from her all her provinces on the shores of the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland. In prosecution of this scheme, Augustus marched into Livonia, and laid siege to Riga.

But the two monarchs, when they resolved to crush Sweden, had little calculated on the resistance they would meet with. The Swedish throne was then filled by Charles XII., a lad of seventeen, who as yet had exhibited no symptoms of extraordinary ability, and was noted only for his love of hardy sports, and a strange wild obstinacy of disposition. But when intelligence reached Sweden that Riga was besieged, and that the czar and the Polish king were leagued together for the purpose of curtailing the Swedish power, the sleeping lion was roused within him. From that moment Charles XII. became the terror of Europe. Abandoning pleasure, ease, study, comfort, nay, even all the ordinary conveniences of life, wearing the coarsest clothes, "the waistcoat and breeches of leather, and so greasy that they might be fried," dispensing with the use of a comb, and spreading his bread and butter at meals with his thumbs, he devoted himself from that time to war, and war only.

Augustus had roused an enemy of a far more formidable character than he was at first aware of. Compelled, by the activity of Charles—who had already fought his maiden battle against the Russians—to raise the siege of Riga, he withdrew into Poland.

Livonia was speedily re-occupied by the Swedes, who defeated and expelled the Saxon forces of Augustus. Augustus at first hoped to make up his losses by the assistance of the Polish army; but the Poles, divided amongst themselves, and incensed at the conduct of Augustus, in bringing them into a war which they would have wished to avoid, as well as in introducing so many Saxons into Poland, showed no alacrity in co-operating with him, but, on the contrary, seemed perfectly disposed to admit the Swedish troops into the kingdom. At a diet held at Warsaw in December 1701, such proceedings took place as convinced Augustus that a large party of his Polish subjects were attached to the Swedish interests, and were prepared to carry out the designs of Charles.

Such was actually the case. The young Swedish warrior had resolved to dethrone Augustus; and whenever he formed a resolution, he clung to it with an obstinacy which no power on earth could shake. He boldly announced his design, and gave Augustus distinctly to understand that he would not rest till he had hurled him from his throne, and given it to another. A large party in Poland, at the head of which was the primate Radjowski, were highly pleased with the prospect. So powerful did this party become, and so greatly did Augustus fear it, that, seeing the Swedes in possession of Lithuania, and receiving no assistance from his allies the Russians, he thought it prudent to make terms, if possible, with the conqueror. Charles, however, refused, in the most decided manner, to hold any communication with him.

Convinced that there was no hope of altering the purpose of Charles, Augustus again applied to the Polish senate for assistance against the Swedes. The reply of the senate, made through the primate Radjowski, was, that so far from intending to assist him against Charles, they were disposed rather to conclude a treaty with that monarch. An embassy was accordingly despatched to Charles at Lithuania in the name of the Polish republic; and Charles, though he had refused to treat with Augustus, expressed his willingness to receive an embassy from the nation. As, however, the ambassadors were cautious and prevaricating, and did not appear sufficiently submissive, Charles did not make any answer to their proposals, but said he would give one at the gates of Warsaw. Accordingly, quitting Lithuania, he marched into Poland, and on the 5th of May 1702 arrived at Warsaw, from which Augustus had just taken his departure, with a view to raise some troops in Saxony. Charles had an interview with Radjowski, in which he declared that "he would never give the Poles peace till they had elected another king." It was not long before he accomplished his wish. Pursuing Augustus from one place to another, and defeating him wherever the two armies came to an engagement, he at length expelled him from the kingdom, and forced the diet to pass a resolution "declaring Augustus, elector of Saxony, incapable of wearing the crown of Poland."

It was intended both by Charles and by the Radjowski party in Poland, that James Sobieski should be elected king; but this intention was frustrated by a bold step on the part of the dethroned Augustus, who succeeded in carrying off Sobieski from his residence at Breslau. Alexander Sobieski, the brother of James, was then thought of; but he declined the offer, refusing to obtain a crown by his brother's misfortune. The Polish diet sent to consult Charles as to what should be done in this dilemma. Their ambassador was Stanislas Leczinski, the young palatine of Posnania, son of Raphael Leczinski, grand treasurer of Poland, the descendant and representative of a house so illustrious in ancient Polish history, that it was said that "he who did not know the family of the Leczinskis, knew nothing of Poland." The young palatine so pleased the Swedish king, that he resolved to appoint him to the vacant throne, as a "man fitter than any he had seen to reconcile all parties." Leczinski was accordingly elected without opposition on the 12th of July 1704.

For nearly two years, a contest was carried on between the two rival kings of Poland; at length, however, Augustus was reduced to such straits, that he was obliged to accept whatever terms Charles chose to offer. The sum of these was, that he should abdicate all pretension to the Polish crown now and for ever. Augustus was forced to comply; and after an interview with Charles at Guntersdorf, in which the conqueror would converse about nothing but a pair of jack-boots, which he said had lasted him six years, he wrote a humble letter to his rival Stanislas, congratulating him on his accession to the crown, and expressing a hope that his subjects would be more faithful to their new king than they had been to the old one. He then withdrew into Saxony, and gave up all connexion with Poland.

Having thus settled the affairs of Poland, Charles, after displaying his influence in various parts of Germany, prepared for a decisive struggle with his grand enemy the czar of Russia, a man as extraordinary as himself, and of much greater genius. Hitherto, in the battles between the Russians and the Swedes, the Swedes had almost always gained the victory; but for this, Peter, who knew that the Swedish superiority lay in their discipline, and who was resolved to make good soldiers out of his own half-savage subjects, was quite prepared. "I know," he used to say, "the Swedes will go on beating us for a long time; but, with such capital teaching, we shall be able at last to beat them." Now, however, Charles was resolved to invade Russia, and dethrone the czar as he had the Polish king. Marching in the dead of winter through the Ukraine, the inhabitants of which had revolted from the czar, he announced his intention of proceeding straight to Moscow. To the hardy Swedes, trained under such a captain, no climate was too severe, no enterprise too arduous. The czar, who no doubt knew that the military education he meant to give his subjects was not yet complete, showed some symptoms of alarm; and wishing to defer the invasion, sent some pacific proposals to the Swedish monarch. "I will treat with the czar at Moscow," was the reply. When this reply was reported to Peter, "My brother Charles," says he, "still sticks, I see, to the notion of acting Alexander; but I flatter myself he will not find a Darius in me."

Charles did *not* find a Darius in the Russian czar: the expedition to Moscow proved as fatal to him as it did to Napoleon a hundred years afterwards. He had penetrated to within a hundred leagues of Moscow, when the failure of provisions obliged him to turn aside from the direct road into the country inhabited by the Cossacks; and here, on the 8th of July 1709, was fought the great battle of Pultowa, in which the czar was victorious, and the Swedes were totally routed. Charles having in this one battle lost the fruits of all his former victories, fled into the Turkish dominions, where, attended by a few Poles and Swedes, he remained for nearly four years, notwithstanding all the efforts of the sultan and his council to induce him to depart. His obstinacy, which obtained for him the name of the *Iron Head*, would not allow him to return to Sweden until he had redeemed part of his losses, and he hoped to persuade the Turks to send an army to invade Russia.

The battle of Pultowa changed the fate of Europe, and in a particular manner that of Poland. Augustus, freed from the fear of the Swedish king, now an exile in Turkey, and having obtained leave from the pope to break his oath abdicating the Polish crown, immediately advanced into Poland; and his rival, Stanislas Leczinski, too weak to meet him, was obliged to quit the country, and joined his master in Turkey, where he was detained a prisoner by the Turks. On his release, he retired to an estate granted him by Charles; and little else remains to be related about him, except that his daughter became queen of France, having married Louis XV. He died in 1766, and left several published works.

Augustus II. was now, for the second time, king of Poland. The change was by no means an advantageous one for the country. True, Stanislas had been a mere nominee of Charles XII., and Poland, under him, had been little better than a Swedish province; still, Charles had been a generous master, and the restoration of Augustus, instead of bringing back independence to Poland, had only placed it under the harsher and less tolerable domination of Russia. Augustus was not popular among his Polish subjects, and it was only by the assistance of foreign powers that he retained his throne. Of all these powers, Russia possessed the greatest appetite for conquest. It is from the Czar Peter that the Russian monarchs have inherited that spirit of annexation which has for the last century distinguished the policy of that monster-empire. Poland was a country upon which Russia had already fixed her greedy eye; and the first step towards its acquisition was the reduction of the national Polish army from 100,000 to 20,000 men. This and other measures were carried by Augustus II., at the prompting of Russia. "Augustus II.," says a Polish historian, "brought peace to Poland, but it was the peace of the tomb."

He died in 1733, and was succeeded by his son, Augustus III. Like his father, Augustus III. was both king of Poland and elector of Saxony. As king of Poland, he showed even less capacity than his father. As he owed the crown to Russian influence, so, during his whole reign, Russian influence was supreme. Augustus usually resided in Dresden, his Saxon capital, where he obtained some reputation as a person of taste and a patron of the fine arts; and as St Petersburg was more truly the centre of the Polish government than Dresden, the Russian capital became the resort of the Poles. Augustus III. died at Dresden in 1763. His daughter, Maria Josepha, became the wife of the dauphin of France, and the mother of three French monarchs—the unfortunate Louis XVI., and his brothers Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

About a year elapsed before a successor was appointed to Augustus, and this interval was, as usual, one of anarchy and confusion. There were at this time two parties among the Polish grandees—the Radzivil, or republican party, who were for keeping up the government of Poland in its existing republican form; and the Czartoriski, or monarchical party, who perceived the evils arising from such a system of government, and wished to change it into a well-organised monarchy. The former relied on German and French influence; the latter looked for help from Russia. Mixed up with these political differences, there were differences of a religious kind. The power of the Jesuits had of late been increasing in Poland, and in 1736 they were able to procure an act of the Polish diet, depriving dissenters of access to public offices, and many other important civil rights; in fact, reducing them to the same level as the Polish Jews. Ever since that time, the spirit of religious controversy had run high in Poland. The Czartoriski party inclined to the Roman Catholic side; the Radzivil party were in favour of the toleration of Protestants.

The Czartoriski party triumphed over the other in the election of the new king. With the assistance of a Russian force, which Catherine II. of Russia sent into Poland, they secured the election of Count Stanislas Poniatowski, a relation of the Czartoriski family, and a favourite of the Russian empress. At the same diet the Czartoriski party effected several salutary reforms in the Polish constitution, abolishing, among other things, the absurd custom by which the *veto* of a single member was permitted to dissolve the diet. Altogether, they effected a very desirable revolution in the Polish political system, although the merit of what they did is greatly detracted from by the fact, that they procured at the same time a more stringent act against dissenters.

No sooner had Count Poniatowski, under the title of Stanislas Augustus, ascended the Polish throne—the last who was to ascend it—than the Russian empress found that the changes which the Czartoriski party had effected with her help were injurious to her influence over Poland; and Catherine was not a woman to suffer any loss of power. She had a good pretext for interfering in the affairs of Poland, inasmuch as Russia was one of the European powers which had guaranteed the treaty of Oliva in 1660, by which the Polish Protestants were secured liberty of conscience. As soon as Poniatowski was crowned, Russia, along with Prussia, Denmark, and Great Britain, remonstrated with the Polish diet against its recent act of bigotry, by which the dissenters were excluded from civil rights. The Polish Protestants, as well as those who, without being Protestants, were in favour of toleration, of course felt themselves indebted to Russia, and supported the Russian interests. In this way, partly by the growth of a Russian party in the Polish diet, partly by the terror caused by the presence of Russian troops, all the reforms of the Czartoriski party were annulled, and the old constitution revived. The Catholic party, however, headed by the bishop of Cracow, was still strong enough to prevent the repeal of the act against dissenters; and it was not till after a severe struggle, during which the bishop and some other principal men of the Catholic party were carried off by Russian detachments, and sent to Siberia, that the intolerant statute was abolished. At length, in 1768, Russia succeeded in becoming absolute in Poland, and ruling the diet. Poniatowski was a mere underling of Catherine; he encouraged literature, and did as much good as his position allowed, but he was not an independent sovereign.

Here may be said to close the history of Poland as an independent country, and we may be allowed to take a momentary glance at its condition. Consisting of a large and fertile territory, with a fine climate, and traversed by magnificent rivers; independent also, and capable of maintaining a respectable footing in the list of nations, this unfortunate country appears to have at no time pursued a tranquil and prosperous career. All the blessings which nature lavished upon it were unable to give it happiness. There was clearly but one cause for this—its wretched political constitution. The principle of electing its kings, introduced endless cabals and commotions; and although occasionally governed by a man like Sobieski, the nation was in point of fact under the thraldom of one of the least intelligent and most intractable oligarchies which the world has ever witnessed. Proud, irascible, and despising all ordinary industry, living privately as petty princes in the midst of slaves, and publicly following no other profession than that of the sword, the nobles of Poland may with all truth be stated to have been the curse of their misused and unhappy country. The natural consequences of this species of misrule were now manifest. A foreign power, urged by ambition, and with the plausible excuse of securing toleration in religion, had succeeded in undermining Polish independence. Though leaving Poland its king and other externals of an independent nation, Russia was now the actual ruler of the state.

PARTITIONING AND FINAL DISMEMBERMENT OF POLAND.

There were not wanting patriotic spirits who watched with grief the increase of Russian influence, and were resolved to make Poland again independent. These patriots, consisting of the relics of the Czartoriski party, and of all the chief Catholic nobles, formed themselves into a confederacy, called the Confederacy of Bar, and from 1768 to 1771, they kept the country in a state of civil war, by incessantly fighting with the Russian troops who surrounded the king, as well as with those of their fellow-countrymen who, being Protestants, adhered to Russia. In these engagements the confederates were always beaten by the Russians; until, in 1771, being reinforced by secret assistance from France, they were able to act more vigorously, and even to gain partial successes. Russia, however, obtained speedy assistance from her allies, Prussia and Austria; and the confederates were utterly crushed by the joint armies of these three powers. Thus were the last hopes of Polish independence destroyed. One would have regretted it more if the patriots had been fighting for the cause of religious toleration; but when we remember that, if they had triumphed, Poland would have been the scene of all kinds of cruelty and persecution, we cannot but think that it was preferable that they should lose, even though they were fighting for nationality.

The introduction of foreign troops proved disastrous to this unhappy country. Frederick II. of Prussia had long coveted the western portion of Poland, and had already, in the course of the recent disturbances, filled it with Prussian troops. Seeing, however, that now that the war was concluded, he would be obliged to relinquish his prize, unless he could persuade his two allies, Russia and Austria, to allow him to retain it, he planned the partition of Poland—that is, the cutting off from Poland a large portion of her territories, to be divided among the three allied powers. He was to retain for himself those provinces on which he had already set his heart, and Russia and Austria were to select what other portions they liked best. This proposal was made first to the emperor of Austria, and then to the empress of Russia; and a satisfactory agreement having been come to, a treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the three powers in February 1772, by which Poland was to be deprived of 3295 square miles of her territory, or nearly one-third of the whole. Although Great Britain, France, Sweden, and Denmark, protested against this monstrous act of usurpation, yet, as their interference amounted to nothing but a protest, the allies persevered in carrying their plan into execution. To give a colour of legality to their proceedings, they assembled the Polish diet in April 1773, and caused the scheme to be submitted to it. Many of the senators and nuncios behaved nobly on the occasion; the king was resolute in behalf of independence; but at length threats and bribery prevailed, and the act of dismemberment was passed.

This calamity would have been a matter of little consequence, if it had restored the Poles to unanimity, and opened their eyes to their own faults and follies. It failed in any such effect. Instead of laying aside minor differences, and uniting against the common enemy, the nobles still squabbled and set up divisions; and not a few of them, to their great disgrace, accepted bribes from their oppressors. Yet, with every vile influence that could be brought to bear, the nation generally was indignant, and for twenty years entertained hopes of recovering its lost territory and independent position. Among the nobles, there were many patriotic and enlightened men laboriously exerting themselves, by means of personal influence and political confederacy, as well as through the press, to reanimate the national spirit. Under the auspices of these men a reaction was begun, which succeeded so far, that, in the year 1791, a new constitution was agreed upon by the diet. In this new constitution many of the old forms were purposely preserved; but the reform which it aimed at effecting was a very sweeping one, as may be judged by the following selection from its provisions. Slavery was to be abolished, and every inhabitant of Poland to become a free man; the Roman Catholic religion was to be established by law, but all other forms of worship were to be tolerated; instead of a single diet as heretofore, there were to be two legislative chambers, one of senators, the other of representatives; these parliaments were to meet at any time, and were not to be restricted in the length of their sittings, and the *liberum veto* was to be abolished; the free royal towns were to have municipal governments; and the king, instead of being elective, was henceforth to be hereditary—the Saxon line to succeed after the death of Poniatowski.

These proposals for reform came a hundred years too late. Poland was already in the jaws of destruction. Russia, which watched the proceedings of the diet, resolved to interfere; nor were there wanting among the Poles men corrupt enough to be her agents. Catherine sent her armies into Poland; the king of Prussia, who was pledged to assist the patriots, deserted them in their extremity; the Russian party among the Polish nobility exerted their strength; the feeble Stanislas betrayed the trust reposed in him—and the work of the grand diet was overthrown. Not only so, but, to punish Poland for rebelling against her Prussian master and her Russian mistress, a second partition of her territories took place in 1793, by which she lost 5614 square miles of her remaining territory, 1061 of which were annexed to Prussia, and the other 4553 to Russia. The Polish territories were thus reduced to 4016 square miles, or less than one-third of their ancient extent.

One struggle more, the last and the bravest, and Poland was to be blotted from the map of Europe. The two names most illustrious in this final struggle, or at least best known in connexion with it, are Julian Ursin Niemcewicz and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, both of them Lithuanians, the one born in 1757, the other in 1746. Kosciuszko, when a young officer in the Polish army, had formed an attachment to Louisa Sosnowski, daughter of Joseph Sosnowski, grand marshal of Lithuania. Her parents forbidding her union with one whose rank was so inferior to her own, she consented to elope with him. The lovers were pursued and overtaken; Kosciuszko drew his sword, but was overpowered, and left on the ground weltering in his blood, all that remained to him of his bride being a white handkerchief which she had dropped, and which ever afterwards, by day and night, and in the hottest hour of battle, he carried next his heart. Kosciuszko went to America, where the war of independence was then raging; and after serving with distinction on the side of the colonists, and attaining the rank of general of brigade, he returned to his native country, where, being created major-general in the Polish army by Stanislas, he fought in behalf of the independence of Poland. In 1792, when the Russians had completely crushed the power of Poland, he retired into exile at Leipsic, where he was when the second partition took place. His friend and copatriot, Niemcewicz, was not only a soldier, like Kosciuszko, but likewise a poet and a statesman—one of the highest names in the history of Polish literature. He had been a member of the great diet which prepared the new constitution, and had exerted his powers, both as a journalist and as a dramatist, to inspire his countrymen with the same ardent enthusiasm which burned in his own breast. But the poetical genius of Niemcewicz was not more effective against the Russian power than the valour of his friend Kosciuszko; and before the second partition took place, he had retired into Italy.

Kosciuszko at Leipsic, and Niemcewicz in Italy, were looking eagerly towards Poland, watching for an opportunity of once more raising the standard of independence, when intelligence was brought them that, in consequence of the second partition, the whole country, and especially the capital, Warsaw, was in a ferment. Hurrying from Leipsic, Kosciuszko appeared at Cracow on the 24th of March 1794, at the head of a small band of patriots. The news spread, "Kosciuszko is here:" nobles and citizens, peasants and handicraftsmen, poured in to join him; ladies tore off their jewels to furnish the means of sustaining the revolt; many of them even armed themselves to fight by the side of their husbands. Kosciuszko was created by the nobles general-in-chief of the Polish armies; and the whole country became the scene of a terrible war. On the first rumour of the insurrection, Niemcewicz had hastened to join his friend. The struggle lasted six months. At first, the Poles gained considerable successes; the Russians were driven out of Warsaw and many other places; but on the 10th of October 1794, was fought the fatal battle of Maciejowice, in which the Poles were completely defeated, and Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, and many other eminent patriots, taken prisoners. We shall copy the description of this last battle, given by the pen of Niemcewicz himself, in his "Notes on my Captivity in Russia."

Receiving intelligence that the Russian army, under General Fersen, had crossed the Vistula near the village of Maciejowice, twenty Polish, or about eighty-four English miles from Warsaw, Kosciuszko resolved to give him battle, in order to prevent him from joining Suwarrow. When he reached the spot, Kosciuszko found that some troops which he expected to join him had not done so; but he could not avoid the battle. "On Friday the 10th October, at break of day, we were informed," says Niemcewicz, "that all the enemy's army was advancing towards us in battle array. Our little army stood in readiness to receive them. As the enemy had cannon of larger calibre than ours, they opened the fire upon us at a great distance; and their large balls, passing through the brambles, and smashing the boughs of trees with dreadful noise, were falling among us. We had only three or four twelve-pounders, and as soon as the enemy were within the proper distance, we fired upon them; and with such effect, that we could see their columns wavering, and panic spreading through their ranks. Our position was on a dry and elevated piece of ground, while the Russians were advancing over marshes, in which cannon and men were sinking at every step. The Russians seemed at one time to be on the point of giving up the attack, and retreating. But it proved soon to be quite the contrary: the enemy, four times stronger than we, and having a large park of artillery, were not discouraged by the disadvantages of the *terrain*, but continued to advance. Their fire became more and more rapid; a shower of balls of every size, grape-shot, and grenades, spreading, as they burst, death on all sides, overwhelmed us.

"About twelve o'clock the fire became still more terrible: death was flying and striking everywhere: nearly all our artillery horses were killed or maimed. Not one of us, however, left his place. The enemy were already within musket-shot, when the infantry began a terrible fire on both sides: the ground was covered with dead and wounded, and the air resounded with their groanings. The shower of bullets, with their shrill whistling, was so incessant, that I do not know how any of us escaped. In the meantime the ammunition was exhausted, and our artillery became entirely silent. The soldiers at last lost patience, tired with being exposed to a continued fire during five hours. The enemy's horse was advancing at a gallop through the brushwood, to fall upon our flank. A squadron of the militia of my province, Bizesc, placed on the table land, began to waver; I ran to animate them, and having put myself at their head, was going to check the progress of the Russian cavalry, when, being already near them, I was struck by a bullet in the right arm above the elbow. The horsemen whom I led to the charge were scattered; confusion prevailed everywhere; all the Russian army were advancing and surrounding us. Our infantry, though weakened, and presenting many gaps in their ranks, stood firm, and received the attack of the phalanx of Russian bayonets. The butchery began; the enemy became masters of the field, marching over the bodies of our soldiers, who covered in death the very ground they had occupied in battle.

"While I was looking everywhere for General Kosciuszko, the loss of blood weakened me, and the sword fell from my hand. An officer seeing me in this condition, undid his neckcloth, and tied it round my arm. I found the general at last engaged in rallying a small detachment of cavalry. His horse was killed by a cannon shot, and he had just mounted another, when suddenly a new corps of the enemy's horse showed itself on our front. We attacked and repulsed them; but all the Russian light dragoons soon rushed upon us; the Cossacks took us on the flanks; our little army gave way; and every one, for safety, betook himself to flight as well as he could, the wood promising to cover our retreat. An officer passing at the head of twenty horsemen said to me, 'Join our small detachment; make haste; we shall not fall into the enemy's hands.' 'Everything is lost,' replied I; 'no matter what becomes of me!' He went away. I had neither strength nor wish to spur forward my horse. I saw myself surrounded by a band of Cossacks. I had no sword; my pistols were discharged; and I could not raise my arm. They seized my horse by the bridle, and thus I was taken prisoner."

Kosciuszko had fallen in leaping his horse over a ditch: he was taken prisoner, after having received terrible wounds. Niemcewicz describes his appearance when brought to the Russian head-quarters among the other prisoners. "Between four and five o'clock in the evening we saw a detachment of soldiers approaching head-quarters, and carrying upon a handbarrow, hastily constructed, a man half-dead. This was General Kosciuszko. His head and body covered with blood, contrasted in a dreadful manner with the livid paleness of his face. He had on his head a large wound from a sword, and three on his back above the loins, from the thrusts of a pike. He could scarcely breathe, and lay in a stupor. I spent the most miserable night that it could fall to the lot of mortal to endure. The dawn dissipated at last the horrible darkness. General Kosciuszko awoke like a man who had been in a profound lethargy, and seeing me wounded by his side, asked me what was the matter, and where we were. 'Alas!' said I, 'we are prisoners of the Russians.'"

Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, Fischer, and the other Polish prisoners, were carried to St Petersburg, where they were confined in separate cells by the orders of the empress. On Catherine's death, in 1796, they were released by her successor Paul. Kosciuszko and Niemcewicz went to America; the others were scattered over the world. Kosciuszko never recovered his health. Returning to Europe, he died in Switzerland on the 15th of October 1817. Niemcewicz died in Paris, at an advanced age, in 1841.

The battle of Maciejowice decided the fate of Poland. Warsaw immediately capitulated; and the remaining 4000 miles of Polish territory were parted between Russia, Prussia, and Austria; Russia, as usual, obtaining the largest share. Thus, in the year 1795, Poland was erased from the list of European states.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE POLES.

From 1795 to 1815, the Poles entertained the hope of a restoration of their national independence by the assistance of France. Immediately after the dismemberment, a large body of Polish refugees offered to hire themselves as the soldiers of the French Directory; and the offer being accepted, a number of Polish regiments were levied under the command of their own leaders, which, distinguished by the name of the Polish Legions, continued to serve France during the republic, and also under Napoleon. Their object was, in one point of view, a noble one; they hoped, by their bravery and earnestness in the French service, to earn from Napoleon the restoration of Polish liberty. Accordingly, after gaining many victories for Napoleon in all parts of the continent, as well as serving him in the West Indies, they were rewarded by having their wishes in part complied with. In 1806, Napoleon having gained an advantage over Prussia, with the assistance of the Poles, deprived that kingdom of nearly all that portion of Polish territory which it had acquired by the second and third partitions, amounting to 1850 square miles, with upwards of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, and constituted it into an independent European state, under the name of the Duchy of Warsaw, the ducal authority to be hereditary in the Saxon line. In 1809-10, this new Polish state was augmented by the addition of a large portion of the Austrian territory; and by the treaty of Vienna in 1812, the boundaries of the new duchy were fixed, so as to include about 3000 square miles.

This was something; for although large sections of the old Polish territory were still allowed to remain in the possession of Prussia and Austria, and although Russia still retained all her share, yet Napoleon had shown himself disposed to behave generously in the matter; and there was no reason to doubt that, when the state of Europe permitted it, he would carry his generosity to still greater lengths. Accordingly, the grateful Poles resolved to serve him faithfully in his future campaigns; and in 1812, when the invasion of Russia by the French was determined on, the Poles, eager to inflict vengeance on their old enemy, showed their enthusiasm by raising 80,000 men for the expedition. Although Napoleon did not actually promise the restoration of Russian Poland, yet they did not doubt but that, if the expedition were successful, the restoration would take place. The disastrous issue of the invasion, and the consequent abdication of Napoleon, overthrew these hopes. The only expectation that now remained to the Poles was, that the plenipotentiaries of the various European powers, by whose negotiations in 1814 the affairs of Europe were to be finally settled, would do something for Poland. Nor was this expectation unfounded. Lord Castlereagh on the part of Great Britain, and Talleyrand on the part of France, were alike favourable to a restoration of Polish independence; Austria professed her willingness to surrender all the Polish territory she still retained; the Emperor Alexander of Russia was at that time believed to entertain ultra-liberal political sentiments; and should all these powers agree, Prussia would be obliged to submit. It is extremely probable that a final arrangement favourable to the Poles would have been agreed to; but at the time when the negotiations were going on, Napoleon landed from Elba, and threw Europe again into consternation.

The plenipotentiaries being obliged to hurry through their negotiations as fast as possible, the following arrangement was adopted. The greater part of the duchy of Warsaw was to be thenceforth called the kingdom of Poland; and under that name it was to be united to Russia, "to be enjoyed by his majesty the emperor of all the Russias, his heirs and successors, for ever;" but to be governed by a constitution of its own. The remainder of the duchy was to be annexed to Prussia, under the name of the duchy of Posen. Gallicia, and the salt mines of Wieliczka, were to be secured to Austria. Lastly, the city and district of Cracow, embracing about twenty geographical miles, and containing a population of about 100,000, was to be formed into an independent republic. Thus the whole of Poland, with the exception of this last named little spot, was divided, as formerly, between the three powers which had dismembered it; and in tracing the history of the Poles from 1815 to the present time, we require to divide the narrative into three parts, one relating to Austrian Poland, one to Prussian Poland, and one to Russian Poland.

With respect to Austrian and Prussian Poland, little need be said: in both, the Poles are subjected to those misfortunes which attend a subdued nation under the government of foreigners. There is this difference, however, that the Poles of Austria are allowed to retain perhaps more of their national manners and habits than it is possible for them to do in Prussia, where there is a tendency to establish Germanism on the ruins of everything else. In both countries, however, the Poles are under a despotic government; and if it is an evil for the natives of a country to be under a despotic government, it is a double evil to be under a government which, besides being despotic, is administered by foreigners.

But Russian Poland is far more extensive than Austrian and Prussian Poland united, and its history is more interesting. At first, its condition was surprisingly fortunate. The Emperor Alexander took a pride in his new title of King of Poland, and declared that he wished Poland to be united to Russia only by the title of its own happy constitution. A new constitution was guaranteed to the kingdom of Poland, by which the liberty of the press, the freedom of the person, the responsibility of the ministers, the use of the national Polish language, and the service of a national army, were secured, along with a representative system of government resembling that agreed to by the grand diet of 1791. This was astonishing from a man who held absolute power over 50,000,000 Russians. A similar constitution was also granted to the other parts of Russian Poland.

Thus was founded a second Poland, not so large, indeed, as the first, but under auspices which seemed to promise a better fortune. The following facts, obtained from an authentic source, will give an idea of the condition of the new kingdom in the year 1829, fourteen years after its establishment, and four years after the accession of the present emperor, Nicolas, to the Russian throne. The entire kingdom was divided into eight palatinates; namely, Masovia, Cracow, Sandomir, Kalisz, Lublin, Plotsk, and Augustowa. The population amounted to nearly four millions, of whom one million were foreigners—Russians, Jews, Germans, &c. With the exception of the Jews, nearly all the inhabitants were Roman Catholics. The number of persons engaged in agriculture was about six times greater than the number of persons engaged in all other occupations together; and the proportion between the nobles and the plebeians was one to thirteen. An immense improvement had been effected in the country. In the first place, the peasantry of a large part of the country had been emancipated; some landlords having adopted the system of free labour in exchange for wages, others having adopted an improved feudal arrangement, and allowing their dependents a cottage and a few acres of ground on condition of obtaining so many days' labour a week from them. With respect to religion; although the Roman Catholic form of faith was under the special protection of government, all other forms of worship were tolerated, and their professors were entitled to the enjoyment of all civil rights. A wonderful enlargement had also taken place in manufactures and commerce. While in 1815 there were hardly one hundred looms for coarse woollen cloths, there were in 1829 above six thousand. The reason of this change was the repeal of many of the ancient Polish laws which checked commerce, especially a law which prohibited the nobles from engaging in it, on the idea that it would be a degradation of their order to do so. The face of the country had also been materially improved, and the facilities of travelling increased. "Two fine substantial roads crossed the whole kingdom, one from Kalisz to Brzesk Litewski; another from Cracow to the Niemen, both passing through Warsaw. Diligences had been established; inns and post-houses erected; 523 bridges had been constructed or repaired; embankments, in great part of stone, had been raised to restrain the waters of the Vistula; the other rivers had been cleansed; and a canal had been cut to join the Narva to the Niemen. The city of Warsaw had been wonderfully improved. In 1815 it reckoned only 80,000 inhabitants; in 1829 its population amounted to 140,000, besides the garrison. New streets, squares, palaces, gardens, private and public buildings, had been constructed either by government or by individuals, assisted in many instances by the public treasury. The university of Warsaw, which had been founded in 1816 in lieu of that of Cracow, consisted of five faculties, and had 48 professors, and about 750 students." The means of education had also been greatly extended all over the kingdom.

Such were the happy effects of fourteen years of tolerably free government. Most of these results had been accomplished by the Poles themselves; for although the emperor of Russia was their king, his power was limited by the constitution. The Poles, therefore, had given proof of the force and elasticity of their national character, when placed in favourable circumstances; they had proved that it was to their wretched system of social arrangements, and not to any defect of natural genius, that the long series of disasters which had befallen their nation was owing. A nation which in fourteen years could make such advances in civilisation, had still some vigour and vitality left. There was hope that the rising fortunes of the second Poland would cause the miseries of the first to be forgotten.

These hopes were doomed to disappointment. Even before the death of Alexander, symptoms of commotion began to appear. An excitement which rose among the Poles, may be attributed to two causes. In the first place, there still lingered in the minds of the Polish subjects of Alexander recollections of their ancient nationality, of their sufferings, of the unjust dismemberment of their country. Although enjoying comparative liberty and happiness themselves, they could not forget that there were millions of their countrymen less fortunately situated—groaning under the Prussian and the Austrian yoke. Accordingly, the restoration of ancient Poland, the reunion of its torn and scattered provinces, was the dream of all the young men of Warsaw and other cities; and a revolution was precipitated by the despotic conduct of the Grand Duke Constantine, whom his brother, the Emperor Alexander, had unfortunately appointed generalissimo of the forces in Poland. The grand duke is described by Louis Blanc as "one of those inexplicable beings who, baffling observation, disappoint alike their friends and their foes. His figure was athletic, and admirably symmetrical; his face hideous; and yet gleams of good nature shot from his eyes, deep set beneath their bushy and sandy brows, and tempered the savage expression of his countenance."

There could not have been a more unfit man to wield power in Poland than the Grand Duke Constantine. Wherever he went, he offended and disgusted the Poles by his tyrannical conduct, setting at defiance all the articles of the constitution of 1815, interfering with all the processes of government, and obeying no law but his own caprice. The consequence was, that, even before the death of Alexander, the Poles were burning under innumerable grievances, and complaining that the constitution which secured their liberties was treated as a dead letter. This condition of affairs was not improved by the death of Alexander in 1825. His successor should have been the Grand Duke Constantine, but, aware of his own incapacity to rule, Constantine abdicated in favour of his younger brother, the present Emperor Nicolas. Poland now suffered more than ever. Still residing at Warsaw, Constantine, in addition to his duties as commander-in-chief of the army, wielded the functions of viceroy of Poland, and governed the country according to his own will. Even had Nicolas been himself favourably disposed towards the Poles, it would have been difficult for him to remonstrate against the conduct of the man to whom he was indebted for his empire. But Nicolas, whose antipathies to representative government are well known, had no wish to curb the tyrannical license of his brother, and looked on approvingly rather than otherwise, while Constantine acted the despot in Warsaw.

The following are a few of the grievances which the Poles had to complain of under the government of Constantine. By the constitution of 1815, it was provided that Russian troops passing through Poland should be supported at the expense of the Russian treasury; contrary to this stipulation, however, Russian regiments were quartered in Warsaw and its neighbourhood at the expense of the inhabitants. The constitution of 1815 guaranteed the liberty of the press; contrary to this guarantee, a censorship had been established. By the constitution of 1815 the Polish diet was to be convened at least every two years; only one diet, however, was held between 1820 and 1830. By the constitution of 1815 the supplies to the sovereign were to be voted by the diet every four years; in violation of which article, Constantine had levied the revenues directly, without submitting the accounts to the diet. The constitution likewise provided for the liberty of the subject, making it illegal to arrest any one without assigning reasons, and holding out the prospect of a fair trial; but this article also had been repeatedly broken, many persons having been long detained in prison, before they were made aware of the crime with which they were charged, and others having been condemned in an illegal manner.

Groaning under these and other inflictions of a similar nature, the Poles had long been prepared for a revolt. Numerous secret societies had been organised in Warsaw and other towns, under the character of literary associations and institutions of freemasonry. The students of the university and the young officers of the army were the most eager spirits of the new movement. The French Revolution of 1830, agitating, as it did, all Europe, hastened the development of the conspiracy; and the month of February 1831 was fixed as the time for a simultaneous rising throughout Poland. The activity of Nicolas, however, in obtaining information of whatever was occurring in Poland, and, in particular, the publication of an imperial edict for the assembling of the Polish army to serve against France, showed the conspirators the necessity of acting immediately; and the night of the 29th of November 1830 was appointed for the outbreak. On that night a body of 200 young men of the military school, with two sub-lieutenants, Wysocki and Zaliwski, at their head, rose, and, assisted by the students of the university, roused the whole of Warsaw, attacked the Russians, put to death a number of their officers, and obtained possession of the city; the Grand Duke Constantine barely escaping with his life. The morning of the 30th of November rose on blood-stained streets, and crowds of citizens mad with joy. A provisional government, consisting of the most approved patriots, was appointed in the name of Nicolas as the constitutional king of Poland; and the mob called eagerly for Chlopicki to come and assume the command of the troops. Chlopicki was an old general, who had served with distinction in the armies of Napoleon; he was a man of commanding appearance and peremptory manners, and had gained great popularity among the Poles by his conduct during the oppressions of the grand duke. In consequence of this popularity, although he had taken no part personally in the insurrection of the previous evening, he was urged to accept the command of the Polish forces. Unfortunately, his character was inferior to the task imposed upon him. He was a man of mere method and rule, and, although personally courageous, deficient in that daring and enthusiasm which animated the mass of the younger patriots, and alone could secure a triumph at such a crisis. It has been said of him that, "at the first sound of the revolution which wished him for its leader, he took his compasses, and, measuring the extent of the empire of the czars, he shook his head, saying, 'If Poland dares to resist, she is lost.'"

Chlopicki's first act, after assuming the command, was to enter into a negotiation with the grand duke, who was encamped at a small distance from Warsaw with 8000 Russians, the Polish regiments on which he depended for support having deserted him, and joined the patriots. By a strange and irreparable blunder, he permitted the grand duke and his Russian troops to leave the country unmolested; thus losing the decided advantage which the possession of Constantine's person would have given him in his future negotiations with the emperor. Nor was this his only error. Instead of marching to Lithuania, as he was advised by the ablest and boldest of the patriots, and thus extending the flame of revolt to all the Polish provinces, he remained in the city, assumed all the power into his own hands by causing himself to be proclaimed dictator, and issued orders for repairing the fortifications. Anxious to bring the war to a conclusion, he despatched two ambassadors, whose views were similar to his own, to St Petersburg, to endeavour to obtain terms from the emperor. Meanwhile, the bolder spirits among the patriots were chafing under his cautious and temporising government.

The reply of Nicolas to the representations of the Poles reached Warsaw on the 15th of January 1831. The substance of it was, that the Poles must surrender at discretion. When it was laid before the assembled Polish diet, a difference arose between Chlopicki and the great body of representatives; the former seeming inclined to agree to the emperor's demand, the latter declaring their resolution to continue the struggle even to death. Chlopicki resigned the dictatorship in anger, pointing out as his successor in the command of the forces Prince Michael Radzivil; a man of many virtues, but timid and irresolute. A discussion then ensued as to what course Poland ought to pursue; whether she should continue to recognise Nicolas as her sovereign, or declare the throne vacant? Jezierski, one of the ambassadors who had been sent to St Petersburg, read to the diet the memorial which he had presented to the emperor, and which had been returned to him with numerous notes and comments written on the paper by the emperor's own hand. One of these notes ran as follows:—"I am king of Poland, and I will drive her. The first cannon-shot fired by the Poles shall annihilate Poland." The diet quailed for the moment, abashed by the resolution of the imperial language. The next moment, however, the hot patriotic blood was dancing through the veins and flushing the faces of the deputies. Several of them made an attempt to address the house, when a voice of thunder rang through the hall, "There is no longer a Nicolas." It was the voice of the nuncio Leduchowski. All started to their feet, and, amid cries of "There is no longer a Nicolas"—"There is no longer an emperor," the house of Romanoff was declared incapable for ever of possessing the crown of Poland. A new government was organised, under the presidency of Prince Adam Czartoryski.

The rupture between Russia and Poland was now irreparable, and the patriots nerved themselves for an encounter, the end of which was to be death on the battle-field, or slavery and exile. In February 1831 the Russian field-marshal Diebitch entered

Poland with an army of 120,000 men, and 400 pieces of cannon. The whole Polish force amounted to about 50,000 men, and 136 pieces of artillery.

For seven months the unequal contest was continued. Prodigies of valour were performed by the brave Poles. Several great battles were fought between the two armies, besides many detached skirmishes; and in most of them the Poles gained the victory. Their misfortune, however—the misfortune of their whole history—lay in the want of a leader able to follow up advantageously the successes which their heroism as soldiers had won. Radzivil was displaced from the command, to be succeeded by Skrzynecki, described as a man of ability and accomplishments, but "a pertinacious negotiator, and evidently not fit to lead an armed revolution." Having recruited his forces, he met the Russian army twice in the open field in the months of March and April, and inflicted on it immense losses. For two months the antagonist armies continued their marching and countermarching in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, their numbers thinned not only by the usual casualties of war, but also by the ravages of the cholera, which was then pursuing its pestilential progress through the central districts of Europe. On the 26th of May 1831, Skrzynecki found himself compelled to give battle, under very disadvantageous circumstances, at Ostrolenka, a town situated on the river Narew, at some distance from Warsaw. A part of the Polish army had engaged unexpectedly with the whole Russian force. They had been fighting from nine to eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the day was going against them, when Skrzynecki, who had been lying unsuspectingly at head-quarters, arrives on the field. "He gallops like a madman from column to column, shouting 'Ho! Rybinski! Malachowski! Forward, forward, all of you!' Himself, with his coat torn with balls, rushes towards the bridge, from which fresh masses of the enemy are every moment issuing; and taking his battalions one after another, he plunges them into the mêlée. The generals set the example: Langermann, Pac, Muchowski, Prondzynski, execute furious but ineffectual charges; the Polish army has soon spent its ammunition; the battery of Colonel Bern alone carries death into the ranks of the enemy. The battle is fought man to man with swords and pikes. A sort of frenzy seizes the Poles. Hundreds of officers are seen rushing to the front, sword in hand, singing the Warsaw hymn. The lancers attempt to charge in their turn, and the generalissimo urges them on at full speed; but their horses sink up to the breast in the plashy soil, and they are exterminated without striking a blow. Night began to fall; the field of battle is now but a vast cemetery. Skrzynecki had succeeded in preventing the Russian army from passing over wholly to the right bank. He remained master of the field; but it had cost him 7000 men. Generals Kicki and Kaminski were slain; 270 officers had fallen. The

Russians recrossed the Narew during the night, having lost more than 10,000 men. The Polish generalissimo gave orders to retreat to Warsaw; and as he stepped into his carriage with Prondzynski, he repeated sadly the famous words of Kosciusko —*Finis Poloniæ*—(An end of Poland)."*

A temporary check was given to the movements of the Russian army by the sudden deaths of the commander-in-chief Diebitch and the Grand Duke Constantine, which occurred within a short interval of each other, and were, by common report, attributed to foul means. Efforts were also made by the friends of Poland in other countries, especially in France, to render her some assistance by procuring diplomatic remonstrances. In answer to a representation of M. Talleyrand, then the French ambassador in London, Lord Palmerston wrote that "his majesty had directed him to express to his excellency the deep anguish of his heart at seeing the ravages that are taking place in Poland, and to assure him that he will take every step compatible with his friendly relations with Russia to put an end to those ravages." These were words of course, and equivalent to declining any effective interference. Other governments, acting on the same principle of non-interference in the affairs of another nation, were equally apathetic; and Poland was left to her fate.

Field-marshal Paskevitch was appointed to succeed Diebitch as commander-in-chief of the Russian forces. Masses of fresh troops poured into the country, recruited from the centre of the monster-empire. Paskevitch's plan of operations was to cross the Vistula at a point near the Prussian frontier, and attack Warsaw on the left bank, where it was more weakly protected than on the right. Skrzynecki's conduct amounted to infatuation. Instead of marching to oppose the advance of the Russians, as his best officers advised him, he remained in Warsaw, and permitted Paskevitch to effect the passage of the river unopposed. Warsaw was in an uproar; the population, enraged at the indecision of their government, rose in riot, and put to death many persons suspected of favouring the Russian interests. Skrzynecki was deprived of the command. The populace seemed to wish for his successor Krukowiecki, an old man, who aspired to the honour, and intrigued in order to obtain it. At this moment of confusion and dissension, when all the selfish and unamiable passions were rampant, a pure and sublime voice was heard above the turmoil. The diet, true to its character and office, declared the country in danger, and published the following address to the people. "In the name of God and of liberty, in the name of the nation trembling between life and death, in the name of the kings and heroes, your ancestors, who have fallen in the field of battle in defence of the faith and independence of Europe; in the name of future generations, who else will demand a terrible account of your abashed shades for their servitude—priests of Christ, citizens, cultivators of the earth, Poles, arise—arise as one man!"

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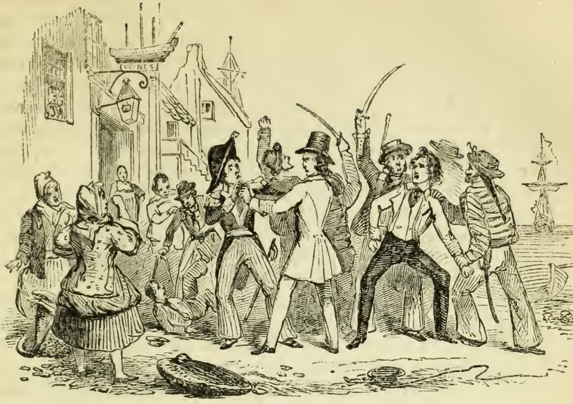
* Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years.

The call was responded to; the weak government resigned; Krukowiecki was nominated president of a new one; and General Malachowski was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces. By this time the Russians were within a mile of the capital. There were three opinions in the Polish council: one, that the Poles should give battle to the Russians outside the walls; another, that they should evacuate Warsaw, and push their way to Lithuania, where they could continue the struggle; and the third, that, detaching one-half of the army to procure provisions, they should defend the city. Unfortunately (for one is always disposed to think that the plans which have *not* been adopted would have proved more fortunate than those which have been tried, and have failed), the third proposal was carried; and the army, diminished by about half its strength, prepared for the assault of the Russians. The besiegers numbered 120,000 men, and 386 cannon; the Poles did not amount to 35,000. Paskevitch, after a vain attempt to treat with Krukowiecki, commenced the attack on the 6th of September 1831. All day the cannonading was kept up on both sides, and numbers fell. The superiority, however, was plainly on the side of the besiegers. The Polish dictator lost courage: at midnight, without consulting his colleagues in the government, he sent to demand a conference with Paskevitch. It was granted: and the consequence was, that a cessation of hostilities for eight hours was agreed to. The news spread through the city; and at ten o'clock next morning the diet assembled in great agitation. Krukowiecki's colleagues resigned, and a turbulent debate ensued, in which Krukowiecki and a few others endeavoured to convince the diet of the hopelessness of resistance, while the majority insisted that they should continue the defence of the city to the last. Meanwhile the armistice expired, and the firing recommenced. The only hope of the besieged lay in the return of Ramorino with the 20,000 men who had been sent into the neighbouring country for provisions. There was no appearance, however, of his return; and at four o'clock in the afternoon the diet again met to deliberate, while the flames were rising in various parts of the town. Krukowiecki gave in his resignation; but before it was accepted, Prondzynski, who had been sent to the Russian camp, returned, accompanied by the Muscovite general, Berg, who was empowered by Paskevitch to treat with the Poles. The Russian general had a long conference with Krukowiecki, at the end of which he departed, carrying with him the following letter of submission, addressed to the Emperor Nicolas:—" Sire—Commissioned at this moment to speak to your imperial and royal majesty in the name of the Polish nation, I address myself, through his Excellency Count Paskevitch d'Erivan, to your paternal heart. In submitting unconditionally to your majesty, our king, the Polish nation knows that your majesty alone is competent to make the past forgotten, and to heal the deep wounds that have rent my country.—(Signed) The Count Krukowiecki, President of the government. Warsaw, September 7, six P.M."

When General Berg returned five hours afterwards to complete the treaty of capitulation, he found the members of the diet assembled in arms, and in a state of extraordinary excitement. He was informed that Krukowiecki was no longer president of the government, and that the agreement made with him was null and void. This, however, was the mere expiring spasm of Polish resolution; and on the morning of the 8th of September, the articles of capitulation were signed by Malachowski. The Poles were allowed forty-eight hours to quit the city; but the greater part were afterwards made prisoners by the Russians: a few fragments of the army, however, escaped out of Poland.

Such was the fall of Warsaw—such the end of Poland. The nation now lay prostrate at the mercy of the conqueror. It was hoped that Nicolas would be merciful of his own accord. Nicolas was *not* merciful. Hundreds of Poles who had taken part in the revolt were sent to labour in the mines of Siberia; many more to serve in the Russian armies of the Caucasus; and those who escaped scattered themselves over Europe and America, everywhere meeting with the commiseration and respect which are due to heroism and misfortune. The constitution of 1815 was formally annulled; the universities of Vilna and Warsaw, and many Polish seminaries, abolished; Polish libraries and museums were carried away to St Petersburg; and everything else done that could extinguish a national spirit.

We have thus sketched, as fully as our limits would permit, the history of Poland—a nation which commands our sympathy for its misfortunes, but also our blame for its manifold errors. The Poles must be convinced that their national degradation is due entirely to themselves, or, more correctly speaking, to their nobles. For these, taken in the mass, it is almost impossible to have any pity. In their later struggles there were, indeed, many redeeming traits of character; and the history of the few years of comparatively free government which Poland enjoyed under the Emperor Alexander, does give evidence that there was an inherent vitality in the nation which, in favourable circumstances, might have enabled it one day to assume an honourable place among the members of the European commonwealth. The hopes to which that glimpse of sunshine gave birth are now, we fear, dashed for ever. Travellers who have lately visited the country, speak of it as generally in an abject condition, utterly prostrated by conquest, nor daring any longer to cherish the hopes of national restoration. Henceforth, therefore, it may be expected to follow the fortunes of the vast empire to which it is annexed.



THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.*

I.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

TOM DRYSDALE and ANDREW COCHRAN were both sons of two respectable Scotch mechanics in Edinburgh; the one by trade a shoemaker, and the other a tailor. William, the father of Tom, had, after serving his apprenticeship, repaired to London, with the view of obtaining higher wages as a journeyman, and at the same time a more perfect knowledge of his business. Walter, the father of Andrew, after his apprenticeship, continued in the place of his nativity, and, previous to the return of William Drysdale from London, had commenced business for himself. As they were both industrious and respectable men in their conduct, and lived within a few doors of each other, an intimacy naturally took place; and, getting gradually forward in the world, both married much about the same time, and had each a son born in the same year. The intimacy between the fathers produced of course the like between the two boys; and when the time came when it was necessary to give them instruction, they were both sent to the same school, to attain reading, writing, and arithmetic. Although different in some respects, the two boys were both good scholars, and met with the approbation of their teachers; for although one was quicker than the other, it enabled him not to get before the superior attention and perseverance of his competitor, who, with much less memory, and consequently readiness, excelled him not only in application, but in judgment. This difference in the progress of the two boys was partly occasioned by the different manner in which they were brought up by their respective fathers; for, while Walter Cochran contented himself with Andrew's executing things quickly, William Drysdale constantly inculcated this advice to his son Tom—never to do anything he was engaged in superficially. "The quicker you do it the better," he would say; "but never let quickness dispose you to put anything out of your hand without doing it well."

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* The present tract is an abridgment of a work of the same name, by Hector Macneill, Esq., published in Edinburgh in 1812, and though popular at the time, now little seen.—*Ed.*

When the two boys had mastered the elementary branches of instruction, Walter resolved on giving his son a classical education, by a course of study at the High School; such, in his opinion, being all that was desirable for personal accomplishment and advancement in life. William Drysdale, a shrewd, sagacious man, prudent and circumspect in his conduct, and, withal, possessed of an acuteness in his observations on men and manners, differed from his friend on this important subject. Without entertaining any enmity to Latin, and other branches of classical study, he felt it to be his duty to give his son an education of a more useful and practical kind—geography, and the use of the globes; plain and spherical trigonometry; geometry and algebra—these, with a perfect knowledge of English grammar, and instruction in the French language sufficient to enable him to prosecute it at any future period, as occasion might require, together with an excellent hand, and a thorough acquaintance with figures and accounts, William very justly conceived were much more beneficial than Latin or Greek, or anything that classical learning could afford in six tedious years at the High School. What was still more gratifying, and of infinite importance to a tradesman's son, the boy's progress was fully equal to the father's wishes and expectations, and everything mentioned accomplished in the course of three years. But perhaps the most beneficial part of Tom's education was the private instruction of his own father. Convinced of the importance of early impressions, he lost no opportunity to inculcate sound morals, and to imbue the young and ductile mind of his son with everything connected with principle, piety, and rectitude of conduct. For this purpose he selected proper books for his perusal during his evenings at home; and while Andrew Cochran was poring over his Rudiments, and conning his lesson at his father's fireside (who contented himself with constantly telling him "to be sure and get it weel by heart"), Tom was delightfully occupied and amused in reading to his parents stories and histories pregnant with entertainment and instruction, while his father commented on different passages and descriptions, explaining what was difficult or abstruse, and moralising on what was impressive, serious, amiable, and respectable. By this means the boy not only advanced in useful knowledge and experience, but improved in genius, sentiment, and judgment; while he became the constant companion and delight of his parents. While his mind was imbued with knowledge, and impressed with serious admonition, his heart was warmly attached to the authors of his birth. Both parents were devout, and regularly attentive to the duties of Christianity; but it was that happy species of piety which is untinctured with superstitious gloom and austerity, and totally free from intolerance.

In due course of time young Drysdale, following the bent of his inclinations, was put apprentice to the business of a cabinet-maker and joiner; and to enable him the better to prosecute an art which might at some future period extend to other branches connected with it, his father very judiciously sent him to attend a private natural philosophy class, where, among other subjects of useful knowledge, an acquaintance with the powers of mechanics could not fail to be of material service.

During all this time Andrew Cochran was constantly occupied with his Latin exercises at the High School, where he certainly made no contemptible figure. By the help of his extraordinary memory, he soon surmounted the uninteresting and painful labours annexed to the elementary parts of an unknown language, which generally proves so irksome to boys at the commencement; in consequence of which he ere long outstripped his competitors, and became dux of his class. This, while it procured him the eulogiums of the teachers, operated so powerfully on the vanity of the delighted tailor and his wife, that they did nothing but expatiate on the wonderful genius and talents of their laddie to all their friends and acquaintance around, and looked forward to little less than a professor's chair as the ultimate reward of their son's celebrity. These sanguine expectations, however, were not permanent; for, as Andrew advanced farther, it was discovered by his teachers that some of those boys who at first were left far behind, were now not only approaching him, but treading fast on his heels. In fact, neither Andrew's taste nor judgment kept pace with his memory, and when he arrived at those parts of the language where both were necessary, it was found that nature had not been equally bountiful to him. His teachers did all they could to support their favourite, and maintain him in his wonted station, by explaining to him the principles of good composition, and illustrating passages in the best Roman authors where elegance was conspicuous, and by exemplifying the difference between refinement and vulgarity of style and phraseology; but these distinctions were so obscured from Andrew's sight, that little or nothing was perceived. All he could do was to get the approved passages by rote, and repeat them afterwards to incompetent judges, as a proof of his refined taste and critical knowledge of the Latin language; but in his themes and versions, it was very evident to his instructors that he got not one step forward, and that others, who were not gifted with a third of his memory, were greatly his superiors.

Having continued long stationary in his classical stance, and losing ground in his reputation, the teachers at last, finding they could do no more, thought it advisable to intimate to him that, being now qualified to attend the humanity class, he might tell his father, from them, that he might send him to college. As this was some months previous to the allotted time at the High School, it was most gratifying intelligence to Andrew, although not equally so to the father, who, notwithstanding he experienced no small degree of pride and pleasure in his son's success, began seriously to consider the additional expense he must necessarily be put to in giving him a college education for another year or two. While he was ruminating on this circumstance, and a farther loss of time in establishing his laddie in some line more productive and less burdensome to him, Andrew, inflated with the prospect of going to college, ran to all his acquaintance, and communicated the important intelligence; among others to Tom Drysdale, with whom he had had little intercourse for a considerable time, in consequence of the dissimilarity of their occupations. They were at this time both about the age of seventeen, and stout, fine-looking young men; with this material difference, that while one had been instructed in the different branches of useful knowledge—was acquainted with men, manners, and things, and had already served two years of his apprenticeship—the other knew nothing but Latin superficially, had a very imperfect *knowledge of* figures and accounts, and wrote an exceedingly bad hand.

The interview between Tom and Andrew happened to be on a holiday morning, and as neither of them had anything to interrupt them, Tom proposed taking a long walk, by way of exercise, as well as to have a long conversation.

The ramble which the two friends took on this occasion conducted them to Newhaven, a fishing village on the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, at the time which was, during the heat of the war, the resort of a pressgang in connexion with a vessel of war in the roads. Accident brought the two young men into an unfortunate collision with this party, who were armed, and seeking for seamen. Having seized on a sailor, who loudly remonstrated against the cruelty of carrying him from his home, his wife, and family, Cochran's sense of justice was roused, and he interfered to assist in a rescue; but in a manner so insolent and inconsiderate, as greatly irritated the officer in command of the party, who immediately seized him, and proceeded to drag him away with him. Seeing his friend in this jeopardy, Drysdale flew to his rescue, grappled with the officer, and being a stouter man, threw him to the ground, at the same time calling on those around to assist him in effecting the liberation of his companion. The scuffle now became general; the pressgang drew their cutlasses, beat off their assailants, and succeeded in carrying both the lads to their boat—the commander of the party saying that he would make two landsmen supply the place of the seaman he had lost; for the latter had made his escape during the struggle.

Drysdale and Cochran were now immediately rowed on board the tender, which was at that moment under weigh in the roads, and in a few days after they found themselves at Spithead. Here they were put on board the ship of the admiral of the Channel fleet, which was then waiting for a fair wind, and in a few days more they were at sea. The lieutenant, who accompanied them, after having brought them on the quarter-deck, addressing himself to the captain, said, "These are two young Scotch lads, whom I was in a manner forced to bring along with me, in consequence of their very improper conduct in opposing me in the execution of my duty. I know not who they are, but I know that they are spirited young fellows, and as stout as they are brave. As to that young man," said he, pointing to Tom, "I don't know whether he will make a good seaman or not, but I will answer for him that he will not flinch from his gun. Had he not lost me a good seaman, whom I wished to have got, I would have let him off for having come manfully forward to rescue his companion there, who brought everything on by his own folly, in meddling with what he had no business with."

All eyes were turned on our two unfortunate heroes, who, with their heads bound up, and bloody, made a rueful appearance, and excited the sympathy of the bystanders; but, as they had been guilty of opposing a king's officer in the execution of his duty, they were committed to the care and tuition of the boatswain, after a caution and gentle reprimand from the captain.

The boatswain, who was naturally a humane man, and, as far as was consistent with his duty, kind and indulgent to the seamen, had the two lads berthed and messed; and telling them to be of good cheer, and not cast down with their misfortune, assured them that, if they conducted themselves properly, and minded their business, they should be taken care of. "You have had a hard brush, I find, my lads," said he, "at the commencement of your service; but that's nothing at all against you, but rather in your favour. We seamen must lay our account with meeting with these things every day in our lives, and the sooner we meet with them the better. All you have to do is, to attend to your duty, obey your orders, and do everything as well as you can, and there is no fear of your coming on. We have no idlers, no skulkers here; every one must be active and alert." So saying, he left them.

Sadly at variance as his new situation was with all his former habits and pursuits, Drysdale wisely resolved, since no better could now be done, not only to get reconciled to it as fast as possible, but to endeavour to make himself useful, and to acquire, as speedily as he could, a knowledge of the profession which he had thus been compelled to adopt; and so diligent and successful was he in this laudable pursuit, that he soon promised to be one of the best seamen on board, and, as such, was soon distinguished by little marks of kindness and favour from his superiors, who, pleased with the zeal he displayed, and with the cheerfulness and goodwill with which he became reconciled to and discharged the duties of his new profession, gave him every encouragement to hope for better fortune than he might have expected to arise from the accident which had so strangely changed his apparent destiny.

Cochran's conduct and situation were very different. No persuasions of his friend, neither encouragement nor threats on the part of the subordinate officers who had immediate command over him, could induce him to bestir himself, or to take any interest in the new duties which he was now called upon to perform. He gave himself entirely up to despondency, and sat weeping in his berth, reading a copy of Horace which he happened to have with him, for nearly a fortnight after the ship had put to sea. The boatswain, however, becoming at length tired of what he called his skulking and shamming of Abraham, compelled him, by threats of punishment, to take to the deck, and to begin to make himself useful. All he did, however, was done negligently and reluctantly, and of course done ill. He became the laughing-stock of his shipmates, from the awkward and unseaman-like manner in which he performed the tasks allotted him, and lived under a continual threat of the cat-o'-nine tails from his superiors. In short, it soon became evident that he never would be a sailor. The poor lad's own feelings on the subject—and they were in some measure the result of his education—were, that it was a disgusting employment, unfitted for and degrading to a person of refined tastes and classical acquirements. He therefore continued to read his Horace, and to treat with great contempt and indifference the duties which he was now compelled to perform. On one occasion he with difficulty escaped a severe chastisement, for having had the silly impertinence to write a letter in Latin to the admiral, complaining of his situation; and though pardoned the offence, he sunk still lower in the esteem of his messmates and officers.

II.

SERVICE ON SHIP-BOARD.

The ship in which were the two lads—the one active and attentive to his new duties, the other sullen and indifferent—had been now at sea some time, when a serious accident occurred.

The large spar, called the mainyard of the ship, having broke in two during a violent storm, it became a matter of painful consideration how it was to be repaired, as it could not be done without, and there was no spare stick on board of sufficient size to supply its place. It had always been a matter of great difficulty, nay, it had hitherto been deemed an impossibility, to unite the broken beam, when such accidents occurred, so securely as to enable it to resist a repetition or continuance of the violence to which it had already yielded. The accident was a frequent one in the navy, and a remedy for it, when it occurred, was long considered a most serious desideratum. All that ingenuity had hitherto been able to devise towards repairing the broken spar, was to *fish* or, to splice it; and when done by the former process, no dependence could be placed on it; and when by the latter, it was necessarily so much shortened as to be rendered all but useless. The great object desired, therefore, was to keep the spar to its original length, and to restore it to its original strength, and both of these points Drysdale thought he could undertake to accomplish. He accordingly took occasion to open his mind on the subject to his friends the carpenter and boatswain; but both at first seemed sceptical of his project. Taking a model of the yard in several pieces from his pocket, he demonstrated how the operation of uniting them was to be performed.

"You observe, sir," said Tom, addressing the carpenter, "here are the two broken pieces of the mainyard sawn asunder, two parts of the one four feet longer than the other two."

"Well, we see that very plainly," said the carpenter, winking to the boatswain.

"I first take one of the *long* pieces," said Tom (laying it on the table with the plain side uppermost), "to the broken part of which I join one of the *short* pieces, which you know, sir, is the half of the whole yard sawed in two."

"It is so, Tom," said the carpenter, again winking to the boatswain.

"I then, sir, take the other long piece, and, by reversing it thus, it covers the short piece and part of the long one below, which you see makes *two splices;* and by joining the remaining short piece, which you likewise see covers the remaining part of the long one under it, it makes another splice, without the yard being one inch shorter."

"Well, there's something in this," said the boatswain seriously.

"Here," continued Tom, taking up the pieces thus joined neatly between his fingers; "there is the yard, you see, complete, with *three splices,* each piece supporting and strengthening the other, by which I conceive that the yard is not only mended, but rendered fully as strong, if not stronger, than it was before, and not the least shortened."

The carpenter, who had hitherto been silently attentive, exchanged looks with the boatswain, very different from what they expressed formerly, and taking the pieces out of Tom's hand, began replacing them in the same manner he had done; and after having carefully examined every part and purchase of the whole when put together, said, "I protest I am astonished!—This certainly must be Sir Charles Douglas's grand secret."

"I don't care whether it is or not," said the boatswain, "but it is one that will do our business, if as how you can secure the pieces strongly together."

"That can be easily done," rejoined the carpenter; "for, in addition to good pinning, we can serve the whole yard round with strong cordage, well tarred, which I am convinced, with you, will render the yard stronger than ever it was."

"Don't you likewise think, sir," said Tom, "that it will be much less liable to snap than if it was all of one solid piece?"

"Certainly, Tom," said the carpenter; "for the different pieces, supporting and yielding to each other, the yard must bend like a bow before it breaks."

"That's a great point," said the boatswain; "for it warns us of our danger before it comes!"

"I'll go this instant," said the carpenter, putting the pieces in his pocket, "and show it to the captain and the admiral."

When the carpenter had gone, the boatswain turned round to Tom with his usual archness, and said, "Tom, how did you think of all this? It is a matter that has puzzled the brains of all the carpenters in the fleet for these six weeks to no manner of purpose."

"I owe it all to my father," said Tom impressively.

"Your father?" rejoined the boatswain; "what! is he a ship's carpenter?"

"No," answered Tom, "but he gave me an education which enabled me to know something of mechanics, and if I could live to repay him for all his kindness and attention to me, by being placed in some situation to insure independence, and afford him pleasure, it is all I wish for."

The boatswain, who was himself a father, and a warm-hearted man, was sensibly touched with Tom's observation; and taking him by the hand, while he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion, said, "You are a good fellow, Tom, as well as a clever one, and if you are not rewarded, why, we live in an ungrateful world, I say!"

By this time the carpenter had returned, and acquainting Tom that the captain and the admiral were not only satisfied, but delighted with the ingenuity of the invention, desired him to go to breakfast, and hasten up, as they were to set about the reparation of the yard immediately, and that he appointed him to perform the sawing of the pieces asunder, as he was convinced none on board could execute it so correctly.

Tom, delighted with the duty imposed on him, in three days had the accident completely repaired, a new mainsail bent, and everything replaced as formerly. No sooner was the double-reefed sheet let go and secured, the yard properly bound, and the ship scudding away before a stiff gale, than the men gave three cheers, while all eyes were fixed on the happy contriver of their present good fortune.

After two days and three nights of very tempestuous weather, the carpenter and boatswain went aloft, and having very minutely examined the mainyard, found it in every part as strong and secure as when it was put up. The old admiral was so delighted with this intelligence, that he determined to give a public mark of his approbation to Tom, and as the gale had now moderated, he desired that the signal should be made for all captains. On their coming on board, among whom was Sir Charles Douglas, the admiral was anxious to ascertain whether the method adopted was the same as Sir Charles's; and when the latter observed that we had had a severe time of it for the last fortnight, the admiral answered, "Ay, that we have indeed, Sir Charles; and in addition to our other trials, we have had our mainyard broke."

"That is a serious matter indeed," said Sir Charles; "I hope it has not snapped in the slings?"

"No," said the other; "about four feet from it."

"That's lucky, that's lucky!" said Sir Charles; "for in that case we can mend it; and now, since none of the carpenters in the fleet know anything about the matter, it would be unpardonable in me to conceal my secret any longer; and I assure you it affords me infinite pleasure to discover it on the present occasion."

"Thank you, Sir Charles," said the old gentleman; "we are much obliged to you, but we have had our mainyard repaired already."

"Repaired!" said the other contemptuously; "but in what manner?—fished, I suppose, which is not worth one farthing?"

"It is not fished," rejoined the admiral.

"Then it must be shortened," said the other, "which is still worse?"

"Not an inch, or the twentieth part of an inch," said the admiral.

"Where is it?" resumed the other eagerly.

"It is performing its duty," said the old gentleman smiling; "and it has done so these last three days and nights—which you must allow, Sir Charles, was no trifling trial—and is at this moment as sound as when it was put up."

"If this is the case," said the other, a good deal discomposed, "your carpenter is the cleverest fellow in the British navy."

"Our carpenter certainly is a very good man," said the old admiral, "and understands his profession, I believe, as well as any in the fleet; but it was not he that mended our mainyard, Sir Charles."

"Not he?" said the other with astonishment.

"No," rejoined the admiral; "and it will perhaps surprise you still more, when you are informed that this has been contrived and executed by a young countryman of your own, who has not yet attained his nineteenth year."

A disclosure of this importance could hardly fail to awaken the curiosity of all the captains present, who forthwith repaired to the quarter-deck to inspect this new object of general interest; and on a critical investigation of the invention, it was found to be precisely the same with that of Sir Charles Douglas. When they had taken their departure, Sir Charles, who remained behind, expressed a wish to see and converse with the ingenious artist who had discovered his secret, and proved it to be effectual. "Stay and dine with me," said the good old admiral, "and you will then have an opportunity to gratify your curiosity, Sir Charles; for I have determined, by way of public reward and public example, to break through established rules and etiquette, and have this young man at my table to-day. Captain, do you intimate this to him and the carpenter; and pray let as many of the midshipmen be asked as our table can accommodate."

This was a trial for Tom's sensibility for which he was not prepared; but he got through it with his usual modesty and good sense. From the service he had rendered on this occasion, and the favourable impression he made, may be dated his advancement in life.

The friendly feeling and respect now entertained on board for young Drysdale, were of some advantage to his acquaintance Cochran. By his influence he was placed in the admiral's secretary's office as a clerk; yet for this he was not by any means well suited. For some time the extreme badness of his handwriting, which, with all other acquirements, he had neglected for an exclusive acquisition of Latin, threatened not only to render him entirely useless here also, but to prevent his being permitted to remain in the office. At the earnest intreaties of his friend, however, he was at length induced to shake off somewhat of his lethargy, and to betake himself assiduously to the improvement of his penmanship. In this he was so successful, that in a few months he acquired an excellent hand, and otherwise gained so much on the good graces of the secretary, that he became an especial favourite with that gentleman, and was intrusted with the execution of some of the higher duties of the office.

III.

ARRIVAL IN PORT.

A cruise of six months at length terminated in the return of the grand fleet to Spithead, and in the old admiral resigning his command, in consequence of age and a love of retirement. Previous to this, however, an opening had occurred for the appointment of a purser to one of the frigates, which was immediately filled up by a commission for the first assistant in the office; and although the secretary did not formally appoint any to supply his place, he uniformly gave Andrew the first drafts of the official letters to transcribe, on account of his superior penmanship and improvement. As this had been always executed by the first assistant, it was an unequivocal proof of preference; nor did the succeeding conduct of Andrew, during the remainder of the cruise, abate it. On the contrary, when the secretary found that, in consequence of the admiral's resignation, all hopes of his continuing longer in office vanished, he took an opportunity, previous to his departure, to assure Andrew that he was much pleased with his conduct and assiduity—advised him to remain where he was till the ship was paid off, giving him hints that ere long, perhaps, something might occur to enable him to serve him; and in the interim, gave him his address, and permission to draw on him occasionally to the amount of a certain sum; concluding with an assurance, that should circumstances induce him to visit London, he would at all times be happy to see him at his house.

As for Tom, who had nothing but his character and industry to depend upon, now that his old admiral was to give up his command, he consoled himself with the hope of obtaining some berth on board of another ship, through the recommendation of his friends the carpenter and the boatswain; for as to what the old gentleman said to him on his departure, he viewed it in no other light than as a compliment. Seeing Tom on the gangway, as he was descending the accommodation-ladder, the old gentleman nodded to him, and said, "Fare you well, Tom; I have not forgot you."

Tom felt the parting address most sensibly, and for the first time since his leaving home shed a tear—but it was the tear of gratitude, for the marked attention paid to him by one who had now no other favours to bestow. In a short time after, the ship's company was paid off, and the ship put into ordinary. Of course none but the warrant officers remained on board, and every one else was left to shift for himself. The carpenter, who had a wife and family on Portsmouth Common, took Tom to his house till something might cast up for future employment; while the boatswain and gunner, willing to contribute their share, told him that the oftener they saw him in theirs the better. Matters were very different with Andrew.

Perceiving that nothing now remained for him in his official capacity, and unwilling to depend on the assistance of the secretary in pecuniary matters, he determined on an immediate return to Scotland.

This intention Tom strenuously opposed, as a step not only mortifying to his own feelings, but unfavourable to his success in life, in the event of something being done by the secretary to promote his interest. "You have already secured his friendship," said he, "which is evident from his generous conduct; why, therefore, relinquish it? What could you possibly gain by returning to your friends in Scotland, after all your late exertions and improvements, but pity and neglect? My advice is, that you should repair to London, and wait on the secretary without delay—thank him for his proffered assistance, without making use of it, and communicate your intention of earning your subsistence as clerk in some counting-house, till more favourable events occur to enable you to return to your former station. This, while it is performing a duty which you owe to him, is securing him in your interest, and placing you near him in case anything may cast up. It will likewise be the most likely means of procuring you immediate employment in London through his assistance, and as you are now sufficiently qualified for executing the office of a clerk, you can, without incurring unnecessary expense, remain quietly and patiently till you see how matters are likely to turn out. Should things not succeed according to your wish, it will be then time enough to return to Scotland. In the meantime write to your father and friends, and avoid despondency in your letter."

Andrew, who had good cause to attend to Tom's advice in all matters, complied with his request, and after a very interesting parting between the two friends, with mutual promises of regular correspondence, Andrew, without further delay, set off in the stage-coach for London.

As for Tom (who must now be the principal subject of our narrative), a new scene immediately opened to him. Entering the dockyard a few days after his coming on shore, he was struck with everything around him. The various operations of shipbuilding, the different artificers employed, and all the implements necessary for constructing a fabric which he had never before examined separately and in detail, engaged his whole attention, and excited a strong desire to make himself completely acquainted with every particular relative to the art by his own manual labour. Communicating this wish to his friend the carpenter, who was intimately acquainted with the master builder in the yard, he not only approved of the intention, but called on his old friend next day, and gave him such an account of our young hero's genius and invention, that he cheerfully assented, adding that, for the better accommodation, and the readier attainment of Tom's object, his house and table were at his service. On the carpenter's returning and communicating this pleasing intelligence, he could not help congratulating Tom on the occasion. "You will now," said he, "have not only every opportunity to obtain all the information you wish for, but the daily society and conversation of a man whose long experience and knowledge in the profession will be of infinite service to you. He is, besides, an agreeable companion, and, in consequence of his industry and long residence here, has laid up something very handsome, and lives conformable to it. His family, now that he has lost a favourite son, consists of only his wife and daughter, the first a good motherly woman, well advanced in years, the other one of the best and prettiest girls we have among us. You must take care of your heart, Tom, for although a master builder's daughter, this young woman has already refused several good offers, to my certain knowledge, and although young, seems to prefer living with her old father and mother to every other wish; so be on your guard!"

When the carpenter and Tom repaired next day to the dockyard, they found the master builder at home, in a house greatly exceeding Tom's expectations. On their entering, the old man received them with much cordiality, and turning to his wife and daughter, who were both present, introduced Tom as one who for some time was to be part of the family.

Tom had taken care to dress himself neatly in his best sailor's attire that morning, and as nature had been as bountiful to him externally as mentally, he failed not, on his first appearance, to make a very favourable impression on the whole family. After exchanging a few remarks, the old builder proposed taking a walk through the dockyard till dinner time, acquainting his wife and daughter that his friend the carpenter, and one or two more, would be his guests that day. When they were gone, the mother and daughter had the following conversation.

"Well, Susan, what think you of our young companion that is to be?"

"I think him a modest, well-behaved young man," answered Susan, "and certainly very well-looking mother; but don't you think this an odd whim in my father to bring a stranger, of whom we know nothing, to live with us as one of the family?"

"He is, you know, Susan, a particular friend of Mr ——, and highly recommended by him as a young man of excellent character and great abilities, and as he will be constantly employed in working all day in the dockyard, he will only be with us during meal-times, and remain no longer here than he makes himself master of ship-building."

"Working in the dockyard!" said Susan with surprise. "What, are we to have a common dirty shipwright in the dock every day at our table, mother?"

"The young man is anxious to make himself particularly acquainted with everything belonging to ship-building, my dear," said the mother: "he has, it seems, an extraordinary genius for mechanics, and has already made surprising discoveries in the admiral's last ship, and got the thanks and praises of all the officers on board. Who knows, Susan, but this may be some gentleman's son in disguise? for I have heard some story of a great king or emperor who once worked like a common carpenter in the dockyard, just to make himself acquainted with ship-building."

"Upon my word, now that you mention it," said Susan, "I think that this is not unlikely, for there is something in the manners, and even in the appearance of this young man, that is too genteel for his station. Don't you think so, mother?"

"We shall see more of that hereafter," answered the old woman smiling. "In the meantime let us go and prepare dinner, Sue."

The deportment and conduct of Tom during the time of dinner, and indeed while he continued in the family, rather confirmed than weakened the fallacious idea of the mother and daughter with regard to his birth and parentage. His mind, naturally studious and thoughtful, gave him often an apparent air of pensiveness, which they attributed to the change he now experienced from what he had formerly been accustomed to; and the superior intelligence and knowledge which he evinced on every subject introduced, convinced them that the education he had received was not that of a common mechanic or seaman. But what chiefly contributed to confirm their opinion, was the attention which Tom uniformly paid to his dress and appearance at meal-times; for however tarred and dirty he might be when coming from his daily occupation in the dockyard, he never sat down to table without changing his apparel, and having everything personally clean and neat about him. "Ay, ay," would the old woman say, "it is easy to see the gentleman in whatever situation he is placed!"

Tom had not been long in the family till he became not only an intimate, but a favourite. With all his habitual attention to everything connected with his immediate object, he was naturally cheerful and communicative, and as he had frequent opportunities of exhibiting these agreeable qualities in his evening conversations, his facetiousness, joined to his excellent understanding, rendered his society particularly agreeable to the little circle. In addition to this, he frequently read to them, during an evening, such books as chance threw in his way, exclusively of those which the old builder had in his small library; and while he commented, with his usual good sense, on certain passages, and explained the meaning of technical terms and French idioms, he became a kind of instructor and commentator to the family. One thing in particular tended to ingratiate him with the daughter. His knowledge of drawing, which he had acquired during his apprenticeship with the cabinetmaker, enabled him to instruct Susan in the principles of the art; and as she was generally occupied with her needle in preparing articles of dress, Tom's taste and ingenuity were of material service to her, in improving and designing patterns for her workmanship.

In this manner he continued, much to his own improvement, and to the satisfaction and pleasure of the family, for nearly six months, when one evening, as they were conversing cheerfully round a sea-coal fire, two letters by post were brought to him, one of which, by the superscription, he knew came from his constant correspondent Andrew, and the other in a frank, which, from its size, he concluded contained something more than a letter. Upon opening it, he found a warrant from the Navy Board appointing him carpenter to a seventy-four; and from the contents learned that, in consequence of the high commendations and particular request of his old admiral, the board had appointed him one of the warrant officers of the ——, at that time fitting out at Plymouth for the East Indies, under the command of Commodore ——, who was to sail with a squadron for that quarter as speedily as possible. Handing the letter and its contents to the old builder with a smile, Tom proceeded to open the other, which was from his friend Cochran, announcing that he had received an appointment as clerk on board, as it appeared, the same vessel in which Drysdale was to act as carpenter.

This announcement surprised and delighted Tom; and he was congratulated on his own as well as his friend's success by the kind family with whom he had taken up his residence. Susan's expressions of satisfaction were, however, not unmingled with sorrow, and she hurried from the room.

"Susan," said the old woman, "feels this more than any one of us: I hope she may bear up against it."

The meaning of this last remark the husband did not comprehend; for while he had perceived nothing but attention and civility between Tom and his daughter, the mother had plainly perceived, in spite of their endeavours to conceal it from each other, that a strong and mutual affection existed. Notwithstanding all Tom's caution and resolution to conform to the advice he had received from his friend the carpenter, it was impossible for him to see and converse with this lovely and amiable girl daily, without feeling what hearts like his are susceptible of; and although, from the prudence and propriety of the object he loved, he perceived nothing to give him encouragement, he could, on his side, do nothing but struggle with a passion which he could not overcome. On the other hand Susan, cautioned by the mother to beware of an attachment which was unlikely to insure matrimonial union (not only from the dissent of the father, but from a conviction that Tom was in reality the son of a gentleman, and looked higher), did all she could to repel the kindling flame, and, when at its height, used every possible means to conceal it, if not from her mother, at least from her lover. The time now came when all these ineffectual arts were forgot and cast aside; for, when the trying period arrives that two mutually attached are to part, and perhaps to be separated for ever, what are the feeble studied methods of disguise and concealment against the genuine burst of nature!

During the remainder of the evening Susan made not her appearance, pleading the excuse of a violent headache. The next morning, on Tom's coming into the parlour earlier than usual, he was surprised to find her at her needle, and, inquiring kindly after her health, she informed him that her headache was considerably easier. After a short pause, she addressed him in the following terms:—"You are now going to leave us, Tom, and I have been considering that you will require a number of articles for your long voyage. You can procure these much better here than at Plymouth, where you will be occupied and hurried with necessary business on board; among other things, you must have a sufficient stock of linen, and I am much better qualified to judge of these articles than you are. I mean to go a-shopping this morning for that purpose, and, with your permission, which I'm sure you'll grant, I will purchase some shirts, and mark them for you. It is but a small return, I confess, for the many obligations I owe you since you have been in this family; but it may at least serve to remind you now and then of those you have left behind you, and whom it is likely you will never again see."

As she falteringly pronounced the last words, a tear had insensibly stolen down her cheek; while Tom, equally affected, retired to the window, where for some minutes he continued, completely overpowered with his emotions. In a few minutes, however, he recovered himself, and in less than half an hour he and Susan understood the state of each other's heart perfectly. As an additional assurance of his attachment, and much to the satisfaction of Susan, Tom undeceived her with regard to her idea of his birth and parentage, and, although he mentioned not particularly his father's occupation, assured her that he was no more than the son of a plain, respectable tradesman, who had given him an education suitable to his prospects in life, to which he owed the success he had just met with.

There is, in the mixed emotions of sorrow and joy, that which many do not comprehend, and none but those who experience it can feel. Tom and Susan, while they foresaw and felt a separation which was to divide them far from each other for a considerable time, felt, however, what contributed powerfully to solace them—the assurance of mutual affection, of which formerly they were ignorant, and a mutual engagement of constancy, which gave them at least the prospect of happier days, should life continue. This counterpoise between sorrow and joy, although not exactly balanced, was, however, so nearly so, that when the family sat down to breakfast, our two lovers were not only the most composed, but the most cheerful of the four; a circumstance that failed not to surprise the old couple, who were really depressed with Tom's approaching departure.

We shall not attempt to describe the parting scene, because we are confident we could do it no manner of justice; neither shall we describe the meeting between Tom and Andrew on their first interview; but shall leave everything to the conception and feelings of those who, experiencing the genuine emotions of love and friendship, can easily paint in their own minds what we are unable to paint in description.

IV.

AFLOAT—A CRITICAL SITUATION.

The situation of our two young men was now very different from what they experienced formerly. Tom, whom we must now designate Mr Drysdale, was not only a warrant officer of considerable consequence and trust on board a flag-ship, destined for a long and precarious voyage, but, through the assistance of his friend the builder, was enabled to fit himself out in a manner that did credit to his station and appearance, and added to his consequence. On the other hand, Andrew, whom we must likewise call Mr Cochran, was the particular friend and assistant of the secretary, who upon all occasions treated him as such, and represented him to the commodore as one in whom he had the utmost confidence, and without whom he could not execute the important duties of his office. He had taken care, previous to their leaving London, to arrange matters so, that everything relative to personal appearance should not be wanting to procure him respect and do credit to his station on board, well knowing that *externals* in every situation, but particularly on board of a king's ship, have no small influence on general opinion.

Nothing material occurred during the voyage to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope. Our two messmates continued to rise in estimation in their respective stations. The carpenter's superior knowledge in his profession secured him the attention and regard of all on board, and as he naturally felt the consequence attached to his office, and the consciousness of acting with propriety, his air, manner, and address, naturally acquired that ease of deportment which good sense and good feelings usually produce. On the other hand, Cochran, who, independently of the marked attention paid him by the secretary, felt the superiority of his station in the office, and naturally looked forward to future appointments and emoluments. Less steady and dignified than Drysdale, and greatly his inferior in judgment and genius, he was, however, extremely engaging in his manners, and particularly so in his conversation.

Excepting hard gales off the Cape, nothing material occurred till the fleet arrived in the Mozambique; when one morning at the dawn of day, signal guns of distress were heard from the north-east on board the commodore's ship, which was then considerably ahead. As the Mozambique passage, from a number of shoals and sandbanks, is but narrow in several places, navigation becomes not a little intricate and dangerous, and much attention and caution are requisite. Proceeding in this manner with a moderate gale under reefed topsails, and the lead constantly going, on a nearer approach, and better daylight, there was clearly perceived from the commodore's ship a large vessel at some distance evidently aground, with the sea breaking over her bows. Willing to afford all the assistance possible, and anxious to investigate matters critically, the cutter was immediately hoisted out, and the second lieutenant and carpenter, with some stout hands, put into her, with instructions that, should more assistance be wanted, a certain signal should be made on board the strange ship. As the boat approached, Drysdale perceived, from the ship's position, that she was aground chiefly from the chest tree forward; and on coming alongside, he made the boat to be rowed round her, in order to be more perfectly assured of the fact. During this preliminary step he observed a lady with some children on the poop, apparently in great terror and distress, which induced him to say to the lieutenant, that whatever might happen, he could wish they were conveyed to some other ship, out of danger and confusion: a wish in which the other cordially joined him. On coming aboard, they found every person in the utmost consternation and despair; the captain walking the quarter-deck with a hurried step, and a countenance highly expressive of affliction; the officers standing in a state of stupefaction; the men spiritless and dejected; and the unhappy mother wringing her hands, and embracing her children by turns, repeatedly exclaiming, "Oh that my dear infants were safely out of this ship!"

While the lieutenant proceeded to the quarter-deck to announce, with the usual naval air and consequence, the purport of the commodore's message, and the intention of the visit, Drysdale went forward to collect intelligence, and to investigate the immediate situation of the ship. Having found the carpenter, and been informed that the accident had happened but a few hours before, he begged to sound the well, and, to his astonishment, found that there were seven feet of water in the hold. "Why, your ship is completely water-logged," said he, turning round to the carpenter.

"Yes," said the other, with seeming indifference; "we sprung a leak yesterday in a heavy squall, which no doubt by this time must have made a considerable quantity of water."

"And why are not your pumps going?" "Both of our chain pumps," answered the carpenter, with the same degree of unconcern, "have gone wrong, and will not work without great labour: our men are already quite knocked up at them, without doing any good; and as our ship is now fast aground, and cannot sink, it is just as well that they should rest and recruit themselves, in case anything can be done to get the ship off; though, for my part, I see not the least likelihood of it."

After staring at him, Drysdale shook his head, and went immediately to examine the pumps, when he found that the defect proceeded from a couple of joints broken in the chains, which could be very easily repaired, if an armourer was on board. During this time the captain and the lieutenant had discussed everything relative to the accident that had happened to the ship, which proved to be one of our homeward-bound East Indiamen, very richly laden. When the lieutenant informed the captain that the commodore had sent his carpenter to assist him with his advice, and pointed out Drysdale to him, while occupied about the pumps, the other remarked that he seemed to be quite a young lad, and could not have had much experience. "However young he may be," rejoined the lieutenant, "he has more experience and knowledge than any I ever met with in the line of his profession; for, independent of his being an excellent carpenter, and a thorough-paced seaman, he seems to know everything."

"I am blessed with a carpenter who knows nothing," rejoined the other mournfully; "and who, in addition to his ignorance, is one of the stupidest and most indolent fellows that ever was on board a ship. I should be glad to converse with this young man, and hear what he has to say on our melancholy situation."

When Drysdale made his appearance on the quarter-deck, the captain said, "Well, Mr Drysdale, what is your real opinion of matters as they now stand?"

"My opinion is, that nothing can possibly be worse," answered the other. "I am sorry to hear that from one of your knowledge," rejoined the captain; "but do you really think that there is no chance of the ship being saved?"

"I shan't say that," answered Drysdale; "on the contrary, I think there is a chance of her being saved, but not while matters remain in the state they are in at present on board. Why, sir, there are seven feet of water in the hold."

"I make no doubt of it," said the other; "for the pumps have not worked these last twenty-four hours, owing to some unfortunate derangement, which our carpenter cannot find out, during all which time there has been a leak."

"If you have an armourer on board," said Drysdale, "the derangement may be rectified in about an hour;" and accordingly described the impediment already mentioned.

"But, admitting them to be repaired, how is that to save the ship?" asked the captain. "First, by lightening her of a heavy weight of water, without which nothing else, in my opinion, will be effectual," answered Drysdale.

"And supposing this weight discharged, what is next to be done?" "By lightening her still more forwards," answered the other.

"But why do you conceive that lightening her forward would prove more effectual than anywhere else?"

"Because it is evident to me, from her position in the water, that she hangs forward, and grounds particularly from the head to the chest tree; and, if I may be allowed to form an opinion, after having rowed round her," continued Drysdale, "I have reason to think that all abaft is afloat. There are other circumstances that occur to me, which I shall not at present mention, as they must depend greatly on accident and favouring events. In the meantime, I humbly suggest that not a moment may be lost; for should it begin to blow, I'm afraid, sir, your ship and cargo are gone!"

"You shall have the sole direction, Mr Drysdale," said the captain ardently. "I delegate everything to you, and whatever you order, shall be complied with."

Drysdale modestly thanked him for the honour he did him, in reposing so much confidence in his knowledge, adding, that, having delegated such an important charge to him, he had to request that the forge might be lighted instantly, and that the lieutenant should return, without loss of time, on board the commodore, and beg that a signal might be made for all the boats of the fleet to repair alongside, in case additional assistance should be wanted. "I likewise propose, sir," said Drysdale, "that one of my mates may be sent me, in the event of discovering the leak after the ship is completely pumped out, which I flatter myself I shall be able to accomplish. In addition to these requests, sir, may I take the liberty to propose that this lady and her children should embrace the present opportunity of being conveyed on board the commodore's ship, safe from danger, and from a situation distressing to her, and painful to every humane and benevolent mind?"

"I have not the smallest objection," said the captain, "if you have none, madam?" turning to the disconsolate mother, who instantly exclaimed, "Oh none! none whatever!—let me but preserve the lives of my children—I care not what becomes of mine!"

"Permit me, then, madam," said the lieutenant, presenting his hand to her, "to conduct you over the side. I shall take good care of you, so be under no apprehension or alarm."

"And I shall take good care of your children," said Drysdale, approaching them, when a lovely girl of about six years old rushed into his arms, anxious to escape from scenes which for several hours had involved them all in horror and despair. As Drysdale handed the last child into the boat, the fond mother addressed him in these words—"Unable as I am to repay you for your goodness, may the Almighty reward you for snatching me and mine from destruction!"

When the boat pushed off, Drysdale felt the genuine glow which every well-constituted mind must experience in performing an act of true benevolence; and as the impressive words of his grateful addresser recalled the pious sentiments and admonitions he had received from his parents in his early youth, he could not, even in his hurried ascent up the ship's side, avoid ejaculating, "Well, blessed be God for having made me the humble instrument of giving even temporary happiness and consolation to the afflicted this day!" Every attention was now directed to expedition.

To enable the reader to enter fully into Drysdale's views and plan of operation, and to account satisfactorily for his great anxiety to have everything executed as speedily as possible, it is necessary to explain what particularly occupied his mind on this occasion. In the first place, he was impressed with a belief that the ship was only partially aground, and consequently could be more easily detached from her present perilous situation; in the second, that, by lightening her where she was principally aground, there was a greater probability of getting her off; and, in the third, from considering the time when she struck, which was during ebb tide, he had good reason to conclude that, on the return of full tide, there would be a very powerful agent in his favour. It was therefore highly necessary that all possible despatch should be made, in order to catch the only favouring circumstance that could occur during that day. In addition to these considerations, Drysdale also knew well the inconvenience and embarrassment annexed to the detention of a large fleet in so confined and dangerous a passage as the Mozambique; and, anxious to remove all impediments, determined to exert himself to the utmost of his power.

Having summoned the armourer to attend him, he not only gave the necessary directions for repairing the pump-chains, but superintended the operation till it was finally executed; and addressing himself to the ship's company, encouraged them to apply vigorously and with spirit to labour, by assuring them that in a very short time they would receive assistance from all the ships in the fleet. After seeing the pumps work freely and effectually, anxious to examine critically what hitherto he had only conjectured, he carefully sounded from stem to stern, having previously measured the exact height of the ship's hull above water, in order to ascertain precisely what effects the pumps produced in lightening her where he conceived she principally grounded. His first conjecture was fully supported by experiment; but, unwilling to leave anything untried that might contribute to the relief of the ship, he next determined to discover, if practicable, the nature and direction of the bank or shoal on which she struck, by sounding for a considerable distance around her. In performing this operation with care and correctness, he found that she rested on the edge of a sand-bank, and that nearly adjacent there was another shoal, on which there was also good holding-ground. As he had provided himself with an additional boat, with a grappling and hawser, he brought her to anchor on a part which he conceived could be depended upon; and perceiving the commodore's boat returning with a number of others from the ships of the fleet, he hastened on board, anxious to ascertain what effect the pumps had produced.

It was with no small satisfaction that Drysdale perceived the consequence of his assiduity. Upon sounding the well, he found hardly three feet of water in the hold; but what afforded him the greatest pleasure was, the ship having lightened considerably from the quantity of water discharged. Giving immediate directions that the capstern should be manned, and that the best bower anchor and cable should be conveyed to the spot where he had stationed the boat, and where he directed that the anchor should be dropped, he suggested to the captain the propriety of backing the fore and foretop sails, and all the other drawing sails, now that the wind had shifted nearly ahead, and freshened; which, in addition to the operations at the capstern, he conceived the most likely means to accomplish matters during the continuance of the tide already set in, together with a strong current, which he had likewise discovered while sounding.

Leaving these operations to be executed on deck, he descended with his mate to try if they could discover the leak, which he considered as of the utmost importance. It was not till the pumps had sucked that Drysdale was enabled to find it out; and when he did discover it, he was highly gratified in finding it such as could be effectually stopped without much difficulty. While he was giving directions to his mate for this purpose, he heard three cheers on deck, and perceiving the ship in motion, immediately concluded that she had been got off. Ascending to ascertain the fact, while his heart throbbed with anxious expectation, he was instantly surrounded by the poor fellows, who, but a few hours before, had given up everything for lost, and who, as soon as they saw him, in token of their gratitude and joy, gave him three cheers more. In return for this compliment, Drysdale informed them that he had discovered the leak, which in a very short time would be completely repaired, and that he hoped, after all their late disasters and labours, they would yet have a safe and prosperous voyage home to England.

As the ship was now fairly under weigh, the captain, after shaking Drysdale cordially by the hand, and congratulating him on the success of his skill and assiduity, insisted on his accompanying him to the cabin, and taking some refreshment after his indefatigable exertions. The lieutenant, who had returned with the carpenter's mate, likewise joined them, and in talking over the operations of the day, the captain could not avoid remarking the immense value of an experienced ship's carpenter, particularly in long voyages, and lamenting his own situation in the want of one. "I wish from my heart, sir," said Drysdale, "that you had my mate, who is now below stopping the leak, in exchange for the man you have got; for he is not only one of the cleverest fellows I have met with, but highly deserving of preferment."

"I wish I had," rejoined the captain; "but that, I am afraid, is altogether out of the question."

"I don't know that," said the lieutenant; "I have some reason to think that neither the captain nor commodore would object to it, were they applied to; and as your late situation has been perilous, and your present one critical, by not having one qualified to afford proper assistance in the event of your ship meeting with new misfortunes, I think," continued he, turning to Drysdale, "that we might represent matters in such a light as to obtain not only forgiveness, but approbation for having, without permission, done what neither time nor situation admits of delay; for I perceive the signal already made on board the commodore for sailing."

"Nothing, I promise you, shall be wanting on my part to represent this circumstance in the strongest light possible," said Drysdale; "and it affords me a double gratification in sparing one of my best hands on the present occasion, and at the same time rewarding a very deserving worthy man."

As it was now time to repair on board their own ship, Drysdale and the lieutenant, after wishing the captain a safe and speedy voyage home, took their leave, and as they were proceeding to go down the ship's side, they perceived a boat approaching, which they soon recognised to be one of their own, reconveying the lady and her three children back. Having been the principal agents in removing this family from apparent danger, it was but natural for them both to wish to see them safely on board, previous to their final departure; they accordingly remained standing on the steps of the accommodation-ladder ready to receive them. The boat had approached within half a cable's length of the ship, when the lovely girl formerly mentioned, delighted with the near prospect of getting once more into her favourite cabin in the cuddy, suddenly started up, clapping her hands with joy, at the very time the boat unfortunately took a deep heel, when, losing her balance, she instantly dropt overboard. Drysdale, who was standing half-way down the ladder, like a flash of lightning plunged in after the child, and being an excellent swimmer, got up to her just as she was about sinking, and supporting her head with one hand above the waves, dashed through them with the other, till the boat came to their assistance. The agonies of the mother may be well conceived; for, in addition to maternal affection, this of all her children was the greatest favourite. When she, therefore, saw her darling Isabella snatched from a watery grave, and heard her generous protector, as he bore his lovely charge firmly along, calling out to her not to be in the least alarm, for that there was no danger, she experienced a conflux of varied emotions, between terror, hope, and anxiety, not to be described; but when she once more clasped her recovered child to her bosom, and perceived that he who had saved her was the very man who had that morning, with such humanity, removed them all from a perilous and distressing situation, her sense of gratitude was such that she could only say, as she turned round to him with the most expressive look, "What do I not owe to you this day!" The captain and every one on board were uncommonly agitated during this accident. When the mother and children were safely brought on deck, little Isabella, forgetting her own situation, was solicitous about nothing but the comfort of her deliverer. Running up to the captain, she continued exclaiming, "Oh! give him dry clothes! give him dry clothes! or he will die!"

"He shall have dry clothes immediately!" said the captain; "do you go and get some on likewise, Isabella, for you have had a very narrow escape indeed." The mother with her children retired to their cabin, but not before she enjoined Drysdale not to depart till he first waited upon her, which he promised, and immediately accompanied the captain to his cabin, who was anxious to relieve him of his sea-drenched garments.

We must again disappoint our sentimental readers in not gratifying them with pathetic speeches, long harangues, and elevated sentiments on this interview. Time will really not admit of them; and consistency in this, as well as in everything else connected with plain unadorned narrative, we consider as of some importance. We shall therefore briefly state that the grateful mother, after lamenting her inability to reward the preserver of her child's life in the manner she could have wished, presented him with an order for 300 pagodas, enclosed in a letter to the father of her children, in the event of the commodore's ship touching at Madras; assuring him at the same time that, upon reading the contents, the person to whom it was addressed would, exclusively of this small testimony of her gratitude, be as willing as he was able to recompense in some degree one whom it was next to impossible he could ever repay for the obligation he owed him. To the lady's astonishment Drysdale positively refused receiving the letter, alleging as his excuse that he had done nothing more than what every man of common humanity and feeling would have done on the same occasion, and consequently that he had no claim or title whatever to recompenses or rewards. After surveying him for a few moments with a look of surprise, she requested that, since he rejected so trifling a mark of her gratitude, he would at least accept of some token in remembrance of her. "Here," said she, taking down a chased gold watch, with several seals attached to a rich chain, that hung near her in the cuddy—"here is the only article I have at hand to present to you, as a small remembrance of one whom perhaps you may never more see, but of whose gratitude and esteem you may be well assured, while life and memory remain."

"What, madam!" said Drysdale, stepping back with affected astonishment, "would you have me act the part of a common highwayman or footpad, and rob a lady of her watch and trinkets? Impossible! You cannot surely have so bad an opinion of me; but since you are so very anxious to give me something to keep in my remembrance what I am confident I never could forget, I shall with pleasure accept of one of those seals, which I shall most carefully preserve, not as a remembrancer of this memorable day's events, but as a token of the kindness and worth of the giver. This is all I can or will receive at present."

After another look, which disposed the lady to view Drysdale in a very different light from that in which his immediate station had placed him, she selected one of the seals, and presenting it to him, said, "Should you ever chance to meet with the father of these children, and show him this seal, he will know well from whom you received it."

Drysdale, for its better security, immediately affixed it to a plain coarse steel chain that was attached to a silver watch of about forty shillings value; and embracing the children, with a warmth of affection peculiar to him, wished the fond mother (who, with little Isabella, wept at his departure) a safe and happy arrival in England, and hurried from a scene too powerful for his feelings.

The ships now proceeded on their different courses, and that on board of which were Drysdale and Cochran soon after arrived safely at Madras.

V.

INDIA—SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.

Shortly after arriving in India, one of those extraordinary and unforeseen occurrences which frequently happen in human affairs took place in favour of Cochran. The secretary was seized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, and Cochran, at the special request of the dying man, was appointed to succeed him. One of our young heroes thus dropped immediately into an exceedingly lucrative office, and became the friend and associate of the naval commander-in-chief.

Drysdale's good fortune was not less remarkable, but it came in a different and much more interesting way. For two years he was engaged in the ordinary duties of his profession, visiting during this period various ports in India and the Eastern Archipelago, and more than once doing great service to vessels in distress, for which he earned not only thanks, but rewards suitable to his merits. At the end of two years the vessel returned to Madras, where he again had the happiness of seeing his old friend Cochran. One day Cochran returned his visit to the ship, and chanced to use the seal of Drysdale's watch in sealing a note, not having brought his own with him. What great events spring from the most trifling causes! The seal employed on this occasion was that which the lady already spoken of had presented to Drysdale; and the note which bore its impress, by a fortunate coincidence, was one addressed to the husband of the lady in question. Surprised by the circumstance, he waited upon the secretary, and begged of him to inform him how the seal had come into his possession. This Mr Cochran readily did, stating all the circumstances which had led to his friend becoming its owner. Delighted and surprised by the account, the gentleman instantly requested that the secretary would procure him an introduction to one to whom he was so much indebted, adding, that he would be most happy if his friend the secretary would dine with him on the following day, and bring Mr Drysdale along with him. To this the former readily agreed, and on the following day, accordingly, the desired meeting took place. Amongst other persons to whom Mr Drysdale was here introduced was a wealthy and beautiful young widow, in an exceedingly precarious state of health, sister-in-law of his host. Drysdale's upright character, his intrepidity in saving a sister and her family, and his amiable manners, made a deep impression on this fragile being; and on the occasion of her death, a few weeks afterwards, it was found that she had left him substantial marks of her esteem. When her repositories were examined, a paper was found, bearing her own signature, in which, after making some bequests to her friends, she directed the residue of her fortune to be given to the man who had preserved the lives of her beloved sister and her children, in token of her gratitude, and as a reward for his honourable and disinterested conduct. The sum thus left was found by the deceased's brother-in-law, who adjusted her affairs, to amount to £10,000 sterling; but before communicating the intelligence to Drysdale, he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity which it presented, of adding to the bequest some token of his own gratitude to the man who had saved his wife and children from a premature death, and whom he could never prevail upon to accept of any consideration for that important service. When, therefore, he called upon the secretary to inform him of what had occurred, he requested him to say to his friend that the sum left was *fifteen* thousand pounds, to be paid on demand.

The circumstances attending the bequest of this interesting woman were of so painful a nature, that they affected Drysdale's health as well as his feelings; and, depressed by a morbid sensibility, as well as by an enervating climate, he petitioned to be allowed to return home to England in one of the East India ships then lying in the roads. Unwilling as the commodore was to part with such a valuable officer, he, in reward for his services, granted his request.

The parting of the two friends who had been so long and intimately acquainted, and who were now to be separated, perhaps for ever, was such as may well be supposed. Setting sail with a fair wind, in company with three more East Indiamen, Drysdale bade adieu to the shores of Coromandel, where a succession of uncommon events had occurred in the space of two years, and with a heart agitated by a variety of emotions difficult to describe. He had, indeed, succeeded to a fortune—increased to the value of twenty thousand pounds by the presents of friends—which enabled him to return to the place of his nativity with honour, and with credit to himself and his connexions; and at the same time, should nothing untoward have intervened in his absence, to unite himself for life to the woman of his affections. Still, he did not feel at ease, considering the melancholy circumstance which had placed fortune in his possession. It was a considerable time before he could repel distressing reflections; nor did he altogether gain health and spirits till his arrival on the coast of England.

VI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

No sooner had Drysdale set foot on shore at Portsmouth, than he hurried to the dockyard, and on calling at the porter's lodge, learned that the worthy old builder had died a few months before, and that his place had been supplied by his old friend and shipmate the carpenter. Unable to inquire after other particulars nearer his heart, he, with an agitated step and boding mind, proceeded straight to the house where he once enjoyed the sweetest moments of his life, and on approaching the door, discovered his two old friends, the carpenter and boatswain, by whom he was heartily cheered and welcomed.

After mutual congratulations were exhausted, Drysdale learned that the mother as well as the father of Susan was no more, and that she now resided near Fareham with a female relation. "The old builder," observed the carpenter, "left not nearly the money that was expected of him; and as Susan wished for retirement and quiet, she took a small neat cottage about a mile from the town, where she and her friend live comfortably and prudently on her little income; which I hope, Tom, you are enabled to increase?"

"We shall talk more of that hereafter," said our hero hastily; "in the meantime I must get a boat to convey me to Gosport."

No intreaty of his two friends could prevail on Drysdale to delay his intention till the next morning: he instantly hurried to the shore, nor stopped till, with a heart glowing with affection, he clasped his faithful Susan to his beating breast.

"How happy should I now be," said Drysdale, "in having the good fortune to return so much sooner from India than I had any reason to anticipate."

"Happy it certainly is to me, Tom," answered Susan, sighing; "but as to its being fortunate to you, I'm afraid it is otherwise. My poor father possessed not nearly the wealth he was thought to have. Five thousand is all he left behind him to her whom he loved while living, and whom he wished should be enabled to live comfortably and easily with the man of her choice after his death."

"And is it not perfectly sufficient to do so?" rejoined Tom. "Nay, more than sufficient, Susan?"

"Indeed I don't know," answered Susan, hesitating; "but it gives me pleasure to perceive that, after having visited the rich shores of India, you are so easily contented. I have, however, the satisfaction to inform you that both my dear parents approved, and wished for our union, and that with their last breath they left you their blessing."

"That is worth at least five thousand more," rejoined Tom; "and you, my dear Susan, an additional ten! Am not I, then, a fortunate fellow in the possession of twenty thousand pounds, and such a lass to the bargain?"

"Is it in this manner you adventurers calculate your fortunes in India?" said Susan smiling. "If you have brought nothing home with you but this, Tom, I fancy we must live upon love as our best income."

"Do you call a good constitution and an unchanged heart nothing, Susan?" asked the other jeeringly; "for my part, I consider these well worth five thousand more! Set your mind, therefore, at rest about fortune, my dear Susan; depend upon it I am worth good five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and if we can't contrive to live on that, we deserve to starve."

Tom was not perfectly correct in his calculation, for his fortune was really considerably more; while Susan, conceiving that her five thousand was all they possessed in the world, turned affectionately round to him, and taking him by the hand, in the most earnest manner said, "I could live with you, Tom, contented and happy in the humblest cottage in the kingdom; it only gives me concern that I have so little to reward you for your fidelity, and that fortune has not smiled upon you as a reward for your merit and services!"

Drysdale's impatience was such, that he could hardly permit a single fortnight to elapse ere he secured the prize he had long and anxiously wished to possess. During this short interval he lodged with his friend the carpenter in the dockyard, and every day passed the greatest part of his time with Susan at her cottage. One morning, as he was about departing for Fareham, the postman brought a letter directed for him at the old builder's, which, upon opening, he found to his unspeakable surprise that it contained an intimation that the owners of the ship he had saved had awarded him a salvage of fifteen hundred pounds, as a small testimony of their gratitude, and which sum should be payable by his order on the agent in London. Already more than rewarded for this act of duty and humanity, Drysdale shrunk from accepting the proffered gift. His two friends entertained an opposite view on the subject. The boatswain was surprised at his hesitation, on the score of a fairly won recompense; while the carpenter, whose opinion had more weight, observed that, after the handsome manner in which the shipowners had come forward to reward his merit, and show their own gratitude, a rejection of their offer would hurt them, and be attributed to ostentatious pride rather than to magnanimity. This determined Tom to accept of the sum; and being extremely anxious to transmit part of his acquired fortune to his father as speedily as possible, he embraced the present occasion to enclose him an order for the £1500, as a testimony of his future assistance, should it be wanted. He likewise informed him of his approaching nuptials, and of the joy he should experience in once more embracing his affectionate parents on his return to the place of his nativity, which he hoped would be soon; begging his father to arrange matters so as to make himself perfectly easy and comfortable in everything during the remainder of life, as nothing on his part should be wanting to promote it. Previous to this, the old man had received from his son intimation of his success, and of his arrival in England.

When the long-wished-for day arrived that was to unite Drysdale to his beloved Susan, the carpenter and boatswain accompanied him to the cottage, where everything consistent with neatness and propriety was prepared for their reception. We pass over the detail of particulars, and shall shortly remark, that few events in this chequered scene of joys and disappointments could surpass the general happiness of this friendly and affectionate group, interested in each other's prosperity, and bound by the firmest ties of esteem.

One day spent at the carpenter's house, and another at the boatswain's, were all that Drysdale could allow to retard his departure to London on his way to Scotland, where he now ardently wished to be. A more affectionate and tender parting between friends can hardly be conceived. Susan naturally felt sensibly in bidding adieu, perhaps for ever, to the scenes of her youth, and to those who had been the friends and intimates of her good father; while the carpenter and boatswain, overcome with her tears, could only present their hands in silence, and turning aside their heads to conceal their sorrow, murmur out in a broken voice—"God bless you!" Although sensibly touched with the evident affliction of his two old friends and shipmates, who had been his instructors in nautical knowledge, and the partial promoters of his present happiness, Drysdale was, from very natural causes, the most tranquil of the four. He was in possession of all he held dear and valuable on earth; he was repairing to London, where matters of importance were to be settled for his future establishment and comfort during life; and he was on his way to a spot where he was to meet with the authors of his birth, and once more restore to their arms a son who had been suddenly snatched from them, and who now, after all his hardships and trials, returned crowned with respectability, favours, and emolument. Such were the soothing sensations of Thomas Drysdale; and such must always be the sweet consolations of every mind conscious of having acted with uniform rectitude, accompanied with the well-earned rewards of industry and genuine merit.

On his arrival in London, his first object was to find out the abode of the lady who had been the accidental instrument of his present fortune, and to whom he was bound in honour to pay his respects. He found her in deep affliction for the loss of her beloved Sophia, but highly gratified at seeing him. Letters from her friends in Madras had informed her of all that had passed there relative to her sister's death; and while she was overwhelmed with sorrow for the loss of one whom she tenderly loved, she felt a sincere pleasure in learning that, unfortunate as the circumstances were, they had contributed to reward the man who had rendered her and her children such essential service, and who could not have been otherwise recompensed by her friends in India. During the stay of Drysdale in London, he had the pleasure of seeing her repeatedly, and of introducing to her his wife, with whose amiable manners she was highly charmed. Having despatched the business that brought him to town, he now proceeded to Scotland, where we shall follow him.

VII.

ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND—CONCLUSION.

On the arrival of our hero in Edinburgh, he had the satisfaction of finding his father in perfect health, and in a commodious good house, where everything was prepared for his reception. His mother had been dead nearly a twelvemonth before, and an only sister married to a respectable farmer about thirty miles distant, a few months before his arrival in England. His appearance at this time was therefore doubly gratifying to his affectionate parent, who, in addition to the pleasure he felt on the return of a favourite son, dignified with the fruits of honest industry, and the honourable rewards of merit, enjoyed the society of two persons the best qualified to cheer his hours of solitude, and render the remainder of his life placid and grateful.

The second day after his arrival, Drysdale made it his business to wait on the parents of his friend Cochran, and to gratify them with the accounts of their son, whom he had left in such prosperity in India. He found the old tailor, who had retired from business, very comfortably situated, and highly elated with the success of his son Andrew, which he attributed entirely to the education he had given him; and it was with no small pain that Drysdale was under the necessity of assuring him that the contrary was the case—that instruction in Latin, in due moderation, was by no means wrong in itself, but that, by stopping short there, as in his son's case, and not preparing the mind, by a wider range of study, for the practical duties of life, a deplorable error in education was too frequently committed.

These views, however, as well as some others, were not relished either by old Cochran or by the society of Edinburgh generally. Classical education was at that time considered all in all; and young men supposed to be well educated were daily turned into the world with a knowledge of no single principle in moral or physical science; profoundly ignorant of nearly everything but Latin—which, however, not one in ten would have been able to write with fluency or elegance. Disconcerted with what he felt to be the general tone and tendencies of society—by no means charmed with the blending of sectarian prejudice and narrow circumstances with the straining after fashion which distinguished Edinburgh life—he determined to pay a visit to his sister, whom he had not yet seen since his coming home. Communicating his wish to his father and Susan, they, on the return of spring, set off to the residence of the farmer, with the view of passing some weeks with him and his wife, and seeing the adjacent country.

Every Scotsman who makes a fortune abroad, seems to be possessed with a strong desire to return home and settle as a proprietor of lands. In the case of our friend Drysdale there was no exception to the rule. Purchasing the small estate of Fauldslie, in the neighbourhood of his brother-in-law's residence, he there may be said to have settled down for the remainder of his days.

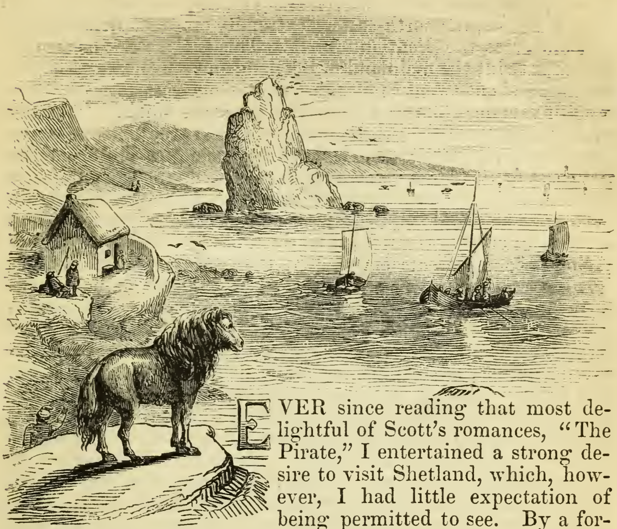
It was now that the important branches of Drysdale's early instruction came usefully and smilingly to his aid. His geometrical and mathematical knowledge enabled him not only to lay out his pleasure-ground with judgment and correctness, but to construct his house and offices with convenience and taste. From his knowledge in drawing and perspective, exclusively of the pleasure it afforded him, he was also enabled to sketch various plans to give ornament and additional effect to surrounding scenery; and, in particular, to the formation of a new garden, which, for singularity and beauty, attracted the notice of all the neighbourhood. On each side of a small stream or brook grew a number of trees of various kinds, and on the north bank, a rising slope occupied a portion of rich arable ground belonging to one of his farms. To the southward of the brook, an uncultivated marsh and a deep moss terminated an opposite slope, which, while it was productive of nothing beneficial, was particularly offensive to the eye. After having first effectually drained the marsh, and judiciously intermixed argillaceous earth and lime with the remaining moss, Drysdale set about forming a garden, orchard, and shrubbery walks in one. For this purpose he enclosed a portion of the rich arable land on the north slope, facing the south, for his garden, with a good wall, sufficient in length to contain a variety of the best fruit trees; and on the south side of the brook he enclosed another portion of the improved moss land with a thorn hedge and a deep drain, that conveyed the superabundant water from the adjacent grounds. Here he planted a number of fruit trees for his orchard, interspersed and ornamented with gravel walks, shrubberies, flower-pots, and arbours, which, corresponding with the windings of the stream, afforded, during the heat of the summer season, a delightful retreat for meditation and retirement. But the principal effect produced was by the concealment of the adjacent objects, in consequence of the trees that intervened, and by your being suddenly and unexpectedly transported from one kind of scenery to another, by means of rustic bridges judiciously placed across the stream. What added considerably to this ingenious contrivance were the different approaches, the one entering by a shady walk along the rivulet to the orchard and shrubbery, the other at the opposite end into the garden, so as to produce, in either direction, the unexpected and pleasing effect of contrast already mentioned.

In the course of a few years Drysdale was visited by his friend Cochran, who had also retired with a competency from the duties of his profession, and increased his happiness by uniting himself with a lady every way worthy of his regard. Cochran, after some time, also settled in the country, and though at some distance from Fauldslie, he contrived occasionally to see one to whom he owed so deep a debt of gratitude.

The last time we heard of Drysdale, he was busily engaged in establishing a society for mutual improvement among the young men of the neighbourhood, and in performing other public services, consistent with the benevolence of his character. Fully competent to the expense of his undertakings and that of his establishment, he, without show or ostentation, lived liberally and consistently; saw his friends frequently, and visited them in return; while the genuine worth of his character, and the unassuming sweetness and gentleness of his Susan, who was the benefactress of all the poor around, insured the esteem and affection of the whole neighbourhood.

A VISIT TO SHETLAND.

VOYAGE TO LERWICK.



EVER since reading that most delightful of Scott's romances, "The Pirate," I entertained a strong desire to visit Shetland, which, however, I had little expectation of being permitted to see. By a fortunate circumstance I made the acquaintanceship of a young gentleman from that interesting country, during a winter which he spent in Edinburgh, and was kindly invited to accompany him home in the ensuing summer. Agreeing to his earnest intreaties to visit his native place, we set out on our expedition in the month of June 1844, taking a portion of the north Highlands in our route. The ordinary mode of visiting Shetland is by a steam-vessel from Leith, which touches at the principal ports in its voyage along the east coast of Scotland. The last of its halting-places is Wick, in Caithness, whence it crosses the Pentland Firth to Kirkwall, in Orkney, and there shoots off in a north-easterly direction for Shetland. It is only, however, during the summer months that a steamer plies to this distant land, which at other seasons can be reached only by sailing vessels. Having calculated our time pretty accurately, my friend and I arrived in Wick a few hours before the appearance of the steamer, and had scarcely time to look about us, ere it was necessary to go on board.

It was a charming morning towards the end of June, when our vessel left the port and stood out to sea, bound for what was to me an unknown land. The sea was beautifully green, the air mild, and scarcely a breath of wind agitated the face of the deep. The coast of Caithness on our left was bare and uninviting, and mostly level, with high pastoral hills rising in the distance. In from two to three hours after leaving Wick, our vessel was off John o' Groats, the north-eastern extremity of Great Britain, and about to cross the Pentland Firth. This is the strait or arm of the sea betwixt the mainland of Scotland and the Orkney islands, extending about twenty miles in length from east to west, by a breadth varying from five and a half to eight miles. It is the most dangerous of the Scottish seas, yet is the route necessary to be taken by all vessels of a large size passing to and from the east coast of Scotland in communication with the Atlantic—the Caledonian Canal now allowing the passage of vessels of moderate burden. The dangers of this dreaded gulf arise from the conflict of the tides of the Atlantic and German oceans, and the impetuosity of various currents agitated by the winds. It also is beset by whirlpools, one of which, near the island of Stroma, is exceedingly dangerous. On the present occasion, the sea was so tranquil that the smallest boat might have sailed along the firth without any risk of injury; and as we steamed across, we perceived a number of small fishing craft busily plying their labours. The Orkney isles lay straight before us, like so many rugged masses crested on the horizon: bending a little to seaward, we soon had them on our left, and passed at a respectful distance several bold headlands and islands. That which lay nearest our course was Copinsha, a small island, consisting of a huge pile of rocks, on which sat such vast numbers of sea-birds, that the whole rocky surface seemed to be covered with a living mass. The captain of our vessel, to amuse his passengers, requested the mate to fire a musket, and the noise produced the most extraordinary spectacle I had ever beheld. Alarmed for their safety, the poor animals set up a universal scream, which was prolonged for some minutes, almost like the roar of thunder, while the whole atmosphere became filled with birds darting in different directions, upwards and downwards, and careering away in great clouds towards the northern boundary of the horizon.

Our steamer now made a curvature to the west, and in an hour or thereabouts entered Kirkwall bay, and came to a pause in front of the town. The time allowed for the vessel to remain was only an hour and a half; yet in this brief period I was able to pick up a tolerable idea of the capital of the Orkneys. Kirkwall is a curious old-fashioned-looking town, reminding me of the ancient and picturesque towns of the Netherlands. It consists of little else than a single narrow and irregular thoroughfare, with the gables of the houses turned generally towards the street. Many of these houses bear strong marks of old age, as the doors and windows are very small, and the walls uncommonly thick. The apartments within must accordingly be anything but light or cheerful. The town takes its name from the great kirk or cathedral of St Magnus, a structure of great antiquity, and remarkable as the only building of the kind in Scotland, besides that of Glasgow, which survived the outbreak at the Reformation. We went to see this celebrated edifice, which, with the exception of the spire, partly destroyed, is in good condition, and contains a number of interesting old monuments. Near the cathedral stood the castle of Kirkwall, now a complete ruin, but a place of great strength in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was in the possession of the infamous Patrick Stewart, known in these parts as "Earl Pate." This man deserves a passing notice, if only for the purpose of showing the state of affairs in Scotland two hundred years ago. He was the son of Robert Stewart, natural son of James V., who in 1581 was raised to be Earl of Orkney. Patrick, who succeeded his father as earl, was a man of a haughty turn of mind; and being of a cruel disposition, he committed not only many acts of rebellion, but of local oppression. Assuming the airs of a petty king in his earldom, he kept a retinue of desperadoes to do his bidding, and became the terror of the surrounding islands and seas. Unable any longer to endure the insolence of Earl Pate, James VI. despatched a strong force to dislodge and capture him; and after a desperate encounter, he was taken, brought to Edinburgh, tried, condemned, and executed, vastly to the relief of the long-abused Orcadians.

There are some other antiquities worth seeing in Kirkwall; but our allowance of time was elapsed, and we were compelled to hurry on board without paying them a visit. I was glad to observe that even this remote town has been latterly improved by the erection of new houses, and that it is an industrious and thriving little port. Its principal communication is with Leith and Edinburgh, from which it is distant 352 miles.*

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* Stromness, the only other town and port of any consequence in Orkney, is situated on the west side of the mainland, and from it is supplied a considerable number of the sailors engaged in whaling expeditions. "The English and Scotch whalers arrive about March at Stromness. Their tonnage amounts to from three to four hundred tons; and their complement of men is usually about fifty, of whom about twenty are regular sailors. The Orkneymen, who acquire from childhood great skill and intrepidity in the management of boats on their stormy and dangerous seas, are usually employed almost exclusively in the boat-service. But it is remarked of them, that, being habituated to the constant vicinity of coasts and harbours, they are apt to fail both in perseverance and courage when exposed to the perils of distant cruises in open boats; so seldom is the human mind prepared for circumstances to which it is unaccustomed, exhibiting either the rashness of inexperience, or the confusion of ungrounded apprehension. The Orkneymen being unpractised in the management of vessels, are very unskilful in that branch of nautical duty. The number of natives who went from Stromness on this service in the present year was seven hundred, a number far inferior to that formerly employed, amounting sometimes to one thousand. The English are said

Our steamer, again on its way, soon cleared the islands in the Orkney group, and began to cross the sound which separates them from Shetland. This sound is fifty miles broad, and is clear of any islands except the pretty green spot called Fair Isle, which lies half way between Orkney and Shetland.* In an hour after passing Fair Isle, the bold promontory of the mainland of Shetland came into view. The extreme point of this elevated peninsula is one of the most terrific things in marine scenery. On the east is the precipitous front called Sumburgh Head, and on the west is the lofty crag named the Fitful Head, against which the rolling waves of the Atlantic, aggravated by the contrary pressure from the German Ocean, are continually lashing and raging in unmitigable fury. As we approached the beetling cliff of Sumburgh, which rises eight hundred feet above the boiling ocean beneath, our view became unfortunately intercepted by the mists of evening, which crept over the scene, shrouding everything in their bosom. This was doubly unfortunate, for it caused our captain to slacken his speed, and detained us at sea till early next morning. We had, however, some agreeable companions on board; and as the accommodations were good, we passed the night without feeling that we had much to lament in our deten-

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to have offered themselves lately more readily, and to have proportionally displaced the natives of the northern isles. The vessels return from the fisheries about harvest-time. They are now daily expected, and their arrival is dreaded at Stromness, the inhabitants being prevented walking in the streets by day, as well as by night, by the tumultuous revels in which the Orkneymen indulge for some time after their return. Their conduct has, however, improved in all respects of late years, especially in their attendance at church, which was formerly entirely neglected by those people. The young minister of Stromness assured me that he had lately seen as many as a hundred of them present at divine service; and he confidently attributed the change to the practice, now observed at the Straits, of hoisting a flag on board some of the vessels on Sunday, for the purpose of assembling the crews for prayer, and the consequent influence of the uninterrupted attention to religious observances. The men gain usually from L.20 to L.40 on the voyage. If they do not return in time for the harvest, it is gathered in by their wives and sisters. Orkney does not furnish a single vessel for this trade."—*Sketches of the Coasts and Islands of Scotland, by Lord Teignmouth.*

* It was on the shores of Fair Isle that the Duke of Medina Sidonia was driven during his flight northwards, by the tempest which so nearly completed the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in the memorable year 1588. In this small island the great Spanish noble (his huge unwieldy ship having gone to pieces), with two hundred men, was nearly starved for want of provisions. He afterwards made his way to the house of Malcolm Sinclair in Quendal Bay, in the mainland of Shetland, and eventually landed in safety at Dunkirk. One of the most curious results connected with the temporary residence in Fair Isle of the foreign sailors, is, that the natives acquired, and their descendants have ever since preserved, a knowledge of the peculiar patterns of gloves and caps worn by the Spaniards, and to this day work them in various-coloured worsteds, exactly resembling the corresponding articles produced at Cadiz.—*Wilson's Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland.*

tion. Being now in the 60th degree of north latitude, daylight could scarcely be said to have left us during the night; and at two o'clock in the morning, albeit the mist still hung about us, we could see as clearly as we can do in London at about any hour in a November day. At six, the fog, to our delight, broke up, drawing itself away to seaward; and as it rose like a curtain from the land, we had before us, at the distance of two or three miles, the inlet called Bressay Sound, at the head of which was Lerwick, the place of our destination. In half an hour we were landed at a little quay in this the most remote town in the British islands, and in a few minutes more lodged under the hospitable roof of Mr ——, a relation of my fellow-traveller. Before saying a word about this strange-looking town, let me glance at the

HISTORY OF SHETLAND.

The Orkney and Shetland islands appear to have been visited by the Romans, by whom they were considered the *Ultima Thule;* in an after period they were conquered and taken possession of by the Northmen or Norwegians; their numerous bays or *voes* affording the best refuge for their vessels. Indeed, from the latter circumstance these Danish rovers acquired the name of *Vikingr;* that is, Voe, or Bay Kings. From the voes of Shetland, as well as from Orkney and the north and north-west of Scotland, these northern pirates made descents on the rich coasts of Europe, and devastated them with fire and sword. By these rovers Shetland is said to have been first named Hialtland or Hetland, either word signifying the high or lofty land; and from this term the modern name Shetland or Zetland is derived. The vikingr, after a pretty long possession of Shetland, and fortifying themselves in burghs or towers on the headlands, were at length, in the tenth century, subdued by Harold of Denmark, and the islands added to his continental dominions. Both from the vikingr and the more regular governors who succeeded them, the inhabitants of Shetland acquired the Norwegian character, laws, language, and manners. If the earliest inhabitants were of a Celtic race, like their neighbours on the mainland of Scotland, they lost every trace of this origin, and in the course of ages became in every respect a different people from the inhabitants of either the Highlands or the Lowlands.

Under the kings of Norway the Shetlanders enjoyed liberal treatment and government. The principal inhabitants were called *Udallers,* from the conditions on which they held their lands; the word udal being compounded from *œde* and *dale,* signifying a waste or uninhabited dale. A udaller was at first nothing more than the proprietor of land previously accounted waste, which he had enclosed for his own use. But as land became more valuable, the expression gradually lost its primary signification, and was applied to the holders of large tracts of land which were enclosed, and free from *scat* or taxation. Latterly, it came to signify any wealthy proprietor.

Shetland being separated from Orkney by a wide and stormy channel, had a distinct prefect or governor appointed over it, who acquired the name of *Foude*, an office which likewise included in it the guardianship of the revenues of the country. The country at the same time acquired the name and character of a *Foudrie.* The relics of antiquity connected with the Norwegian government of Shetland are various. Courts of judicature, or *tings*, were held in the open air, the erection being for the most part constructed of loose stones piled together in a circular form. Of these tings, the sites of many of which are still visible, there were three kinds. The lowest was a herad, or parish ting, over which the foude of the parish presided; an officer who, in the Scottish period of the history of these islands, afterwards assumed the name of bailiff. The foude was assisted in his magistracy by a law-right man, whose particular duty it was to regulate the weights and measures, and by a number of men named rancelmen. The ting, to which these men gave their service, could only doom or give judgment in small matters, namely, in those which related to the preservation of good neighbourhood, as in questions of minor trespasses on land, &c. &c. A higher court was a circuit ting, over which the Earl of Orkney presided, or, in his absence, the *great* foude, so named in contradistinction to the subordinate or parish foudes. In his judicial capacity, the great foude was the lawman of Shetland, and gave doom according to the Norwegian Book of the Law. The lawman made his circuit round the whole of the more comprehensive juridical districts of the country, *ting sokens;* each ting soken including several minor districts, which were severally under the subordinate jurisdiction of parish foudes. He here heard appeals against the decrees of parish tings, and tried weightier offences, such as were visited with heavy fines, or confiscations, or capital punishments. A third ting was named the *lawting*, because it was a legislative assembly. This was held once a-year, and here also the lawman presided. All the udallers owed to it suit and service. The lawting was held within a small holme or islet, situated in a fresh-water lake, the communication with the shore being by stepping-stones. The valley in which the lawting was situated bore the name of Thingvôllr, now corrupted into Tingwall. Here the udallers exercised the power of reversing the decrees of inferior courts, of trying important causes, and of legislating or making by-laws for the good of the whole community. The highest appeal was to the king at Bergen, in Norway.

Excepting for such appeals, and the imposition of a tax, Orkney and Shetland had little actual dependence on the crown of Norway. They were very much under the immediate sway of the Earls of Orkney, a Scandinavian race, who continued in power from 922 to 1325, when the direct line failed, and the earldom passed to a collateral branch in Malis, Earl of Stratherne, and afterwards into the family of St Clair about 1379. The renewal of the title in the Stewarts, at a considerably later period, has already been noticed.

The Orkney and Shetland islands belonged to Norway till 1468, when they were impledged to James III. of Scotland, as a portion of the dowry given with his queen. The sum for which Orkney was pledged was 60,000 florins. The money not being forthcoming, the islands were declared to be forfeited, and, with all their inhabitants, were formally annexed to the crown of Scotland. On being finally emancipated from the earls and other court favourites, to whom the Scottish kings had inconsiderately assigned them, they fell under the ordinary rule of sheriffs and other magistrates; the old udal holdings were abolished; and the laws of Scotland were extended over them. The two groups of islands now form one county, with a representative in parliament.*

It is much easier to alter laws and other civil institutions than to change the language and social habits of a people. This has required four centuries; and even yet, in the greatly modernised state of things in Shetland, there are many interesting traces of Scandinavian manners.

Accustomed to associate Orkney and Shetland as one remote chain of islands, it is somewhat difficult to comprehend that they have very little intercourse or connexion with each other. The people of Orkney contemplate their remote neighbours, the Shetlanders, with nearly the same feeling of strangeness which we ourselves entertain. Though having a common origin, from the greater intercourse with the continent of Britain, the people of Orkney have less peculiarity of manners than those in Shetland. In both groups of islands the Scandinavian language has vanished, and been superseded by English, purer than the ordinary Lowland Scotch; but everywhere Norwegian terms are common, along with some peculiarities in the mode of utterance. For the universal spread of the English tongue, the islands are indebted to the introduction of schools and parochial ministrations; also the residence of the higher and mercantile classes, who are connected with the best society in Scotland.

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* The Orkneys consist of sixty-seven islands, thirty-eight of which are uninhabited, the whole scattered over a space of forty-five miles in length by twenty-five in breadth. The largest, forming the mainland, is called Pomona, and on this Kirkwall is situated. The islands are generally bare and pastoral, but there have been considerable advances in agriculture of late years. The Shetland islands lie at the distance of about fifteen leagues north-east of the Orkneys, and forty-four leagues west of Bergen, in Norway, which is the nearest point of continental Europe. With the exception of two, the Shetland islands are contiguous to each other, and lie between 59 degrees 48 minutes 30 seconds and 60 degrees 52 minutes north latitude. There are three principal islands in the group—Mainland; next, on the north, Yell; and still farther north-east, Unst. On the east of Yell lies Fetlar, which is the largest of the inferior islands. The next in point of size is Bressay, which lies opposite Lerwick. The smaller islands are Whalsay, Out Skerries, Samphray, Big Island, Mukle Roe, Papa-Stour, House, Baray, Trondray, besides a great number of islets, holms, and skerries, or mere rocks. The population of the Shetland islands is 32,000.

EXCURSIONS AMONG THE ISLANDS.

It was not without a feeling of interest and curiosity that I found myself settled in a town nine hundred miles north from London, and in the midst of a comparatively foreign, though British people. Every such feeling was soon enhanced by the hospitality of our reception, and the expectation of making several excursions to different parts of this insular country. There was little to detain us in Lerwick. Situated on a piece of irregular ground, it stretches in the form of a crescent upon the margin of the spacious harbour of Bressay Sound, and consists but of a single street, with a variety of buildings jutting out into the sea, and some creeping up an adjoining height on the west. At the north end of the town, on a small rocky edifice, stands Fort Charlotte, which commands the harbour, and could effectually protect it from any external attack. At present, it is used chiefly as a prison and court-house, and its guns are, I suppose, seldom fired, the whole garrison consisting of a single functionary. The houses, like those of Kirkwall, are generally built without order or regularity, and many of them have their ends to the street, if I may be allowed to apply that term to the leading thoroughfare in this curiously-constructed town. A lane, winding and zig-zagging, would be the more appropriate phrase. This chief thoroughfare, however, and its tributary alleys, are pretty well paved with flag-stones, and not inconvenient to foot passengers. No vehicle of any kind is to be seen, or indeed could proceed over the ups and downs, and through the intricacies of the Lerwegian streets. As at Venice, all traffic is carried on by sea, the boats and larger vessels bringing or taking away goods being able to sail in close to the warehouses on the margin of the harbour. I observed a number of shops or stores for the sale of miscellaneous articles, and I was shown a small inn, which has recently been opened for the accommodation of travellers. The population had generally a seafaring look, and there were on all sides signs of industry and comfort. I was particularly struck with the busy movements of a number of the females. Almost every woman of humble rank whom I met, even while carrying a loaded basket on her back, was busily engaged in knitting wool into stockings, or some other article of attire.

The country around Lerwick possesses nothing to attract.

There is some cultivation, but the country generally is pastoral, swelling into hills, and bleak and bare from the absence of trees or shrubs. On the day after our arrival, we paid a visit to a gentleman in Scalloway, a small town at the head of a bay some miles to the west of Lerwick. Here, in a garden, I remarked for the first time some trees and fruit-bearing bushes; the latter, however, were under the wall, with a southern exposure. I am told that the absence of trees in Shetland does not altogether arise from the coldness of the climate, for trunks are found in the peat-mosses; and in one or two places some tall trees of the sycamore kind still flourish.* Whatever be the reason for the decay of the original forest, the defect is likely to be soon in part supplied by planting. Various proprietors have begun to plant forest trees; and the more opulent among them have also now made laudable efforts to improve the poor horticulture of the islands. In the garden of a gentleman in the island of Bressay, a hothouse has been erected, and is said to yield a good crop of large grapes. At Scalloway, I visited the ruin of an old castle, which had been built by Patrick, Earl of Orkney, in 1600, doubtless for the purpose of aiding in his cruel oppression of the Shetlanders. In the scattered little town of Scalloway there are some good houses, the place having once been the capital of Shetland, and, until comparatively recent times, the residence of a number of opulent families.

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* In one or two gardens, sycamores and other trees, planted probably a hundred years ago, have attained the height of forty or fifty feet, the girth within three feet of the ground being above six feet. That trees have formerly grown in abundance in Shetland, can hardly, I think, be doubted, from the absence of any appreciable peculiarity in climate or soil fatal to their growth, and from the general diffusion of their remains in the peat moors. Some of those peat trees were of no inconsiderable dimensions ; but for the most part they are of small size. From this, however, it cannot be fairly inferred that, generally, the native trees were diminutive. Timber must always have been valuable in this country, and the inhabitants would naturally consume all that was of any respectable size, especially as no spot of ground is six miles from the sea in every direction, and therefore the woods would be easily accessible. But it is the opinion of some, that trees in size and quantity cannot now be reared in Shetland. The experiment, however, has never been fairly made. Let an intelligent and experienced forester, residing long enough in these islands to modify his experience to suit their climate, superintend for a sufficiently long period, and on a scale of adequate magnitude, the culture of various kinds of hardy trees, and then, and not before, can the capabilities of Shetland, with regard to arboriculture, be ascertained. It is to be hoped that some spirited and far-sighted proprietor will ere long put the matter to the proof. On a question such as this, *à priori* opinions, thrown out at a venture, are entirely to be disregarded. It is a curious fact, for which there is high botanical authority, that cones of the silver fir (*Abies picea*) have been found in some moors in Orkney. This tree is not indigenous to Scotland, but is common in Norway. It may, however, have been planted, or its cones sown, by some of the energetic and sagacious Norwegian *Yarls*, who so long ruled the Orkney and Shetland islands, and who were as remarkable for their attention to husbandry and fishing, as to politics and war.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. xxxiii.

In going and returning on this short excursion, we had occasion to pass one of those large peat-mosses, which I afterwards found were so common in these islands. Without native wood or coal, the common fuel of the Shetlanders is peat, dug from the black mosses interspersed over the country, and whose origin may perhaps be traced to the wreck of ancient forests, with the subsequent accumulation of vegetable matter. The peat is dug with a long-handled spade, the delver cutting out and laying aside a peat at every jerk with his instrument. After being dried, the peats are carried home, very commonly in baskets, on the backs of ponies.

My friend being anxious to reach his home in one of the northern isles, we agreed to quit Lerwick on the second day after our arrival, and bespoke a boat for the purpose. The Shetland boats are built on the model of the ancient Norwegian yawls, pointed fore and aft. They are exceedingly graceful in form, and are considered both swift and safe, though the single mast is usually too high, and the sail too large, so that at sea the boat looks like a butterfly—all wings. It was yet early when our handsome craft, manned by six good rowers, and propelled by a gentle wind, which bent the sail, sped swiftly out of Bressay sound. The weather was clear and lovely, and nothing could be more exquisitely tranquil and joyous than our ten hours' voyage among the lonely isles which lay in our course. The glassy ocean reflected the rocky shores as we threaded our way among numerous green islets, peopled by the screaming sea-fowl, or glided close to the overhanging cliffs of the larger islands.

In this day's voyage we may be said to have skirted the whole eastern shores of the islands, passing Whalsay, the Out Skerries, and Yell, and finally arriving in Unst—the most northerly in the group; and not only so, but the most northern scrap of inhabited land in the United Kingdom. When we reached our destination, I soon became aware that the more completely I made myself at home, the more pleased our host and his family would be. The island, I found, was not without objects of interest, or space wherein to perambulate. In length it is twelve miles, by from three to four in breadth, with a generally level and fertile surface, diversified by several ridges of hills, some of considerable height. The shores are remarkably indented with small bays or voes, offering boundless scope for fishing; and the hills possess some mineralogical curiosities. In the evening of our arrival, we took a walk to see a neighbouring quarry of chromate of iron, which was discovered in several parts of the island above twenty years ago. The quarry is of great depth, the ore lying imbedded, apparently in abundance, in veins through the rock of which the hill is composed. The working of this mine gives employment to upwards of fifty men and boys each summer, and many hundreds of tons of the metal are annually exported. It is used chiefly as a pigment, producing a fine bright yellow paint; and as none is elsewhere found in Britain, it is the source of considerable revenue to the proprietors.

In the evening, it was arranged that next morning, after an early breakfast, we should proceed on an expedition by sea round the northern coast of the island. The weather was fortunately propitious. The sun rose to our wish in unclouded splendour, though not with that overpowering heat of July in more southern latitudes. Not a breeze rippled the surface of the water, and sails were accordingly useless. The boat in which we embarked was like that already described, but fitted up with much comfort as a pleasure barge. Passing some rugged and precipitous cliffs, and one or two small bays, we reached the north-east point of the land, and here we met numerous boats returning from the deep-sea fishery. Nearly forty miles had these canoe-like skiffs been distant from the land, and two nights at sea; and we rejoiced to see them now filled with fine cargoes of ling and tusk—two kinds of white fish caught for the purpose of exporting in a dried and salted state. Passing this fleet of boats, manned by a hardy race of seamen, we at length reached the two precipitous headlands which form the northern point of British land. The western promontory consists of an uncultivated waste of coarse pasture; but near the sea the ground is thickly strewn with the nests of a variety of sea-fowl; and here is one of the rare breeding-places of the sea-gull. The other promontory is still higher; and between the two is a narrow firth, which penetrates a certain distance into the island. We had determined to proceed as far westward as we could, before stopping at any point, keeping, however, close to the rocks, and exploring various caves and indentations—the latter called *gios*—in hopes of finding some of the seal tribe. Once, by the aid of a pocket-glass, we saw several of these creatures reposing on the rocks, and apparently unaware of our approach. We immediately took measures to approach them stealthily; but a few herring gulls being on the outlook, dashed down among the seals, even to touching them, and roused them with a peculiar cry, so that, alarmed for their safety, they plunged into the sea and disappeared. This curious method of giving the alarm to slumbering seals is invariably practised by the herring gull, which seems to constitute himself the sentinel to watch over this persecuted tribe of amphibii.

Crossing the mouth of the voe, we were rowed among some striking scenery—precipitous cliffs indented by narrow ravines, down which tumbled the mountain rill like a thread of silver; detached rocks scattered along the shore; and, most striking of all, the wide ocean stretching westward and northward, sublime in its extent, desolation, and repose. From a contemplation of inanimate nature, we were recalled by the screaming of the multitudes of birds which rose in clouds from the rocky cliffs. At this season the animals were tending their young, and more than usually alive to the presence of strangers. Each species of birds, I was informed, has its own domain on the rocks. Some of the cliffs were appropriated entirely to the kittiwake (*Larus rissa*), the smallest of the gull species; and it is these gentle and beautiful creatures that the fowlers most unsparingly plunder of their eggs and young. A few of the proprietors of the ground are very anxious to prevent depredations among these and other feathered denizens of the shores; for, besides the dangerous nature of fowling, it leads to idle desultory habits. Notwithstanding the general prohibition, we saw several persons on these dizzy heights, hanging by a slender hold on the face of the precipice. They seldom use ropes here as at Faroe and St Kilda, but clamber, fearlessly and alone, down and up the craggy steeps, where one false movement would consign them to destruction; yet are they enthusiastically fond of these feats of daring, and rarely any accidents occur.

Proceeding on our excursion, we now took a sweep further from the land, to the Utska or Outstack, an insulated rock, of a form not unlike a lion rampant. We approached it cautiously from the lee side, as here we hoped to find one or two seals. Landing in silence, we scrambled up the side, and one of the party, best acquainted with this kind of sport, peeped over the top; and there, to be sure, was a pair of seals lying close to the water's edge, unconscious of approaching danger. Creeping round the edge of the rock, to gain a better position, he fired, which was the signal for us to rush forward. The shot had been successful. A male seal, an enormous animal, lay dead in his resting-place; and it was not without a pang that I learned that it was the mate of a female which, with a wailing cry, had plunged into the water. The female was not again seen; but she wandered near the spot, and was shot a few days afterwards. The seal which had been killed was truly a noble specimen of its species. He was almost black in colour, with a beard on his muzzle (*Phoca barbata*), was twenty feet in length, and yielded twenty gallons of oil. After heaving him, with some difficulty, into our boat, we paused to consider our adventurous position. The rock on which we stood is, for the most part, submerged in the waves of the North Sea, and there are very few days in a season when a landing on it can be effected. Being thus continually washed by the salt spray, there is no vestige of vegetation on its surface, except a few tufts of scurvy grass. Bare and slippery as it was, we found on it a level spot, where, exhilarated by our success, and appetised by the pure air of the sea, we sat down to a sumptuous fête-champêtre, if that name can be applied to a pic-nic feast on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In this hearty meal our boatmen performed an active part, quenching their thirst with a liquid called *bland*, which I had never before seen or tasted. It is the whey of churned milk, separated from the milk by heating; and, being slightly acidulous, is grateful and refreshing, and will keep, if bottled, for a considerable time. I believe this method of using butter-milk is common only in Shetland, where the whole milk of the cow, not the cream alone, is regularly churned. The practice is economical; for the curd forms a solid food, and the preserved whey a wholesome and unexpensive drink, the invariable beverage of the Shetland peasant at home, and of the fisherman when at sea.

Having finished our meal, and packed everything up, we bade adieu to the Utska, and turned our course homewards, landing by the way on several skerries or small islets, which afford pasture for two or three sheep during the summer months. In winter they are shrouded for the most part in tempestuous spray. We took occasion to land also at the foot of the tallest precipice on the mainland of Unst, in order to view a rocky cavern by which it is perforated. The opening on the sea is an arch three hundred feet across, and a hundred feet high; and when fired into by a gun, the echoes reverberated like the rattling peal of sharp thunder. After viewing the outside of this opening, we proceeded with our boat to explore the interior of several other caverns. In these the boat was pushed forwards by the hands on the sides of the rock, and the swell of the sea caused it to rise and fall with a somewhat unpleasant motion. At the farther end, in solemn darkness, on a low pebbly beach, the great seals bring forth and nurse their young; but the season was yet too early to find them there. These caves are called *hellyers;* and in September, the seals are often captured by spreading a net across the mouth, and then alarming the inhabitants within, who, rushing out to escape, fall into the snare, get entangled in the net, and are either shot or drowned; for a seal will be drowned as effectually as a man, only it takes longer time to accomplish. They must respire atmospheric air every fifteen, or at most twenty minutes, or else their blood becomes black or venoid, causing apoplexy and death.

Still, one novelty awaited us: by the kind attention of our host, a fishing-line had been set at the mouth of the firth, and it having remained the proper time, we had the pleasure of seeing it hauled by our boatmen. It was the same kind, though not so large, as that used at the deep-sea or haff fishing. A rope of about 400 fathoms long, with buoys and corks to float it, is stretched in a tide-way, if near shore, or on the well-known bank, when far at sea; to this is attached at regular distances short lines, with lead for sinking, and one or two powerful hooks baited with the young of the coal-fish. Beginning at one end, the lines are drawn in. We were extremely successful; almost every hook held a fish: small tusk, large beautiful cod, like that for which a Londoner would give half a guinea a piece; skate, congor eels, saithe, or full-grown coal-fish, but, above all, halibut of various sizes, some of them gigantic, above four feet long. When these large fish, or a powerful cod or skate, appeared on the surface approaching the boat, the poor animal's struggles became frantic; and a skilful hand, armed with a short staff, with a large and very strong hook attached, strikes his weapon into the gills, and thus assists in dragging it into the boat. Our excitement at this novel spectacle was quite intoxicating, and frequently we received showers of brine, which the floundering of the fish, and the yielding of the boat, washed in upon us. What signified that? We got a noble haul, and in the highest good-humour proceeded home, which we did not reach till nearly midnight, by the soft twilight and lovely moon, the most exquisitely beautiful of all hours in this latitude. Need it be said we slept soundly after the many hours' exposure to the pure and healthful sea air, and the pleasurable excitement we had undergone?

It was now the 5th of July, and the weather still continuing favourable for boating, we went to a neighbouring island to see one of the principal stations where the boats rendezvous during the three summer months for the prosecution of the ling fishery. Most of the men are several miles distant from their families, whom they only visit on the Saturday evenings till Monday morning; consequently, they erect slight lodges at these temporary stations, in which they cook and shelter when on shore. We landed on a beach of large rough stones, of some extent, partly natural, and partly set for the purpose; this was spread with ling, tusk, and cod, in the course of being dried, a score of boys being in constant attendance to turn them, and, in case of showers, gather them in heaps. The boats were just about putting off to sea as we arrived a little after mid-day. Each boat is manned by six men, or more usually five men and a boy, the latter being a kind of apprentice the first year, and receiving only a small share of the earnings. The dress of the men going to sea consists of a loose covering of barked sheep-skin, the form of an English labourer's smock, over trousers of oiled cotton or linen, and high boots of barked horse hides, with generally a knitted woollen cap of divers colours. A small jar of bland, with a thick cake of oatmeal, is all the refreshment they carry with them on these excursions. When they have reached their fishing-ground, which from this point may be about twenty-five miles off the land, they set their lines towards evening, and some of the men may have a short nap by turns. Having hauled before midnight, if the weather be favourable, they bait and set again, and return in the morning. Should the weather look unsettled, they return without the second haul. Sometimes they remain out two nights, and fill their boats. When they have taken much fish, every interval is busily employed in gutting them; all the entrails being thrown overboard. The heads and livers are alone preserved, and are the perquisites of the men. The livers are cooked fresh, with oatmeal in bread, or a sort of fish haggis; and what is not so used, is allowed to become rancid, and boiled for oil. Skate and halibut, when caught, are also reserved by the men for the use of their families. All Shetlanders, both high and low, prefer fish for eating, of whatever sort (except herring and halibut) in a half putrid state. It is simply washed in sea water, and hung up in the air for ten days or a fortnight; or the ling and cod heads, and the small jillacks, are laid in heaps, in a dark place, for four or five days, till they have acquired the favourite flavour.

When the fresh fish are landed, they are weighed and delivered to the curer, who keeps an account of the quantity brought by each boat. Ling and tusk are allowed the highest price per hundredweight. The cod-fishing was hardly thought of in Shetland till a very few years ago, but now it is extensively carried on; and the cod in the cured state, which formerly fetched not above two-thirds, now brings as much as the others; which appears to me singular, as I should think there could be no comparison in the delicacy of the food they form. But the cod, I believe, are chiefly sent abroad, the Catholic countries of the continent taking many cargoes both from Shetland and Norway. I had often heard that the stock-fish of Norway were preferred to those of Shetland; and it became a great object to obtain for the latter a higher character, and constant good market. For this purpose, and also to teach the Shetlanders the most approved method of conducting this fishing and curing, an able and respected native, Arthur Anderson, Esq. a few years ago set on foot a fishing company in the island of Vaila, of which he took a lease. This establishment is now in full and successful operation, and is a model of business-like activity and regularity; while from Mr Anderson's patriotic zeal, together with his enterprise and extensive connexions, he is enabled to secure foreign markets for the Shetland cod, and confer immense benefit on his country.

We now witnessed a numerous fleet of boats put to sea, not, it will be believed, without breathing heartfelt wishes for their safety and success, as we reflected how many a stay of helpless families these little skiffs bore to a scene of peril. Afterwards, we turned to look into the fishermen's temporary dwellings, or lodges as they are called. The walls are so low that one can hardly stand upright within, and are built of loose stones and turf; about fifteen feet long, and half that width. At one end is a broad *dais* of turf, on which is spread straw and blankets: this is all the sleeping place. A hole in the roof at the other end shows that beneath is the hearth for the peat fire, with a raised seat of turf around it. Here each boat's crew sleep and eat when on shore, both operations being as uncertain as the wind and weather—snatches of repose, and hasty meals of porridge, or fish and potatoes, being all that these hardy men can command; yet do they never enjoy such excellent health as at these seasons. I find that the herring fishery is not likely ever to compensate its prosecution in Shetland, though it has been attempted with very unequal success for more than twenty years. The season for the herring does not commence here till after the summer ling fishery is over—that is the end of August—and then the weather becomes squally, and the men's attention is occupied with reaping the little harvest of their fields; for, be it always remembered, a Shetland peasant is not merely a fisherman. In his variable climate, he could not make a subsistence by fishing alone; he must have his little farm to help to furnish food for his household. And though the females do a great part of the farm-work, yet still, in many instances, especially when the families are young, the father's assistance on land in spring and autumn is absolutely necessary. Before leaving the interesting and busy scene we had been contemplating, we partook with the superintendent of delicious fresh tusk and potatoes, both boiled in sea water, which is, I do not know why, a great improvement in their preparation.

Returning from this visit, we landed at the nearest point of Unst, and sent the boat round, intending to walk home across the island. In the course of our ramble, we visited a gentleman's house, when, after being kindly entertained with tea, we went to a hamlet in the neighbourhood, in which the inhabitants were keeping an annual festival, in honour of having finished their peat-harvest. Peats, as I formerly mentioned, are the only native fuel in Shetland, and are dug in May. At the middle or end of June, according as the weather has been favourable, they are ready for being brought home, sometimes a distance of several miles; and this is done on the backs of ponies, in open straw baskets hung on wooden pack-saddles.

The different gangs of ponies are driven by boys. A young female of the family remains for the purpose of lading and taking care of the ponies, till all the peats are carried away, which may occupy from one to four weeks. Though the labour is heavy and incessant, the young women rather enjoy it as a relaxation than endure it as a task, and always lay in a stock of robust health with their embrowned complexions. In each hill or peat-moor, therefore, is formed quite a village of lodges, like those of the fishermen, but much smaller, and built wholly of turf, the roof being removed each season when it ceases to be wanted. As we approached one of these groups of singular and most primitive habitations, we found bonfires blazing in different places in honour of the festival, round which the boys were congregated, supplying fuel, and amusing themselves, as other boys do, around a bonfire. In the green huts, on a sofa of turf, round a table of the same, were gathered the girls and their guests, among whom were hardly any of the other sex; and here, even amidst smoke and darkness, we might distinguish fair faces and modest looks, which might have graced more polished scenes—and, moreover, it is always refreshing to see young countenances beaming with mirth and happiness. The feast, which is the main thing, consisted of tea, smoked mutton, and pork; eggs and oatmeal cake, or ship-biscuit, and, in some instances, pancakes or buttered cake of flour or barley-meal. Each maiden was dressed in a neat cotton gown, and ribbons in her cap. By and by were heard the sounds of a violin, though by no very practised hand, and the young people danced on the turf around their bonfire. The Shetlanders appear to be excessively fond of music, and its natural accompaniment, dancing; and, as may be supposed, seize all proper opportunities for indulging in them.

July 17.—Yesterday we enjoyed the sport of a whale hunt. Early in the morning a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying round the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales, of the smaller species, were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as of slaughter. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in absence of, or addition to, all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighbouring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with the oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord; all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, which were seen floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling caldron. The whales were thus slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be dreaded. The laird and his first lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean.

Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm ; the short day drew to its close ; the afternoon twilight came ; but, though the sun's beams had been hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon : the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey even through the night : so the laird having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay ; but at this moment of breathless suspense the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters of course rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, which were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

This morning there were important doings. The laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy, though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral, as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favour of the captors. On this occasion, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participators chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. Amused and excited with all I had seen, I mentioned that I should like to taste the flesh of a young whale, which is considered a great dainty, as I was told, in the Faroe islands. At dinner my desire was gratified. A young whale was selected, and from it were cut some very nice-looking steaks, which were broiled over a glowing fire. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser than the delicate Shetland beef indeed, but with no peculiar flavour or odour to distinguish it from ox flesh, or to betray its origin. It is something for me to say that I have made my dinner off a whale!

Notwithstanding the nutritious and palatable qualities of whale flesh, the Shetlanders have a great prejudice against it, which is unfortunate. Could the repugnance be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcases prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea; while the natives of Faroe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

July 23.—To-day we visited the ruined castle of Muness, which occupies a commanding situation among some cottages, at the distance of a mile from the sea-shore. It is a large massive structure, of the date 1598, and appears, from a tablet on the wall, to have been built by Lawrence Bruce, a gentleman of Perthshire, who had fled to these distant islands in consequence of having slain a neighbour in an affray. The building is tolerably entire, but has been long dismantled and deserted.

July 24.—Weather rainy and misty, and the day has been spent reading, and otherwise amusing ourselves within doors. An old woman, full of old stories and legends of Hialtland, sung us some curious ballads, illustrative of the ancient state of society in the islands. In listening to them, I almost fancied that I was transported back to the rude times of the Vikingr and northern sagas.

July 26.—The weather is again clear and pleasant, and I begin to think of packing up and leaving my kind friends. To-day intelligence has arrived of a revenue cutter being seen in the sound of Yell; and if she visit Unst, perhaps I may obtain a passage on board to Lerwick or Kirkwall.

Having some days ago asked my accomplished hostess to furnish me with a few notes of Shetland life and manners before my departure, she has obligingly handed me the following

TRAITS OF LIFE AND MANNERS IN SHETLAND.

The Shetlanders, high and low, are distinguished for the love of their native country. The gentry, unlike the same class of persons in the Highlands and in Ireland, have never been absentees. Sent to the metropolis or elsewhere for education, or travelling to see the world, they return to their island-homes with delight. Though their means might easily admit of their living in comfort in any more favoured latitude, they are nobly and wisely content to spend the long dull winter, as well as the short cold summer, among those whom Providence has appointed to be dependent on their indulgence and liberality for much of their comfort. Exclusiveness is no vice of Shetland society; there prevails among the higher classes a genial sociality of manners, accompanied with a rare spirit of hospitality, which never abates the respect justly their due. In these families, well-conducted housekeeping in Shetland must be somewhat as in Norway — a complicated and arduous concern, requiring no small forethought and management in the direction. A farm, of course, is attached to the mansion-house, and several additional servants, male and female, are kept on that account, and to attend to the live stock. Seed-time, harvest, and peat work, is performed chiefly by day labourers, mostly females, whose wages are about sixpence a-day. There being no markets and no shops, of course each family must lay in a stock of every article requisite in clothing and foreign produce, and, besides, have duplicates of many of the most indispensable articles of furniture, since weeks may elapse before accidents can be repaired. For the daily table consumption, they have, in spring, the superfluous calves; in summer, lambs and sheep; in winter, fowls: these are all drawn from the farm stock, or purchased from neighbours who may have them to spare. At Martinmas comes the grand slaughtering of the summer-fatted beef, together with the attendant pickling, smoking, pudding and sausage making, for the winter; immediately following is the candle-making from the tallow of the animals that have been killed; then succeeds the drying, grinding, and sifting of the oats and bear for meal. This is besides the constant dairy work, and is all included in the cares of the Shetland lady and her assistants; and yet, on the often unexpected arrival of guests and strangers, they will find all things as much *comme il faut* as if shops and markets were at hand. There are indeed no morning visitors to receive, and few dinner parties to prepare for; but, instead, when the Shetland gentry visit each other, it is for days together. Ponies are the only means of travelling, when the distance is in the same island; and these familiar animals, with an attendant, are therefore included in the requisite hospitality. They are, though the smallest variety of the horse kind, very strong and spirited. In some islands, where the ground is firm and stony, they run along with head drooping, picking their own way, and requiring very little of the bridle management; in others, where quagmires, peat-moss, and brooks abound, the sagacious animals go invariably at a canter; and the rider requires to be on his guard constantly, lest a flying leap over what his well-instructed steed knows to be unsound footing, should startle him into a somerset.

In the more remote islands, families of a humble rank are perhaps the best off for society; those of a higher grade are, in some situations, nearly deprived of any congenial acquaintanceship, and, to fill up the void, are accustomed to occupy their leisure with attention to the animal creation, in all the varieties within their reach. Ponies, dogs, cats, gulls, geese, seals, and sea-otters, are among the ordinary domestic pets; and it is astonishing how friendly all live with each other; an otter and dog being perhaps seen gamboling together round the kitchen fire, or nestling on the same couch. Seals are not easily tamed. We have frequently attempted to rear the cubs of two species common in these islands; but unsuccessfully, except in one instance. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigour by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish (of which she devoured an incredible quantity), and grew very rapidly; but, on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and, strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a time, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or perhaps one might fancy (we often did) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child; when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most dignified defiance to the Newfoundland dog, which, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that gives rise to the powerful odour of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *sealchie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel walks, to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her: the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protegée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the weather; for next day our favourite found her way into a neighbouring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed, or sea-eagle, breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. A few years ago an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighbouring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months, he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured last year in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favourite recreation it is to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which is familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest; but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. When he imagined the young ones would be hatched, he returned by a path he had carefully marked; but no nest was there. The parent birds had been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed their residence to a still more concealed and inaccessible spot. Again the enthusiastic cragsman renewed his search; and after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles engaged in feeding their young, but in a place which appeared altogether beyond his reach. Difficulties seemed only to nerve my undaunted friend to fresh efforts; and after many attempts, he at last reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, made wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length, last season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as, brooding on the nest, it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance, we have been often told, the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position: but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together; loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though, to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

Ponies, I have said, are the only means of travelling in this roadless and carriageless country. What the camel is to the Arabian, the pony is to the Shetlander. Without boats for external, and ponies for internal communication, the islands would indeed be very unendurable. Ponies form a remarkable feature in all the larger rural establishments. Left very much to themselves, and growing up without the refinements of grooming, troops of these hardy animals may be seen browsing on the hills and heaths, and flocking on occasions to the shelter which the walls of the outhouses afford. In summer, these diminutive specimens of the pachydermata—diminutive, probably, from climate and slender fare—thrive on the wide wastes; but in winter they are to be pitied for their privations. At this inclement season, when a storm is apprehended, the farmer and his family are careful in seeing that the flock of ponies comes home for food and protection. Arriving at a trot from the hills, all go out to welcome them. There they are, twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavour to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together. Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavouring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk, all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

These hardy little horses are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift sea-weed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. It is observed amongst us that the horse is not nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity: he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-coloured mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady, who is rather *petite*, could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal she had with her was found, and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in colour, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favour of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow I have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labour. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints; and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before. This was often repeated; but as his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigour as ever. No animal could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent, as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known, and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely-flavoured and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Sheep are a leading source of revenue to the Shetland farmers and proprietors, the short scanty herbage being suitable for these animals. On every islet having food for no more than one or two sheep, there are they found, being taken and brought away in boats by the shepherds at the proper seasons. The mutton of the Shetland sheep is highly flavoured and dark-coloured, like the Welsh; but the animal is as much prized for its wool as its flesh. The wool is exceedingly soft and fine, and this quality appears to arise from peculiarities in the climate and herbage; for when the animals are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures, their wool degenerates. Nature is always bountiful in providing a covering suitable to the necessities of animal existence. Less as an article of export than of home manufacture is the wool of Shetland prized by the natives. The manufacture is domestic, and affords universal employment. While the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and at least always provide their own clothing by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine that it may be spun into a thread as small as one of cambric, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact that one thousand yards are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most recherché articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight. These shawls and scarfs, generally pure white, or of a dark-gray, are now largely exported to Edinburgh, where they are purchased by ladies as an elegant article of dress. Some have likewise found their way to London, where they are sold at an enormously high price, considering the original cost, and where also they are, like everything rare and valuable, the subject of commonplace imitation. Political economists may perhaps allege that, by employing machinery, the Shetlanders would make more of their wool; but this I take leave to doubt. The time occupied by the females in knitting costs nothing, and is generally worth nothing; while the employment is not only profitable, but amusing.

Unless when afflicted with the calamity of a bad harvest, the small farmer of Shetland may be said to enjoy a reasonable degree of comfort and satisfaction in his existence. Meal, potatoes, and milk, his farm ought to afford; and fuel in abundance is included in his holding. Fish, and oil for the lamp, the bountiful ocean at his cottage-door supplies. On the common or hill, he has the right to keep as many ponies, sheep, and geese as he can attend to, without boundary or restriction, merely putting his own proper mark on them, to distinguish his property; pigs and poultry of course, also, he need never want. His cottage is, for the most part, about thirty feet long, and from ten to fifteen wide; the walls low, and built of stone and clay, but sometimes with lime, and often plastered inside and outside with mortar; the roof covered with turf, and then scantily thatched. It consists of two divisions; the larger and outer one is the common family apartment, with an earthen floor; it has no chimney, but only a hole in the roof above a raised hearth at the one end; the beds, enclosed like a cupboard, and one over the other as on shipboard, serve as a partition from the smaller or *ben end;* this latter is wooden-roofed and floored, is the sleeping-place of the heads of the family, a parlour in which to receive guests, provided with a glazed window and a chimney, but no grate; the peats, indeed, burn much better and more cheerily on the ample well-swept hearth. Sometimes the space above this latter room is boarded in, and forms a sleeping-place for the young men of the family. Very few households do not consist of double families; a son or daughter, and often both, or two, when married, remain with the parents, share the labour and the rent-paying, and thus form quite a patriarchal household, with a community of comforts which separate establishments could not so easily afford. Sociality is greatly desired by the Shetlanders, and no pride in having a house of her own can compensate to a youthful wife for the gossip of her sisters, or the indulgence of her parents' society.

There is one consequence of the association of these family groups which is sometimes lamentable. The father, sons, and sons-in-law, frequently purchase a boat for themselves (it is, indeed, their grand object of ambition to do so), or they insist on being placed together for the fishing by their landlord. Should that boat be lost at sea, what desolation falls on one unfortunate family! It has happened very lately that one female has in this way lost husband, sons, and brother at a stroke.

For such a cottage as I have described, with its appurtenances, and as much land fit for tillage as may measure six to eight acres, the rent is from £4 to £7. The tenants hold their farms from year to year, and they invariably prefer this to leases, though often the same family keeps the same farm from generation to generation. The mode of agriculture would be called slovenly elsewhere, but the soil being poor and shallow, it is perhaps best adapted to the circumstances. Ploughs are little used by the peasantry: the spade alone is employed, and it is a primitive and unique implement. The blade is only $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and the same broad: the handle is 45 inches long. Three or four persons stand in a row together, press their spades into the ground with the right foot on the small cross bar, and then simultaneously turn over the turf thus loosened, and step onwards to the right, till the breadth of the furrow is reached. Children, or the weakest hands, are placed in the middle positions, where the strength required is least; and thus it is amazing how much ground will be turned over in a spring day. The very light harrow is more frequently drawn by a man or woman than by the ponies, which, after the hard winter, are in the labouring season so weak as to be unfit for work. No seed is ever sown in autumn; but it is a pity that, during the winter, the peasant fisherman thinks too little of his *land* employ: he will hang on in desultory idleness, looking out for a favourable moment to go a-fishing, when he could turn his industry to far better account by keeping his turf fences in proper repair, and especially by collecting manure and making composts, the materials for which are in general suffered to go to entire loss. Seaweed, for instance, so valuable for the ground, is often allowed to be swept away by the next tide, when, collected, it would fertilise many a field. Kelp is hardly ever made in Shetland now, but the sea-weed called *tangle* is eaten freely by ponies, cattle, and sheep during each ebb of the tide in winter.

Fish of course form at least two of the meals in a Shetland cottage daily. The young of the coal-fish *(Gadus carbonarius)* swarm in every bay and creek of these in some respects therefore favoured islands. In their first year's growth, they are about six inches long, and called *sillacks.* About the month of March ensuing, they have grown to the length of about fifteen inches, when they receive the name of *piltacks.* After this period they thrive very fast, attaining the ordinary size of the cod-fish, when they are called *saithes.* So abundant and constant is the supply of the young of this fish, that whenever weather will allow a small boat to swim, they are caught with a rod and shell-fish bait, or with an artificial fly, every evening, even in the winter months. Women and boys also fish them from the rocks in the same manner; and they often set into the creeks in shoals, when a small net, stretched on a hoop, being dipt into the sea, is lifted out full. Their livers yield a large supply of oil, and the fish are prepared for food in every variety of way; but, as I mentioned before, are preferred when they have been hung up to *sour* for a few days. The liquor in which fish have been boiled is given to calves and pigs; but very rarely is the fish given to animals, though it is done, I believe, in Norway, and on the coasts of the Red Sea.

On the whole, the mode of living of the Shetland peasantry gives one a favourable impression of their character and situation. They are far superior to the generality of Irish or Highland homes, and, besides, they are for the most part kept very orderly. The pigsty is always outside; the little barn is constructed on one end, entering from the house, or occasionally it is placed across the entrance-door, and thus serves as a porch-shelter to the dwelling; and the cow-house is beyond that again. Inside, with the family, a fostered lamb in winter, or a young calf, may be seen in a corner, sharing the children's meals, and thriving like them; the fowls, too, are generally picking up the crumbs, so that from warmth and good-feeding, they often lay eggs all winter. Occasionally the dwellings are smoky, and personally the people are not very cleanly in their habits; but they have plenty of fresh air, and abundant springs of the purest water; and swarms of healthy children, and many very aged persons, attest the favourable circumstances of their lot. Very few young children die: epidemics and convulsions are the rarest things possible. Rheumatism, from the moistness of the climate, is common among all classes; and consumption, from the effects of scrofula, is also unfortunately too general.*

In Shetland the adult female population greatly preponderates. When the young men grow up, they go off as sailors, few of them ever to return; and accidents at sea sweep off the prime of manhood: thus the population is in some measure checked, though it has, as elsewhere, greatly increased during the last fifty years. As to clothing, one sees nothing like the squalid rags common in many other parts. Coarse household-made woollens, and bare head and feet, are indeed the home costume of some of the old and of the very young; but most of the females take pride in being neatly clad; and this they are able to effect by the returns for their knitting. On Sunday at the churches, therefore, may be seen men and women most respectably, the young girls even tastefully dressed. As respects personal appearance, the stranger will not fail to notice the fair hair, blue eyes, and spare figure which betoken a Scandinavian ancestry.

As in Scotland, there are always schools in each parish—one supported by the heritors, and others by the General Assembly, or the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. These are so generally taken advantage of, even at great distances, that there are none of the present generation, it is believed, who cannot read well, and many can write. The Shetlanders are not, however, fond of reading and improving their minds like so many of the Scottish peasantry. Perhaps want of books may repress the development of any literary taste; and if so, it is to be regretted; for if they liked books more, and had the means, through popular libraries, of gratifying this inclination, they would undoubtedly be more intelligent and prosperous.

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* Superstitions of various kinds are still common among the less educated inhabitants of Shetland, and one in relation to the cure of consumption is thus alluded to by the Rev. J. Robertson, in his description of Mid and South Yell, in the New Statistical Account of Scotland:—"For the cure of this fatal disorder, nothing, even at the present day, is deemed so effectual as the royal touch! And as a substitute for the actual living finger of royalty, a few crowns and half-crowns of the coinage of the first Charles, carefully handed down from father to son, have been effectual, both here and in every other parish in Shetland, towards removing this disease, and that to an extent which may appear somewhat incredible to many whose minds, in reference to the healing virtue still inherent in royalty, may be in a more sophisticated state than those of her Majesty's subjects in this latitude. Be this as it may, there are few localities in Shetland in which a living evidence is not to be found of one said to have been 'cured by the coin,' and who would instantly be pointed at as a sufficient evidence to warrant confidence in its efficacy, should it happen that a doubt at any time rested thereon."

Besides retaining the old style in the computation of time, the Shetlanders retain another ancient usage, nowhere else I suppose to be found in Britain, namely, that of each generation adopting a new surname, drawn from the Christian name of the father. Thus, the son of James Robertson would not be called Robertson; he would receive the name of Jameson; and so on with all other names. This causes a great confusion of names to a stranger, besides being otherwise inconvenient, and the practice ought by all means to be abandoned. The women, after marriage, always retain their maiden names; but this is also a custom among the lowland Scotch.

From these sketches it may be gathered that, inclement as is the situation and climate of Shetland, its people are far from being objects of commiseration; nor are they, in point of conduct and habits, to be classed with the unruly population of many lands more favoured by nature. Great crimes are rare amongst them, and nowhere is there any fear of petty depredations. The inhabitant of a great city, who at night bolts his doors and windows, to guard against the midnight thief, and is ever in dread of spoliation, might envy the freedom from care of the Shetland householder, who fears no thieves, and scarcely knows the use of chains or locks. Formerly, the meanest point in the character of the Shetlanders was their acquisitiveness in the case of wrecks on their coast; but this, which has latterly been much modified, is a vice so common in other parts of the world, that it cannot be considered peculiar to these islands. Although intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors could be cited as an unfortunate feature in some departments of the population, Shetland is still more remarkable for the ineconomic use of a beverage which is ordinarily considered the antagonist of intemperance—I allude to tea. No kind of beverage is so much relished by the female peasantry of Shetland as tea.* To get tea they will venture as great and as unprincipled lengths as any dram-drinker will go for his favourite liquor. The wool that ought to clothe the family, the oil and butter that should pay the rent, nay, the meal and potatoes that, carefully husbanded, are to feed the children, are all unscrupulously sold or bartered for tea. The females are the chief tea-drinkers, and often without the knowledge of their husbands, whose humble means are pilfered in order to gratify this ruling propensity. Tea is a universal means of payment for any little services in Shetland. An errand will be run for a small quantity of tea; some spinning will be done for tea; and tea will form a most acceptable present on leaving a dwelling where you have received any attentions. The quantity of tobacco and spirits consumed is also considerable; and it is from an excessive indulgence in these foreign luxuries, that the Shetland peasant is kept lower in the scale of poverty than he has any just reason to be.

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* About £25,000 worth of bohea is annually entered at the custom-house in Lerwick, besides which, a great quantity is smuggled by Dutch fishing-boats. One poor man, in the parish of Bressay, who had the expensive infliction of a tea-drinking wife, was cheated by her secretly selling his goods to obtain tea. He was observed once to purchase the same peck of meal three times over in one week, being always assured that his children had eaten it. A Highland laird once remarked, that the Scotch peasantry were ruined by forsaking "the good old porridge of their ancestors."—*Shetland and the Shetlanders, by Catherine Sinclair.*

RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

For several days no cutter appeared, and I began to fancy that the rumour of her visit to the Sound of Yell must have been a mistake; at length she was seen entering Burra Firth, and in due time came to anchor not far from our residence. By the politeness of my Shetland friends, I was introduced to the commander, a gentleman well known on these shores, and was kindly offered by him a passage to Kirkwall; the offer was to me the more acceptable, for he proposed to sail down the western coast of the islands.

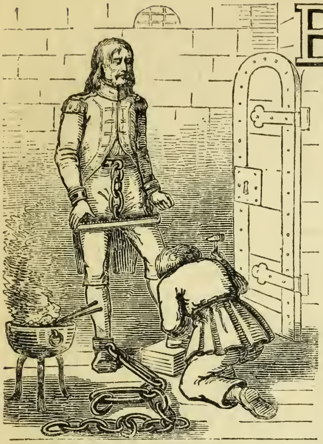
It was a sad parting with the good folks of Unst, who would not let me go till I had promised, if at all possible, once more to spend a month with them in some succeeding summer. A fine breeze having sprung up, the sails of the cutter were shaken out, and we soon sped rapidly on our course. In the evening we were off the coast of North-Maven, a peninsula of the mainland of Shetland, which, as it died away on the horizon, I was reminded of the carol of the poetic Claud Halcro—

Farewell to North-Maven,
  Gray Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
  The storms on thy fell—
To each breeze that can vary
  The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary,
  We meet not again.

How, during a run of three days in one of the handsomest of her Majesty's cruisers, I was kindly entertained by my new naval friends in a way I can never forget—how I reached Kirkwall in Orkney, and bade them adieu, must all be left to the vivid imagination of the reader. Again catching the steamer, I was in due course borne, with twenty other passengers, to Wick, and thence to Aberdeen and Leith, without a single adventure to form the subject of an anecdote. And so ends my account of a month's visit to Shetland.

STORY OF BARON TRENCK.

EARLY LIFE—CAPTIVITY.



BARON FREDERICK TRENCK, whose sufferings as a prisoner of state have made his name widely known, was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, February 16, 1726, of one of the most noble families of the country. After the death of his father, a major-general of cavalry in the Prussian service, in 1740, his mother married again, and, leaving Prussia, went and resided at Breslau. Frederick had two brothers and a sister; his youngest brother was taken by his mother into Silesia; the other was a cornet in a regiment of cuirassiers. His sister was married to the only son of General Valdou, who, having quitted the service, lived in retirement on his estates in Brandenburg.

Brought up in the midst of gay and half-barbarous scenes, young Trenck acquired the thirst for military fame and dissipation which characterised this period of continental history. On all sides was there a rage for military conquest, and in Prussia, which had begun to enlarge itself at the expense of neighbouring states, this was carried to the most extravagant and criminal height. With such tastes, however, Trenck possessed abilities of a high order: he had a strong love of knowledge, and stored his mind with the riches of ancient and modern learning; he was also intimately acquainted with some of the practical sciences, could draw accurately, and learned fencing, riding, and other exercises. In religion he was Lutheran; and, among other branches of instruction, he was well read in the sacred Scriptures. With many good abilities and accomplishments, there were, nevertheless, mingled the military ardour and taste for reckless dissipation to which we have adverted; and to this defect was added an unhappy self-esteem, which rendered him impatient of control, and led him into many fatal errors. Having completed his education at the university of Königsberg, he was, as a youth hopeful of promotion, removed to Berlin, where he was introduced, under the best auspices, to Frederick, king of Prussia, by whom he was flatteringly received and appointed a cadet in the body-guards. This event, which took place in 1742, when Trenck was only sixteen years of age, gave him the highest pleasure; and he was inflamed with the desire of distinguishing himself.

Everybody is aware that Frederick II. of Prussia was a most extraordinary instance of what can be accomplished by a settled purpose perseveringly carried out. His design was, by military tactics, to make a great nation out of a comparatively unimportant state in Germany; and he did it. Unable to raise vast armies from his limited dominions, he compensated by great skill what was deficient in point of force. Never was there such a thorough disciplinarian. His army was like an ingeniously-contrived machine, in which every part was finely balanced, while he, in his own person, was the prime mover. The body-guards into which Trenck was admitted were a model and school for the Prussian cavalry. They consisted of one single squadron of men, selected from the whole army, and their uniform was the most splendid in all Europe. Two thousand rix-dollars were necessary to equip an officer: the cuirass was wholly plated with silver; and the horse furniture and accoutrements alone cost four hundred rix-dollars. This squadron only contained six officers, and a hundred and forty-four men; but there were always fifty or sixty supernumeraries, and as many horses; for the king incorporated all the most handsome men he found in these guards. The officers were the best taught of any the army contained; the king himself was their tutor; and he afterwards sent them to instruct the cavalry in the manœuvres they had learnt. Their rise was rapid, if they behaved well; but they were broken for the least fault, and punished by being sent to garrison regiments.

No soldiers in the world underwent so much training as this body-guard. Exercise began at four in the morning, and experiments were made of all the alterations the king meant to introduce in his cavalry. Ditches of three, four, five, six feet, and still wider, were leaped; hedges, in like manner, were cleared; and the horses ran races, meeting each other full speed, in a kind of lists. The same exercises were often repeated after dinner with fresh horses; and it was not uncommon, at Potzdam, to hear the alarm sounded twice in a night. The horses stood in the king's stables; and whoever had not dressed, armed himself, saddled his horse, mounted, and appeared before the palace in eight minutes, was put under arrest for fourteen days. Scarcely were the eyes closed before the trumpet again sounded, to accustom youth to vigilance. By these exercises many horses and men were lost; but of that Frederick took no account.

Occasionally, detachments were allowed to take some recreation in Berlin; and the more favoured officers sometimes dined with the king, and on gala days with the queen—an honour which was considered to be cheaply purchased by the continual risk of life and limb. Trenck, who owned some good estates in Hungary, from which he derived the title of baron, was under no necessity to seek court favour; but his temperament led him to do so with inconsiderate ardour, and he had the good fortune to be noticed approvingly by the sovereign. Our hero, from infancy, had been noted for a surprising memory, and he had been scarcely six weeks a cadet when the king examined him on this remarkable faculty. He gave him the names of fifty soldiers to learn by rote, which was done in five minutes. He next repeated the subjects of two letters, which Trenck immediately composed in French and Latin. He afterwards ordered him to trace a real landscape from memory, which, being executed with equal success, he gave him a cornet's commission in his body-guards, and also a splendid equipment for the service.

Thus set forward in his profession, the young Baron Trenck had every prospect of winning his way to the highest honours, when his own folly ruined every anticipation of the future. It appears that, while settled at Berlin, he contracted an attachment to a sister of the king; and as this was imprudently encouraged by its object, he may be said to have lived on the brink of a volcano, which threatened every moment to burst and overwhelm him. The king did not become aware of this presumption on the part of Trenck, until after he had served in a campaign against Austria, and given tokens of bravery. It was therefore with a greater degree of reluctance than could have been expected from the Prussian monarch, that he resolved on punishing the young officer for his audacity. The blow did not even fall until Trenck had given fresh cause of offence, in receiving a present of horses and a letter of friendship from his cousin Francis, a commander of pandours in the Austrian service, and which, it seems, gave the king reason to doubt Trenck's loyalty. This combination of errors sealed his fate.

In a country under a free constitution, crimes real or alleged against the state, or against private individuals, become the subject of formal trial, and if the accused be found innocent, he is dismissed. In countries governed by a despot, whose will has the effect of law, there are no guarantees against injustice. Whether the suspected be tried, or at once condemned to confinement, depends on the caprice of the reigning sovereign. Frederick of Prussia made great professions of public justice, and where his own feelings or policy were not concerned, he was certainly in the habit of allowing the ordinary tribunals to take their course. On the present occasion, acting in the spirit of a true despot, he ordered his victim to be seized, and, without explanation or form of trial, sent him as a prisoner to the citadel of Glatz. The seizure, which took place in July 1745, when Trenck was only nineteen years of age, was as humiliating as it was unexpected. Unheard, unaccused, unjudged, he was conducted like a criminal from the army by fifty hussars; his equipage being left behind, as the booty of some creatures of the king, and his commission given to another. Trenck was of course guilty of great imprudence—perhaps was legally criminal—but the manner of his condemnation and imprisonment was a disgrace to Frederick, usually styled "the Great." Well might one exclaim with Trenck on this dismal occasion, "Unhappy people! where power is superior to law, and where the innocent and the guilty are exposed to a similar doom. Unhappy land! where the omnipotent SUCH IS OUR WILL supersedes all legal sentence, and uncompromisingly robs the subject of property, life, and honour."

Trenck was now a prisoner in Glatz, a strong fortress in a mountainous country. The politic course to have followed in such circumstances, would have been to have humbly petitioned the king for pardon. But, conscious of having done nothing treasonous, and smarting under indignities, he requested to be tried by a court-martial. This tone still more displeased Frederick, who returned no answer to the communication. Despairing of redress or liberty, and with his usual impatience of subjection, the prisoner now bethought himself of attempting an escape from confinement. He did not want friends or money, and believed that there would be little difficulty in gaining over the officers of his guard. In planning this project, he was assisted by a Lieutenant Piaschky and Ensign Reitz, both of whom proposed to go off with him; and finally, he gained over also a Captain Manget, who had been condemned by a court-martial to ten years' imprisonment. After all the necessary measures had been taken for escape in company with these individuals, the plan was betrayed by Manget, who thus purchased pardon and liberty. Piaschky saved himself by desertion; Reitz was arrested, and only suffered a year's imprisonment, with the loss of his commission; and Trenck was now closely confined to a chamber, and guarded with greater caution. The king's suspicions were greatly increased, as likewise his anger, by this attempt at escape; and hopes of liberation were now almost at an end.

Having brought the preliminary account of Trenck to this point, we shall leave him to continue the narrative in his own words, abridging only where it appears necessary.

IMPRISONMENT IN GLATZ.

Left to myself, I considered my situation in the worst point of view, and determined either on flight or death. The length and closeness of my confinement became insupportable to my impatient temper. I did not despair of gaining over the garrison to my side. They knew I had money, and, in a poor garrison regiment, the officers of which are all dissatisfied, having most of them been drafted from other corps, and sent thither as a punishment for slight offences, there was nothing that might not be undertaken.

My scheme was as follows:—My window looked toward the city, and was ninety feet from the ground in the tower of the citadel, out of which I could not get, without having found a place of refuge in the town. This an officer undertook to procure me, and prevailed on an honest soap-boiler to grant me a hiding-place. I then notched my penknife, and sawed through three large iron bars; but this mode was too tedious, it being necessary to file away eight bars from my window before I could pass through; another officer therefore procured me a file, which I was obliged to use with caution, lest I should be overheard by the sentinels. Having ended this labour, I cut my leather portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of my bed, and descended safely from this astonishing height. It rained, the night was dark, and all seemed fortunate; but I had to wade through moats full of mud before I could enter the city, a circumstance I had never once considered. I sunk up to the knees, and, after long struggling, and incredible efforts to extricate myself, I was obliged to call the sentinel, and desire him to go and tell the governor Trenck was stuck fast in the moat.

My misfortune was the greater on this occasion, from the governor of Glatz being one of the cruelest of men. Disregarding my message, he left me standing in the mire till noon, the sport of the soldiers. I was then drawn out, half dead, only again to be imprisoned, and shut up the whole day, without water to wash me. No one can imagine how I looked, exhausted and dirty, my long hair having fallen into the mud, with which, by my struggling, it was loaded. I remained in this condition till the next day, when two fellow-prisoners were sent to assist in cleaning me.

The only kindness which I experienced during my confinement, was being allowed a supply of books, with which I whiled away the time. When tired with reading, and in the darkness of the night, my reflections were very gloomy. I was as yet untamed in spirit, and I panted for the liberty of which I had been unjustly robbed.

One day Major Doo came to visit me, accompanied by an officer of the guard and an adjutant. After examining every corner of my chamber, he addressed me on the crime of attempting to escape, and went the length of calling me a traitor to my country, who had corresponded with the enemy. At that instant I snatched his sword from his side, on which my eyes had some time been fixed, sprang out of the door, tumbled the sentinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, passed the men who happened to be drawn up before the prison-door to relieve guard, attacked them, sword in hand, threw them suddenly into surprise by the manner in which I laid about me, wounded four of them, made through the rest, sprang over the breastwork of the ramparts, and, with my sword drawn in my hand, immediately leaped this astonishing height, without receiving the least injury. I leaped the second wall with equal safety and good fortune. None of their pieces were loaded; no one durst leap after me; and, in order to pursue, they required to go round through the town and the gate of the citadel; so that I had the start fully half an hour.

A sentinel, however, in a narrow passage endeavoured to oppose my flight, but I parried his fixed bayonet, and wounded him in the face. A second sentinel, meantime, ran from the outworks to seize me behind, and I, to avoid him, made a spring at the palisades; there I was unluckily caught by the foot, and received a bayonet wound in my upper lip; thus entangled, they beat me with the butt-end of their muskets, and dragged me back to prison, while I struggled and defended myself like a man grown desperate.

It is certain that, had I more carefully jumped the palisades, and despatched the sentinel who opposed me, I might have escaped, and gained the mountains. Thus might I have fled to Bohemia, after having, at noonday, broken from the fortress of Glatz, sprung past all its sentinels, over all its walls, and passed with impunity, in despite of the guard, who were under arms, ready to oppose me. I should not, having a sword, have feared any single opponent, and was able to contend with the swiftest runners.

Brought back, bleeding and disconcerted, to my chamber, the severities of my imprisonment were increased; two sentinels and an under officer were locked in with me, and were themselves guarded by sentinels without. My pain was excessive; my foot had been sprained in the struggle; I spat blood; and my wounds were not cured in less than a month. I was now first informed that the king had only condemned me to a year's imprisonment, in order to learn whether his suspicions were well founded. My mother had petitioned for me, and was answered—"Your son must remain a year imprisoned, as a punishment for his rash correspondence."

Of this I was ignorant, and it was reported in Glatz that my imprisonment was for life. I had only three weeks longer to repine for the loss of liberty, when I made this rash attempt. What must the king think? Was he not obliged to act with this severity? How could prudence excuse my impatience, thus to risk a confiscation, when I was certain of receiving freedom, justification, and honour in three weeks? But, such was my adverse fate, circumstances all tended to injure and persecute me, till at length I gave reason to suppose I was a traitor, notwithstanding the purity of my intentions.

Once more, then, was I in a dungeon; and no sooner was I there, than I formed new projects of flight. I first gained the intimacy of my guards. I had money, and this, with the compassion I had inspired, might effect anything among discontented Prussian soldiers. Soon had I gained thirty-two men, who were ready to execute, on the first signal, whatever I should command. Two or three excepted, they were unacquainted with each other: they consequently could not all be betrayed at a time, and I had chosen a sub-officer, Nicholai, to head them.

The garrison consisted only of one hundred and twenty men from the garrison regiment, the rest being dispersed in the country of Glatz, and four officers their commanders, three of whom were in my interest. Everything was prepared: swords and pistols were concealed in an oven, which was in my prison. We intended to give liberty to all the prisoners, and retire, with drums beating, into Bohemia. Unfortunately, an Austrian deserter, to whom Nicholai had imparted our design, went and discovered our conspiracy. The governor instantly sent his adjutant to the citadel, with orders that the officer on guard should arrest Nicholai, with some others who were implicated.

Nicholai was one of the guard, and the lieutenant was my friend, and, being in the secret, gave the signal that all was discovered. Nicholai instantly formed his resolution, crying—"Comrades, to arms; we are betrayed!" All the conspirators followed to the guard-house, where they seized on the cartridges, the officer having only eight men; and, threatening to fire on whoever should offer resistance, came to deliver me from prison; but the iron door was too strong, and the time too short, for that to be demolished. Nicholai, calling to me, bade me aid them; but in vain; and perceiving nothing more could be done for me, this brave man headed nineteen others, marched to the gate of the citadel, where there was a sub-officer and ten soldiers, obliged these to accompany him, and thus fled into Bohemia.

Now, I was exposed to all the storms of ill fortune. A prosecution was entered against me as a conspirator, who wanted to corrupt the officers and soldiers of the king. They commanded me to name the remaining conspirators; but to such questions I made no answer, except by steadfastly declaring I was an innocent prisoner, an officer unjustly broken; unjustly, because I had never been brought to trial; that consequently I was released from all my engagements; nor could it be thought extraordinary that I should avail myself of that law of nature which gives every man a right to defend his honour defamed, and seek, by every possible means, to regain his liberty; that such had been my sole purpose in every enterprise I had formed, and such should still continue to be; for I was determined to persist, till I should either be crowned with success, or lose my life in the attempt.

The soldiers were now withdrawn from my chamber, and my money was nearly all expended. I was a wretched prisoner; and could see no prospect of any melioration in my condition. While thus in a kind of stupor of despair, I attracted the sympathy of a brave and somewhat eccentric individual, Lieutenant Bach, a Dane by nation, who mounted guard every fourth day. Entering my dungeon, he told me that it was humanly impossible I should escape, unless the officer on guard should desert with me; that he wished nothing more ardently than to sacrifice his life in my behalf, but that he could not resolve so far to forget his honour and duty as to desert himself, while on guard. He, notwithstanding, gave me his word of honour he would find me such a person in a few days, and that, in the meantime, he would prepare everything for my flight. He returned the same evening, bringing with him Lieutenant Schell, and as he entered, said—"Here's your man." Schell embraced me, gave his word of honour, and thus was the affair settled.

We soon began to deliberate on the means necessary to obtain our purpose. Schell had lately come from garrison at Habelschwert to the citadel of Glatz, and in two days was to mount guard over me, till which time our attempt was suspended. Besides Schell, other two officers, Schroeder and Lunitz, proposed to desert. Schell was to go with me, and Schroeder and Lunitz were to follow three days afterwards.

ESCAPE.

My familiarity with certain officers was not unknown to the governor; and becoming apprised, through a spy, of what was enacting, he suddenly issued an order to arrest Schell. Schroeder, who had heard the order, came, full of terror, to the citadel, and hurriedly told Schell to save himself by flight, for all was discovered. Schell might easily have provided for his own safety by flying singly, Schroeder having prepared horses, on one of which he himself offered to accompany him into Bohemia. How did this worthy man, in a moment so dangerous, act toward his friend? Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, "Friend, we are betrayed; follow me; only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."

I would have spoken; but interrupting me, and taking me by the hand, he added, "Follow me; we have not a moment to lose." I therefore slipped on my coat and boots, without having time to take the little money I had left; and, as we went out of the prison, Schell said to the sentinel, "I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment; stand where you are."

Into this room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisades, and afterward escape in the best manner we might. We had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we met the adjutant and Major Quaadt. Schell started back, sprang upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall, which was there not very high. I followed, and alighted unhurt, except having grazed my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his ankle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, and begged me to despatch him, and fly. He was a small, weak man; but, far from complying with his request, I took him in my arms, pushed him over the palisades, afterwards got him on my back, and began to run, without very well knowing which way I went.

It may not be unnecessary to remark those fortunate circumstances that favoured our enterprise. The sun had just set as we took to flight; the hoar-frost fell. No one would run the risk that we had done, by making so dangerous a leap. We heard a terrible noise behind us. Everybody knew us; but before they could go round the citadel, and through the town, in order to pursue us, we had got a full half-league.

The alarm-guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant; at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that, in such cases, it was generally impossible to escape from Glatz, unless the fugitives had got the start some hours before the alarm-guns were heard, the passes being immediately all stopped by the peasants and hussars, who are exceedingly vigilant.

We were not five hundred paces from the walls, when all, before us and behind us, were in motion. It was daylight when we leaped; yet was our attempt as fortunate as it was wonderful. This I attribute to my presence of mind, and the reputation I had already acquired, which made it thought a service of danger for two or three men to attack me. It was, beside, imagined we were well provided with arms for our defence; and it was little suspected that Schell had only his sword, and I an old corporal's sabre.

Scarcely had I borne my friend three hundred paces before I set him down, and looked round me; but darkness came on so fast, that I could see neither town nor citadel; consequently we could not be seen. My presence of mind did not at this time forsake me; death or freedom was my determination. "Where are we, Schell?" said I to my friend. "Where does Bohemia lie? On which side is the river Neiss?" He pointed sideways, but could not speak. Understanding his signal, I took him on my shoulders, and carried him to the Neiss. Here we distinctly heard the alarm sounding in the villages; and the peasants, who likewise were to form the line of desertion, were everywhere in motion, and spreading the alarm.

I came to the Neiss, which was a little frozen, entered it with my friend, and carried him as long as I could wade; and when I could not feel the bottom, which did not continue for more than a space of eighteen feet, he clung round me; and thus we got safely to the other shore. My father taught all his sons to swim, for which I have often had to thank him; since, by means of this art, which is easily learned in childhood, I had on various occasions preserved my life, and was more bold in danger. The reader will easily suppose swimming in the midst of December, and remaining afterward eighteen hours in the open air, was a severe hardship. About seven o'clock the hoar-fog was succeeded by frost and moonlight. The carrying of my friend kept me warm, it is true; but I began to be tired; while he suffered everything that frost, the pain of a dislocated foot, which I in vain endeavoured to reset, and the danger of death, could inflict.

After crossing, I followed the course of the river for half an hour, and having once passed the first villages that formed the line of desertion, with which Schell was perfectly acquainted, we, in a lucky moment, found a fisherman's boat moored to the shore. Into this we leaped, crossed the river again, and soon gained the mountains.

Here being come, we sat ourselves down a while on the snow. Hope revived in our hearts, and we held council concerning how it was best to act. I cut a stick to assist Schell in hopping forward as well as he could, when I was tired of carrying him; and thus we continued our route, the difficulties of which were increased by the mountain-snows.

Thus passed the night; during which, up to the middle in snow, we made but little way. There were no paths to be traced in the mountains, and they were in many places impassable. Day at length appeared, when we found ourselves near a village at the foot of the mountain, on the side of which, about three hundred paces from us, we perceived two separate houses, which inspired us with a stratagem that was successful. We had lost our hats in leaping the ramparts; but Schell had preserved his scarf and gorget, which would give him authority among the peasants. I cut my finger, rubbed the blood over my face, my shirt, and my coat, and bound up my head, to give myself the appearance of a man dangerously wounded.

In this condition I carried Schell to the end of the wood, not far from these houses; here he tied my hands behind my back, but so that I could easily disengage them in case of need, and hobbled after me, by aid of his staff, calling for help. Two old peasants appeared, and Schell commanded them to run to the village and tell a magistrate to come immediately with a cart. "I have seized this knave," added he, "who has killed my horse; and in the struggle I have put out my ankle; however, I have wounded and bound him. Fly quickly, and bring a cart, lest he should die before he is hanged."

As for me, I suffered myself to be led, as if half-dead, into the house. A peasant was despatched to the village. An old woman and a pretty girl seemed to take great pity on me, and gave me some bread and milk; but how great was our astonishment when the aged peasant called Schell by his name, and told him he well knew we were deserters, having the night before been at a neighbouring alehouse, where the officer in pursuit of us came, named and described us, and related the whole history of our flight. The peasant knew Schell, because his son served in his company, and had often spoken of him when he was quartered at Habelschwert.

Presence of mind and resolution were all that were now left. I instantly ran to the stable, while Schell detained the peasant in the chamber. He, however, was a worthy man, and directed him the road toward Bohemia. We were still but about seven miles from Glatz, having lost ourselves among the mountains, where we had wandered many miles. The daughter followed me. I found three horses in the stable, but no bridles. I conjured her in the most passionate manner to assist me. She was affected, seemed half willing to follow me, and gave me two bridles. I led the horses to the door, called Schell, and helped him, with his lame leg, on horseback. The old peasant then began to weep, and beg I would not take his horses; but he luckily wanted courage, and perhaps the will, to impede us; for with nothing more than a hay-fork, in our then feeble condition, he might have stopped us long enough to have called in assistance from the village.

And now behold us on horseback, without hats or saddles; Schell with his uniform scarf and gorget, and I in my regimental coat. Still were we in danger of seeing all our hopes vanish, for my horse would not stir from the stable; however, at last, good horseman-like, I made him move. Schell led the way; and we had scarcely gone a hundred paces, before we perceived the peasants coming in crowds from the village. At the moment of our arrival the people had been all in church, it being a festival day, and they only now made their appearance by having been called out to aid in our capture. Fortunately, we had got the start of them, and soon were beyond their reach.

We were obliged to take the road to Wunshelburg, and pass through the town, where Schell had been quartered a month before, and in which he was known by everybody. Our dress, without hats or saddles, sufficiently proclaimed we were deserters. Our horses, however, continued to go tolerably well, and we had the good luck to get through the town. Schell knew the road to Braunau, where we arrived at eleven o'clock; and were now safe beyond the Prussian frontier.

He who has been in the same situation only can imagine, though he never can describe, all the joy we felt. An innocent man, languishing in a dungeon, who, by his own endeavours, has broken his chains and regained his liberty in despite of all the arbitrary power of princes, who vainly would oppose him, conceives, in moments like these, such an abhorrence of despotism, that I could not well comprehend how I ever could resolve to live under governments where wealth, content, honour, liberty, and life, all depend upon a master's will; and who, were his intentions the most pure, could not be able, singly, to do justice to a whole nation. Never did I, during life, feel pleasure more exquisite than at this moment. My friend, for me, had risked a shameful death; and now, after having carried him at least twelve hours on my shoulders, I had saved both him and myself. We certainly should not have suffered any man to carry us alive to Glatz.

Thus in freedom at Braunau, within the Bohemian frontiers, I sent the two horses, with the corporal's sword, back to Glatz. I also wrote to the king, and sent him a true state of my case; likewise indubitable proofs of my innocence, and supplicated justice; but received no answer.

And now was I, in Bohemia, a fugitive stranger, without money, protector, or friend, and only twenty years of age. In the campaign of 1744 I had been quartered at Braunau with a weaver, whom I advised and assisted to bury his effects, and preserve them from being plundered. The worthy man received us with joy and gratitude. I had lived in this same house but two years before, as absolute master of him and his fate. I had then nine horses and five servants, with the highest and most favourable hopes; but now I came a fugitive, seeking protection, and having lost all a youth like me had to lose. I had but a single louis-d'or in my purse, and Schell forty kreutzers, or some three shillings. With this small sum, in a strange country, we had to cure his sprain, and provide for all our wants.

After three weeks' abode at Braunau, my friend recovered of his lameness. We had been obliged to sell my watch, with his scarf and gorget, to supply our necessities, and had only four florins remaining. From the public papers I learned my cousin, the Austrian Trenck, was at this time closely confined, and under criminal prosecution. It will easily be imagined what effect this news had upon me. Never till now had I felt any inconvenience from poverty. My wants had all been amply supplied, and I had ever lived among, and been highly loved and esteemed by, the first people of the land. I was now destitute, without aid, and undetermined how to seek employment or obtain fame.

At length I determined to travel on foot to visit my sister, obtain money from her, and afterwards enter into the Russian service. Schell, whose destiny was linked to mine, would not forsake me. We assumed false names: I called myself Knert, and Schell Lesch: then obtaining passports, like common deserters, we left Braunau on the 21st of January in the evening, unseen by any person, and proceeded towards Bilitz in Poland. A friend I had at Neurode gave me a pair of pocket pistols, a musket, and three ducats, and we proceeded on our journey.

An account of our travels from Braunau in Bohemia, through Poland to Elbing, a distance of 800 English miles, in the midst of winter, would in itself fill a volume; and I shall content myself with a few particulars of our diary.

On the 22d of February [1747], after a dismal day's walking, we arrived at a place called Schmiegel. Here happened a singular adventure. The peasants at this place were dancing to a vile scraper on the violin: I took the instrument myself, and played while they continued their hilarity. They were much pleased with my playing; but when I was tired, and desired to have done, they obliged me, first by importunities, and afterwards by threats, to play on all night. I was so fatigued I thought I should have fainted: at length they quarrelled among themselves; and while all was in confusion, we escaped without farther ill treatment.

What ample subject of meditation on the various turns of fate did this night afford! But three years before I danced at Berlin with the daughters and sisters of kings; and here was I, in a Polish hut, a ragged, almost naked musician, playing for the sport of ignorant rustics, whom I was at last obliged to fight. I was myself the cause of the trifling misfortune that befell me on this occasion. Had not my vanity led me to show these poor peasants I was a musician, I might have slept in peace and safety. The same vain desire of proving I knew more than other men, made me through life the continued victim of envy and slander. Had nature, too, bestowed on me a weaker or a deformed body, I had been less observed, less courted, less sought, and my adventures and mishaps had been fewer. Thus the merits of the man often become his miseries; and thus the bear, having learned to dance, must live and die in chains.

Next day we underwent great suffering. At a village we passed through, to prevent ourselves from dying of hunger, we sold Schell's waistcoat for eighteen grosch. This sum was soon expended; and I shot a crow, which I devoured alone, Schell refusing to participate. On the 27th we reached Hammer in Brandenburg, where my sister lived, and where I expected succours. I was disappointed. My sister and her husband, terrified at the idea of receiving a proscribed wanderer, would not see me, and requested us to depart. Almost distracted, I changed my plan, and we pursued our way in the direction of Elbing, where I had some friends. After encountering numerous risks and vexations, and parting with my friend Schell at a house by the way, where he was well received, I arrived at Elbing, worn out, footsore, and in rags. Recruited and furnished with money, I proceeded by Dantzic to Warsaw; and, being joined by Schell at Thorn, we passed on to Vienna, where we arrived safely in April 1747.

NEW MISFORTUNES.

Having taken refuge in Vienna, Trenck believed himself to be relieved from further annoyance; but in this he was mistaken. Although received with a degree of kindness by the Austrian authorities, he soon found that he was likely to be involved in certain misfortunes which had overtaken his cousin, and he left Vienna in August 1748 for Holland. At Nuremberg he met with a body of Russians, commanded by General Lieuwen, his mother's relation, who were marching to the Netherlands. Received with kindness by the general, he was advised by him to enter the Russian service, and was given the command of a company of dragoons. Peace followed, and the regiment returned to Moravia. Shortly afterwards, Trenck was sent down the Vistula with a body of sick men to Dantzic, where there were Russian vessels to receive and transport them to Russia, and, in company with these, went to Riga, whence he proceeded to Moscow. Here he became acquainted with Lord Hyndford, ambassador from England to the court of the Empress Elizabeth, and was treated by him with marked consideration. His residence and chance of promotion in Russia were cut short by being named heir to his cousin, who died in Austria in October 1749. In order to take possession of his new inheritance, he quitted Moscow with some regret, and proceeded to Vienna by way of St Petersburg, Stockholm, Amsterdam, and Saxony. This proved an unfortunate journey. At Vienna he became entangled in numerous lawsuits respecting his cousin's will and property; and, after most protracted proceedings, realised only a fraction of what had been bequeathed to him. He also, by his pertinacity in defending his claims, incurred the enmity of men in power, who plotted his ruin.

In March 1754 Trenck's mother died in Prussia; and although he had, in the meantime, entered the Austrian service, he considered it necessary to leave his regiment and proceed to Dantzic, there to settle some family matters. This movement, which was notified by his enemies at Vienna to the Prussian authorities, proved the prelude to a dire misfortune. Believing himself safe in an independent city, Trenck did not anticipate any violation of his liberty in Dantzic. The Dantzic magistracy, however, overawed by their powerful neighbour, permitted a body of Prussian officers to execute a warrant on the unfortunate Trenck, and carry him beyond the boundaries into Pomerania, a part of the dominions of Prussia. Closely confined in a chaise, he was escorted by a troop of dragoons from garrison to garrison, till he arrived in Berlin. Once more in the power of Frederick, with very little ceremony he was hurried off, under a strong escort, through Spandau to Magdeburg.

Again we shall allow this miserable victim of despotism to relate the particulars of an imprisonment more severe and lasting than that formerly endured.

IMPRISONMENT IN MAGDEBURG.

On arriving at the fortress of Magdeburg [July 1754], I was delivered up to the captain of the guard at the citadel. A few ducats remaining on my person were now taken from me, and, robbed of all my trinkets, I was conducted to the dungeon which had been prepared for my reception; the door was shut, and here I was left.

My dungeon was in a casemate, the fore-part of which, six feet wide and ten feet long, was divided by a party-wall. In the inner wall were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the casemate itself. The window in the seven-feet thick wall was so situated, that though I had light, I could see neither heaven nor earth; I could only see the roof of the magazine. Within and without this window were iron bars, and in the space between, an iron grating so close, and so situated, by the rising of the walls, that it was impossible I should see any person without the prison, or that any person should see me. On the outside was a wooden palisade, six feet from the wall, by which the sentinels were prevented from conveying anything to me. I had a mattress and a bedstead, but which was immoveably ironed to the floor, so that it was impossible I should drag it and stand up to the window; beside the door was a small iron stove, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons; and my allowance was a pound and a half per day ammunition bread, and a jug of water.

From my youth I had always had a good appetite; but my bread was so mouldy, I could scarcely at first eat the half of it. This was the consequence of Major Rieding's avarice, who endeavoured to profit even by this, so great was the number of unfortunate prisoners; therefore it is impossible I should describe to my readers the excess of tortures that, during eleven months, I felt from ravenous hunger. I could easily every day have devoured six pounds of bread; and every twenty-four hours after having received and swallowed my small portion, I continued as hungry as before I began, yet must wait another twenty-four hours for a new morsel. How willingly would I have signed a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats on my property at Vienna, only to have satiated my hunger on dry bread! For so extreme was it, that scarcely had I dropped into a sweet sleep, before I dreamed I was feasting at some table luxuriously loaded, where, eating like a glutton, the whole company were astonished to see me, while my imagination was heated by the sensation of famine. Awakened by the pains of hunger, the dishes vanished, and nothing remained but the reality of my distress. The cravings of nature were but inflamed, my tortures prevented sleep, and looking into futurity, the cruelty of my fate suffered, if possible, increase, from imagining that the prolongation of pangs like these was insupportable.

My hunger increased every day, and of all the trials of fortitude my whole life has afforded, this, of eleven months, was the most bitter. Petitions, remonstrances, were of no avail; the answer was—"We must give no more; such is the king's command." With this reply I was forced to be content. Such severities, however, produced an eager desire for liberty.

Daily, about noon, once in twenty-four hours, my pittance of bread and water was brought. The keys of all the doors were kept by the governor; the inner door was not opened, but my bread and water were delivered through an aperture. The prison-doors were opened only once a week, on Wednesday, when the governor and town-major, my hole having been first cleaned, paid their visit.

Having remained thus two months, and observed that this method was invariable, I began to execute a project I had formed, of the possibility of which I was convinced. Where the stove stood the floor was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that separated my casemate from the adjoining one, in which was no prisoner. My window was only guarded by a single sentinel; I therefore soon found among those who successfully relieved guard two kind-hearted fellows, who described to me the situation of my prison; hence I perceived I might effect my escape, could I but penetrate into the adjoining casemate, the door of which was not shut. Provided I had a friend and a boat waiting for me at the Elbe, or could I swim across that river, the confines of Saxony were but a mile distant.

To describe my plan at length would lead to prolixity, yet I must enumerate some of its circumstances, as it was remarkably intricate, and of gigantic labour.

I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long, by which the stove was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, but preserved their heads, that I might put them again in their places, and all might appear secure to my weekly visitors. This procured me tools to raise up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first attempt was to work a hole through the wall, seven feet thick, behind, and concealed by the stove. The first layer was of brick: I afterwards came to large hewn stones. I endeavoured accurately to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, so that I might replace them, and all might appear safe. This having accomplished, I proceeded.

The day preceding visitation all was carefully replaced, and the intervening mortar as carefully preserved. That I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff this afforded, wetted it, and made a brush of my hair; having applied this plaster, I washed it over neatly, and in the dim light of my cell, the wall could not be observed to be molested. I repeated this plastering and whitewashing process probably a hundred times.

While labouring, I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead; and had they taken the precaution to come at any other time in the week, the stated Wednesday excepted, I had inevitably been discovered; but as no such ill accident befell me, in six months my Herculean labours gave me a prospect of success. Means were to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison;

all of which, in a wall so thick, it was impossible to replace: mortar and stone could not be removed. I therefore took the earth, scattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to dust; this dust I strewed in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened stove to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together, with the ravelled yarn of an old stocking, and to this affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle grating, which could not be seen when standing on the ground, and through this I pushed my dust with the tool I had prepared to the outer window; then waiting till the wind should happen to rise, during the night I brushed it away; it was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outside. By this single expedient I rid myself of at least three hundredweight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labours: yet this being still insufficient, I made little balls, and when the sentinel was walking, blew them, through a paper tube, out of the window. Into the empty space I put my mortar and stones, and worked on successfully.

I cannot, however, describe my difficulties, after having penetrated about two feet into the stone. My tools were the irons I had dug out. A compassionate soldier also gave me an old iron ramrod and a soldier's sheath-knife, which did me excellent service; more especially the latter, as I shall presently more fully show. With these two I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interstices of the stone. Yet the labour of penetrating through this seven-feet wall was incredible: the building was ancient, and the mortar occasionally quite petrified, so that the whole stone was obliged to be reduced to dust. After continuing my work unremittingly for six months, I at length approached the accomplishment of my hopes, as I knew by coming to the facing of brick, which now was only between me and the adjoining casemate.

Meantime I found opportunity to speak to some of the sentinels; among whom was an old grenadier, called Gefhardt, whom I here name, because he displayed qualities of the greatest and noblest kind. From him I learned the precise situation of my prison, and every circumstance that might best conduce to my escape. Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, and, crossing the Elbe with Gefhardt, to take refuge in Saxony. By Gefhardt's means I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, and a native of Dessau, Esther Heymannin by name, and whose father had been ten years in prison. This good compassionate maiden, whom I had never seen, won over two other grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood sentry. By tying my splinters together, I made a stick long enough to reach beyond the pallisades that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

I now wrote to my sister, described my situation, and intreated her to remit three hundred rix-dollars to the Jewess; hoping by this means I might escape from my prison. I wrote another affecting letter to Count Puebla, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, in which was enclosed a draft for a thousand florins on my effects at Vienna, desiring him to remit these to the Jewess, having promised her that sum as a reward for her fidelity. This excellent girl did all I required: but our plan was discovered, and I was once more in despair. The family of the Jewess also suffered by this new misfortune, a source to me of additional grief.

The king came to a review at Madgeburg, when he visited the Star-Fort, and commanded a new cell to be immediately made, prescribing himself the kind of irons by which I was to be secured. The honest Gefhardt heard the officer say this cell was meant for me, and gave me notice of it; but assured me it could not be ready in less than a month. I therefore determined, as soon as possible, to complete my breach in the wall, and escape without the aid of any one. The thing was possible; for I had twisted the hair of my mattress into a rope, which I meant to tie to a cannon, and descend the rampart; after which I might swim across the Elbe, gain the Saxon frontiers, and thus safely escape.

On the 26th of May 1755, I had determined to break into the next casemate: but when I came to work at the bricks, I found them so hard and strongly cemented, that I was obliged to defer the labour to the following day. I left off, weary and spent, at daybreak; and had any one entered my dungeon, they must infallibly have discovered the breach. How dreadful is the destiny by which, through life, I have been persecuted, and which has continually plunged me headlong into calamity, when I imagined happiness was at hand!

The 27th of May was a cruel day in the history of my life. My cell in the Star-Fort had been finished sooner than Gefhardt had supposed; and at night, when I was preparing to fly, I heard a carriage stop before my prison. The locks and bolts resounded, the doors flew open, and the last of my poor remaining resources was to conceal my knife. The town-major, the major of the day, and a captain, entered. I saw them by the light of their two lanterns. The only words they spoke were—"Dress yourself!" which was immediately done. I still wore the uniform of the regiment of Cordova. Irons were given me, which I was obliged myself to fasten on my wrists and ankles; the town-major tied a bandage over my eyes, and taking me under the arm, they thus conducted me to the carriage. It was necessary to pass through the city to arrive at the Star-Fort: all was silent, except the noise of the escort; but when we entered Magdeburg, I heard the people running, who were crowding together to obtain a sight of me.

My fortitude did not give way on this trying occasion. The carriage at length stopped, and I was brought into my new cell, where the bandage was taken from my eyes. What were my feelings of horror when, by the light of a few torches, I beheld the floor covered with chains, a fire-pan, and two grim men standing with their smith-hammers! To work went these engines of despotism! Enormous chains were fixed to my ankle at one end, and at the other to a ring which was incorporated in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next rivetted another huge iron ring, of a hand's breadth, round my naked body; to which hung a chain fixed into an iron bar as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff.

No soul bade me good night—all retired in dreadful silence; and I heard the horrible grating of four doors, that were successively locked and bolted upon me! There I sat, destitute, alone, in thick darkness, upon the bare earth, with a weight of fetters unsupportable to nature.

This misery, I foresaw, was not of short duration: I had heard of the wars that had lately broken out between Austria and Prussia, Patiently to wait their termination, amid sufferings and wretchedness such as mine, appeared impossible. Such were my meditations! Day at length returned. But where was its splendour? Fled. I beheld it not. Yet was its glimmering obscurity sufficient to show me what was my dungeon.

In breadth it was about eight feet, in length ten. No stove was allowed. In a corner was a seat four bricks broad, on which I might sit and recline against the wall. Opposite the ring to which I was fastened, the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture one foot high and two in diameter. This aperture ascended to the centre of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at the central part was a close iron grating, from which, outward, the aperture descended, and its two extremities were again secured by strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart, that, instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture, and the impediments of grating and iron bars, must needs make the obscurity great; yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to this glimmering, that I could see a mouse run. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, with a small central casement, which might be opened to admit air. The name of Trenck was built in the wall, in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, and formed of oak; without these was an open space, or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was likewise shut in by double doors. The ditch in which this dreadful den was built, was enclosed on both sides by palisades twelve feet high; the key of the door of which was intrusted to the officer of the guard—it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the sentinels. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to my fetters, I was likewise capable of moving from side to side about four feet; but this pained my shin-bones.

The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and everybody supposed it would be impossible I should exist in these damps above a fortnight. I remained six months continually immersed in water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches under which I was; and I can safely affirm that, for the first three months, I was never dry; yet did I continue in health. I was visited daily at noon, after relieving guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out their candles.

This was my situation; and here I sat, destitute of friends, helplessly wretched, preyed on by all the torture of thought that continually suggested the most gloomy, the most dreadful of images. My heart was not yet wholly turned to stone; my fortitude was sunken to despondency; my dungeon was the very cave of despair; yet was my arm restrained, yet was this excess of misery endured.

About noon my den was opened. Sorrow and compassion were painted on the countenances of my keepers. No one spoke; no one bade me good-morrow. Dreadful, indeed, was their arrival; for, unaccustomed to the monstrous bolts and bars, they were kept resounding for a full half hour, before such soul-chilling, such hope-murdering impediments, were removed. It was the voice of tyranny that thundered!

A camp-bed, mattress, and blankets, were brought me; a jug of water set down, and beside it an ammunition-loaf of six pounds. "That you may no more complain of hunger," said the town-major, "you shall have as much bread as you can eat." The door was shut, and I again left to my thoughts.

What a strange thing is that called happiness! How shall I express my extreme joy when, after eleven months of intolerable hunger, I was again indulged with a full feast of coarse ammunition-bread! Oh, Nature! what delight hast thou combined with the gratification of thy wants! Remember this, ye who gorge, ye who rack invention to excite appetite, and which yet you cannot procure; remember how simple are the means that will give a crust of mouldy bread a flavour more exquisite than all the spices of the East, or all the profusion of land or sea; remember this, grow hungry, and indulge your sensuality.

Alas! my enjoyment was of short duration. I soon found that excess is followed by pain and repentance. My fasting had weakened digestion, and rendered it inactive. My body swelled, my water-jug was emptied, cramps, colics, and at length inordinate thirst, racked me all the night. I began to pour curses on those who seemed to refine on torture, and, after starving me so long, to invite me to gluttony. Could I not have reclined on my bed, I should indeed have been driven this night to desperation: yet even this was but a partial relief; for, not yet accustomed to my enormous fetters, I could not extend myself in them in the same manner I was afterwards taught to do by habit. I dragged them, however, so together, as to enable me to sit down on the bare mattress. This, of all my nights of suffering, stands foremost. When they opened my dungeon next day, they found me in a truly pitiable situation; wondered at my appetite; brought me another loaf. I refused to accept it, believing I never more should have occasion for bread; they, however, left me one, gave me water, shrugged up their shoulders, wished me farewell; as, according to all appearance, they never expected to find me alive, and shut all the doors, without asking whether I wished or needed farther assistance.

I recovered in three days from this unhappy condition, and again thoughts of escape came into my mind. I observed, as the four doors were opened, that they were only of wood, therefore questioned whether I might not even cut off the locks with the knife that I had so fortunately concealed; and, should this and every other means fail, then would be the time to die. I likewise determined to make an attempt even to free myself of my chains. I happily forced my right hand through the handcuff, though the blood trickled from my nails. My attempts on the left were long ineffectual; but by rubbing with a brick, which I got from my seat, on the rivet that had been negligently closed, I effected this also.

The chain was fastened to the rim round my body by a hook, one end of which was not inserted in the rim; therefore, by setting my foot against the wall, I had strength enough so far to bend this hook back and open it as to force out the link of the chain. The remaining difficulty was the chain that attached my foot to the wall: the links of this chain I took, doubled, twisted, and wrenched, till at length—nature having bestowed on me great strength—I made a desperate effort, sprang forcibly up, and two links at once flew off.

Fortunate, indeed, did I think myself: I hastened to the door, groped in the dark to find the clinchings of the nails by which the lock was fastened, and discovered no very large piece of wood need be cut. Immediately I went to work with my knife, and cut through the oak door to find its thickness, which proved to be only one inch; therefore was it possible to open all the four doors in four-and-twenty hours.

Again hope revived in my heart. To prevent detection, I hastened to put on my chains: but what difficulties had I to surmount! After much groping about, I at length found the link that had flown off: this I hid. It had been my good fortune hitherto to escape examination, as the possibility of ridding myself of such chains was in nowise suspected. The separated links I tied together with my hair ribbon; but when I again endeavoured to force my hand into the ring, it was so swelled, that every effort was fruitless. The whole night was employed upon the rivet; but all labour was in vain.

Noon was the hour of visitation, and necessity and danger again obliged me to attempt forcing my hand in, which at length, after excruciating torture, I effected. My visitors came, and everything had the appearance of order. I found it, however, impossible to force out my right hand while it continued swelled. I therefore remained quiet till the 4th of July, when, immediately as my visitors had closed the doors upon me, I disencumbered myself of my irons, took my knife, and began my labour on the door. The first of the double doors, which opened inwards, was conquered in less than an hour: the other was a very different task: the lock was soon cut round, but it opened outwards; there was therefore no other means left but to cut the whole door away above the bar.

Incessant and incredible labour made this possible; though it was the more difficult, as everything was to be done by feeling, I being totally in the dark. The sweat dropped, or rather flowed from my body; my lacerated fingers were clotted with my own blood.

Daylight began to appear: I clambered over the door that was half cut away, and got up to the window, in the space or cell that was between the double doors, as before described. Here I saw my dungeon was in the ditch of the first rampart. Before me I beheld the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty paces distant, and the high palisades that were in the ditch, and must be scaled before I could reach the rampart. Hope grew stronger; my efforts were redoubled. The first of the next double doors was attacked, which likewise opened inward, and was soon conquered. The sun rose before I had ended this; and the fourth was to be cut away as the second had been. My strength failed; both my hands were raw. I rested a while, began again, and had made a cut of a foot long, when my knife snapped, and the broken blade dropped to the ground.

This was an end of all my hopes. Dispirited, mad with pain and oppression, and wet with blood, I went to my cell. Noon arrived, and I knew I should be detected. I resolved on daring my keepers to do their worst. When the first of the doors was unlocked, all were astonished. There I stood, a desperate man, besmeared with blood, the picture of horror, with a brick in one hand, and in the other my broken knife, crying, as they approached, "Keep off, Mr Major—keep off! Tell the governor I will live no longer in chains, and that here I stand, if he so pleases, to be shot; for so only will I be conquered. Here no man shall enter: I will destroy all that approach. Here are my weapons: here will I die, in despite of tyranny!" The major was terrified, wanted resolution, and made his report to the governor. I, meantime, sat down on the bricks which I had torn from my seat, to wait what might happen; my secret intent, however, was not so desperate as it appeared. I sought only to obtain a favourable capitulation.

The governor presently came, attended by the town-major and some officers, and entered the outward cell; but sprung back the moment he beheld a figure like me, standing with a brick and uplifted arm. I repeated what I had told the major, and he immediately ordered six grenadiers to force the door. The front cell was scarcely six feet broad, so that no more than two at a time could attack my entrenchment; and when they saw my threatening bricks ready to descend, they leaped, terrified, back. A short pause ensued, and the old town-major, with the chaplain, advanced toward the door to soothe me. The conversation continued some time. The governor grew angry, and ordered a fresh attack. The first grenadier was knocked down, and the rest ran back to avoid my missiles.

The town-major again began a parley. "For God's sake, my dear Trenck!" said he, "in what have I injured you, that you endeavour to effect my ruin? I must answer for your having, through my negligence, concealed a knife. Be persuaded, I intreat you! Be appeased! You are not without hope, not without friends!" My answer was, "But will you not load me with heavier irons than before?"

He went out, spoke with the governor, and gave me his word of honour that the affair should be no farther noticed, and that everything should be exactly reinstated as formerly.

Here ended the capitulation, and my wretched citadel was taken. The condition I was in was viewed with pity; my wounds were examined, a surgeon sent to dress them, another shirt was given me, and the bricks, clotted with blood, removed. I, meantime, lay half-dead on my mattress. My thirst was excessive: the surgeon ordered me some wine: two sentinels were stationed in the front cell; and I was thus left four days in peace, unironed. Broth also was given me daily; and how delicious this was to taste, how much it revived and strengthened me, is wholly impossible to describe. Two days I lay in a slumbering kind of trance, forced, by unquenchable thirst, to drink whenever I awoke. My feet and hands were swelled; the pains in my back and limbs were excessive.

On the fifth day the doors were ready. The inner was entirely plated with iron, and I was fettered as before. Perhaps they found further cruelty unnecessary. The principal chain, however, which fastened me to the wall, like that I had before broken, was thicker than the first. Except this, the capitulation was strictly kept. They deeply regretted that, without the king's express commands, they could not lighten my afflictions; wished me fortitude and patience, and barred up my doors.

It is necessary I should here describe my dress. My hands being fixed and kept asunder by an iron bar, and my feet chained to the wall, I could neither put on shirt nor stockings in the usual mode; the shirt was therefore tied, and changed once a fortnight; the coarse ammunition-stockings were buttoned on the sides; a blue garment, of soldiers' cloth, was likewise tied round me; and I had a pair of slippers for my feet. The shirt was of the army linen; and when I contemplated myself in this dress of a malefactor, chained thus to the wall in such a dungeon, vainly imploring mercy or justice, my conscience void of reproach, my heart of guilt—when I reflected on my former splendour in Berlin and Moscow, and compared it with this sad, this dreadful reverse of destiny, I was sunk in grief, or roused to indignation, that might have hurried the greatest hero or philosopher to madness or despair.

Pride, the justness of my cause, the unbounded confidence I had in my own resolution, and the labours of an inventive head and an iron body, these only could have preserved my life. These bodily labours, these continued inventions and projected plans to obtain my freedom, preserved my health. Who would suppose that a man fettered as I was could find means of exercising himself? By swinging my arms, acting with the upper part of my body, and leaping upward, I frequently put myself in a strong perspiration. After thus wearying myself, I slept soundly, and often thought how many generals, obliged to support all the inclemencies of weather, and all the dangers of the field; how many of those who had plunged me into this den of misery would have been most glad could they, like me, have slept with a quiet conscience. Often did I reflect how much happier I was than those tortured on the bed of sickness by gout, stone, and other diseases terrible to man. How much happier was I in innocence, than the malefactor doomed to suffer the pangs of death, the ignominy of men, and the horrors of internal guilt!

I began to be more accustomed to my irons, which I had before found so insupportable. I could comb out my long hair, and tie it at last with one hand. My beard, which had so long remained unshaven, gave me a grim appearance, and I began to pluck it up by the roots. The pain at first was considerable, especially round the lips; but this also custom conquered, and I performed this operation in the following years once in six weeks or two months—as the hair thus plucked up required that length of time before the nails could again get hold. Vermin did not molest me; the dampness of my den was inimical to them. My limbs never swelled, because of the exercise I gave myself, as before described.

I had lived in, and seen much of the world; vacuity of thought, therefore, I was little troubled with. The former transactions of my life, what had happened, and the remembrance of the persons I had known, I revolved so often in my mind, that they became as familiar and connected as if the events had each been written in the order it occurred. Habit made this mental exercise so perfect to me, that I could compose speeches, fables, odes, satires, all which I repeated aloud; and had so stored my memory with them, that I was enabled, after I had obtained my freedom, to commit to writing two volumes of these my prison labours. Accustomed to this exercise, days that would otherwise have been days of misery appeared but as a moment. The following narrative will show how much esteem, how many friends, these compositions procured me even in my dungeon; insomuch that I obtained light, paper, and finally freedom itself. For these have I to thank the industrious acquirements of my youth; therefore do I counsel all my readers so to employ their time. Riches, honours, the favours of fortune, may be showered by monarchs upon the most worthless; but monarchs can give and take, say and unsay, raise and pull down. Monarchs, however, can neither give wisdom nor virtue. Arbitrary power itself, in the presence of these, is foiled.

How wisely has Providence ordained that the endowments of industry, learning, and science, given by ourselves, cannot be taken from us! while, on the contrary, what others bestow is a fantastical dream, from which any accident may awaken us. The wrath of Frederick could destroy legions and defeat armies; but it could not take from me the sense of honour, of innocence, and their sweet concomitant, peace of mind—could not deprive me of fortitude and magnanimity. I defied his power, rested on the justice of my cause, found in myself expedients wherewith to oppose him, was at length crowned with conquest, and came forth to the world the martyr of suffering virtue.

Young man, be industrious; for without industry, can none of the treasures I have described be purchased. Thy labour will reward itself: then, when assaulted by misfortune, or even misery, learn of me, and smile. Or, shouldst thou escape such trials, still labour to acquire wisdom, that in old age thou mayst find content and happiness.

The years in my dungeon passed away as days, those moments excepted when, thinking on the great world, and the deeds of great men, my ambition was roused; except when, contemplating the vileness of my chains, and the wretchedness of my situation, I laboured for liberty, and found my labours endless and ineffectual.

About three weeks after my attempt to escape, the good Gefhardt first came to stand sentinel over me; and the sentinel they had so carefully set, was indeed the only hope I could have of escape; for help must be had from without, or this was impossible.

The effort I had made had excited too much surprise and alarm for me to pass without strict examination; since, on the ninth day after I was confined, I had, in eighteen hours, so far broken through a prison built purposely for myself, by a combination of so many projectors, and with such extreme precaution, which prison had universally been declared impenetrable.

Gefhardt had scarcely taken his post, before we had free opportunity of conversing together; for, when I stood with one foot on my bedstead, I could reach the aperture through which light was admitted. Gefhardt described the situation of my dungeon; and our first plan was to break under the foundation, which he had seen laid, and which he affirmed to be only two feet deep.

Money was the first thing necessary. Gefhardt was relieved during his guard, and returned, bringing with him a sheet of paper rolled on a wire, which he passed through my grating; as he also did a piece of small wax candle, some burning amadow (a kind of tinder), a match, and a pen. I now had light, and I pricked my finger, and wrote with my blood to my faithful friend, Captain Ruckhardt, at Vienna; described my situation in a few words, sent him an acquittance for three thousand florins on my revenues, and requested he would dispose of a thousand florins to defray the expenses of his journey to Gummern, only two miles from Magdeburg. Here he was positively to be on the 15th of August. About noon on this same day, he was to walk with a letter in his hand; and a man was there to meet him, carrying a roll of smoking tobacco, to whom he must remit the two thousand florins, and return to Vienna.

I returned the written paper to Gefhardt by the same means it had been received, gave him my instructions, and he sent his wife with it to Gummern, by whom it was safely put in the post. My hopes daily rose; and as often as Gefhardt mounted guard, so often did we continue our projects. The 15th of August came, but it was some days before Gefhardt was again on guard; and oh! how did my heart palpitate when he came and exclaimed, "All is right! we have succeeded!" He returned in the evening, and we began to consider by what means he could convey the money to me. I could not, with my hands chained to an iron bar, reach the aperture of the window that admitted air; besides that, it was too small. It was therefore agreed that Gefhardt should, on the next guard, perform the office of cleaning my dungeon, and that he then should convey the money to me in the water-jug. This, luckily, was done. How great was my astonishment when, instead of one, I found two thousand florins! for I had permitted him to reserve half to himself, as a reward for his fidelity. He, however, had kept but five pistoles, which he persisted was enough.

Worthy Gefhardt! This was the act of a Pomeranian grenadier! How rare are such examples! Be thy name and mine ever united! Live thou while the memory of me shall live!

Never did my acquaintance with the great bring to my knowledge a soul so noble, so disinterested!

Having money to carry on my designs, I began to put my plan of burrowing under the foundation into execution. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this, Gefhardt supplied me with two small files; and by the aid of these, this labour, though great, was effected.

The cap or staple of the foot-ring was made so wide, that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which passed through it on the inside; and the more I filed this away, the farther I could draw the cap down, till at last the whole inside iron, through which the chains passed, was quite cut through. By this means I could slip off the ring, while the cap on the outside continued whole; and it was impossible to discover any cut, as only the outside could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I so compressed, as to be able to draw them out of the handcuffs. I then filed the hinge, and made a screw-driver of one of the foot-long flooring nails, by which I could take out the screws at pleasure, so that at the time of examination no proofs would appear. The rim round my body was but a small impediment, except the chain which passed from my hand-bar; and this I removed by filing an aperture in one of the links, which, at the necessary hour, I closed with bread, rubbed over with rusty iron, first drying it by the heat of my body; and would wager any sum that, without striking the chain, link by link, with a hammer, no one not in the secret would have discovered this fracture.

The window was never strictly examined. I therefore drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I daily replaced, carefully plastering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating. Finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted an artificial one of my own fabricating, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, additional fresh air, together with all necessary implements, tinder and candles. That the light might not be seen, I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected.

Everything prepared, I went to work. The floor of my dungeon was not of stone, but oak planks, three inches thick, three beds of which were laid crosswise, and were fastened to each other by nails half an inch in diameter and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made use of the hole at the end of the bar which separated my hands to draw it out, and this nail I sharpened upon my tombstone into an excellent chisel.

I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downward; and having drawn away a piece of board which was inserted two inches under the wall, I cut this so as exactly to fit. The small crevice it occasioned I stopped up with bread, and strewed over with dust, so as to prevent all suspicious appearance. My labour under this was continued with less precaution, and I had soon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white sand, on which the Star-Fort was built. My chips I carefully distributed beneath the boards. If I had not help from without, I could proceed no farther; for to dig were useless, unless I could rid myself of my rubbish. Gefhardt supplied me with some ells of cloth, of which I made long narrow bags, stuffed them with earth, and passed them between the iron bars to him; and, as often as he was on guard, he scattered or conveyed away their contents.

Furnished with room to secrete them under the floor, I obtained more instruments, together with a pair of pistols, powder, ball, and a bayonet. I now discovered that the foundation of my prison, instead of two, was sunken four feet deep. Time, labour, and patience, were all necessary to break out, unheard and undiscovered; but few things are impossible where resolution is not wanting.

The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, corresponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and stoop in. The lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth, the narrow space in which all must be performed, these made the labour incredible; and, after this daily labour, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which alone required some hours to effect. My greatest aid was in the wax candles and light I had procured; but as Gefhardt stood sentinel only once a fortnight, my work was much delayed. The sentinels were forbidden to speak to me under pain of death; and I was too fearful of being betrayed to dare to seek new assistance.

Being without a stove, I suffered much this winter from cold; yet my heart was cheerful, as I saw the probability of freedom; and all were astonished to find me in such good spirits.

Gefhardt also brought me supplies of provisions, chiefly consisting of sausages and salt meats ready dressed, which increased my strength; and when I was not digging, I wrote satires and verses. Thus time was employed, and I contented, even in prison. Lulled into security, an accident happened that will appear almost incredible, and by which every hope was nearly frustrated.

Gefhardt had been working with me, and was relieved in the morning. As I was replacing the window, which I was obliged to remove on these occasions, it fell out of my hand, and three of the glass panes were broken. Gefhardt was not to return till guard was again relieved; I had therefore no opportunity of speaking with him, or concerting any mode of repair. I remained nearly an hour conjecturing and hesitating; for certainly, had the broken window been seen, as it was impossible I should reach it when fettered, I should immediately have been more rigidly examined, and the false grating must have been discovered.

I therefore came to a resolution, and spoke to the sentinel, who was amusing himself with whistling, thus:—"My good fellow, have pity, not upon me, but upon your comrades, who, should you refuse, will certainly be executed. I will throw you thirty pistoles through the window if you will do me a small favour." He remained some moments silent, and at last answered in a low voice—"What! have you money, then?" I immediately counted thirty pistoles, and threw them through the window. He asked to know what he was to do: I told my difficulty, and gave him the size of the panes in paper. The man, fortunately, was bold and prudent. He contrived to procure the glass, which I put into the window, and all was safe.

A second letter which I got conveyed to Gummern for my correspondent in Vienna was unfortunately discovered, and I was visited by Prince Ferdinand, who demanded by what means it was conveyed out of the garrison. I was silent. No threats could force me to make an avowal.

The sentinels were now doubled: and shortly afterwards, when most of the garrison took the field, and a new governor, Borck, was appointed, I was loaded with a monstrous iron collar, connected with chains to my ankles. My situation was now truly deplorable. The enormous iron round my neck pained me, and prevented motion; and I durst not attempt to disengage myself from the pendent chains, till I had for some months carefully observed the mode of their examination, and which parts they supposed were perfectly secure. The chains that descended from the neck collar were obliged to be supported, first with one hand, and then with the other; for if thrown behind, they would have strangled me, and if hanging forward, occasioned most excessive headaches. The bar between my hands held one down while leaning on my elbow: I supported with the other my chains; and this so benumbed the muscles, and prevented circulation, that I could perceive my arms sensibly waste away. The little sleep I could have in such a situation may easily be supposed; and at length body and mind sunk under this accumulation of miserable suffering, and I fell ill of a burning fever.

The tyrant Borck was inexorable: he wished to expedite my death, and rid himself of his troubles and his terrors. How did I experience what was the lamentable condition of a sick prisoner, without bed, refreshment, or aid from human being! Reason, fortitude, heroism, all the noble qualities of the mind decay when the corporeal faculties are diseased: and the remembrance of my sufferings at this dreadful moment still agitates, still inflames my blood, so as almost to prevent an attempt to describe what they were.

Yet hope had not totally forsaken me. Deliverance seemed possible, especially should peace ensue; and I sustained perhaps what mortal man never bore, except myself, being, as I was, provided with pistols, or any such immediate mode of despatch.

I continued ill about two months, and was so reduced at last, that I had scarcely strength to lift the water-jug to my mouth. What must the sufferings of that man be who sits two months on the bare ground, in a dungeon so damp, so dark, so horrible, without bed or straw, his limbs loaded as mine were, with no refreshment but dry ammunition-bread, without so much as a drop of broth, without physic, without consoling friend, and who, under all these afflictions, must trust for his recovery to the efforts of nature alone!

My sufferings had the effect of melting the feelings of several officers in the garrison, and they occasionally visited me in secret, bringing little articles of luxury for my comfort. One of them, Lieutenant Sonntag, further aided me in contrivances for shifting off all my irons, and gave me information concerning the situation of my dungeon. I learned that, if I could mine through thirty-seven feet, I should undoubtedly be free. The enterprise was lessened by the nature of the ground, a fine white sand. A door in a gallery, to which I was to penetrate, was to be left open when I should be ready for flight.

With tools and light provided for me, I began my labours, which I continued for six months. The greatest of my difficulties consisted in carrying the loosened sand out of and back into the hole daily, to prevent detection: yet this I overcame, and every day had the pavement replaced as formerly. On one occasion my working underground was heard by a sentinel, and he informed the officer on guard; but before the party reached my cell, I had the good fortune to have returned everything to its place, and remained undetected. The day at length arrived when I was to break out; but the same sentinel was again on duty, and hearing me a second time, in pique for having formerly been disbelieved, once more gave information of the strange underground noises. My proceedings were now discovered in earnest. My vast labours had all been abortive.

My cruel fate was now aggravated by a new device: Borck, my inhuman jailer, gave an order that I should be prevented sleeping, and that the sentinels should call and wake me every quarter of an hour; which dreadful order was immediately executed. This was indeed a punishment intolerable to nature! Yet did custom at length teach me to answer in my sleep. Four years did this unheard-of cruelty continue! The noble landgrave of Hesse-Cassel at length put an end to it a year before I was released from my dungeon, and once again, in mercy, suffered me to sleep in peace.

A new and better turn took place in my condition on the removal of Borck, and the appointment of Reichmann as governor. I was now indulged with more air and light, and I endeavoured to amuse myself by carving figures and verses with a nail on the pewter cups in which my food was brought. Practice made me wonderfully perfect in this kind of engraving, and my cups came into great demand among the curious. On one, which I understood made a sensation in Vienna, I had engraved a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, with the following inscription:—"The bird sings even in the storm; open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue, and his songs shall be the delight of your abodes!"

My labour at these cups became so excessive, that I was in danger of distraction or blindness; yet I continued to work upon them as a solace to my griefs, and also to supply the universal demand for these memorials of my imprisonment. My agony in such labours was increased by the constant pressure of the huge iron collar on my neck; and for a time I was compelled to abandon my self-imposed employment. Another misfortune overtook me in the loss of a companion, to whose society I have not yet adverted. I had, two years before, so tamed a mouse, that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth; it also, in progress of time, learned to perform various little tricks, which helped to amuse me in my solitude. One night it was more than usually merry. It capered about on a trencher, and as I spoke to it, the mingled noises attracted the attention of the sentinel, who called the officers of the guard, and they pronounced that all was not right in my dungeon. At daybreak my doors resounded: the town-major, a smith, and a mason, entered: strict search was made: flooring, walls, chains, and my own person, were all scrutinised; but in vain. They asked what was the noise which had been heard. I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped on my shoulder. Will it be credited? orders were given that I should be deprived of its society. I earnestly intreated that they would at least spare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word of honour that he would present it to a lady who would treat it with the utmost tenderness. My poor mouse was accordingly taken away and given to the lady; but it was not happy with its new friends. It was put into a cage, where it pined, refused all sustenance, and in a few days was found dead.

The loss of this little companion made me for some time quite melancholy. I again contrived a plan of escape; but was spared making the attempt. I had always expected that, on the conclusion of the war between Austria and Prussia, I should be liberated. Peace had been concluded nine months, and still I was a prisoner. Had I been forgotten? At last, however, when I supposed all hope lost, the day of freedom came. At the hour of parade, Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards, arrived, and brought orders for my release. Joyful intelligence! My chains were knocked off, and I was free.

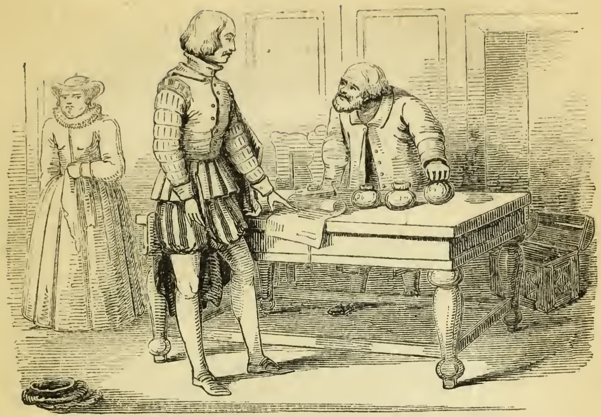
I was set at liberty on the 24th of December 1763. I had been confined in Magdeburg nine years five months and eleven days; add to this seventeen months' imprisonment at Glatz, and the amount is eleven years. Thus had the prime of my life—the brightest hours in the day of man—been passed in the damps of a dungeon! And for what? An imaginary crime—an offence for which I was never tried, and was entirely guiltless.

CONCLUSION.

Trenck was released on condition that he would never more set foot within the Prussian territories, and was forthwith conducted to Prague. Thence he travelled to Vienna, to recover his property; but meeting with little success, and being in poor health, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take the benefit of its waters. Here he fixed his residence, and in 1765 married the daughter of a burgomaster of that city.

Literature, politics, and commerce as a wine-merchant, now alternately engaged the attention of Trenck. He wrote a piece entitled the "Macedonian Hero," the professed design of which was to unmask the character of Frederick, his oppressor; and he edited a weekly paper, called the "Friend of Man." In 1772 he commenced a gazette at Aix-la-Chapelle, which he conducted for some time with considerable success. His wine trade failing, he visited England; then returned to Austria, and was received with considerate kindness by the Empress Maria Theresa, who bestowed a pension on his wife, which she enjoyed till the death of that princess. Trenck now retired to his castle of Zwerbach, in Hungary, where for six years he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. He also published various works in prose and verse, including the history of his own life. The king of Prussia having died in 1786, Trenck found himself at liberty to revisit his native country, which he did in 1787, after an exile of forty-two years. On this occasion the princess to whom he partly owed so many misfortunes, and who was now an aged woman, is said to have expressed a becoming sympathy in the losses and privations of which he had been the miserable victim.

We wish we could close the life of this unfortunate man with some fact of a cheering kind; but such is not permitted. Of an eager and heedless temperament, he warmly embraced the revolutionary doctrines which were let loose in France in 1789, and consequently fell into disgrace with the Austrian government. Towards the end of 1791 he visited France. The time was exceedingly unpropitious. Instead of meeting with friends, he was denounced as a secret emissary of the king of Prussia, and imprisoned at St Lazarus. There being no evidence to support this ridiculous charge, he was about to be released, when he was accused of having taken part in a conspiracy in the prison; and for this offence he was guillotined, July 25, 1794. Such was the dismal end of Baron Trenck. First a sufferer from despotism, he ultimately fell a victim to what is equally dangerous and hateful—a savage and unrestricted democracy.



THE HEIR OF LINNE, AND OTHER BALLADS.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen;
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him fro,
And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from even to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare,
I wot, an he were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
And John o' Scales was called he:
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne;
Let nought disturb thy heavy cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a god's-penny;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board;
He was right glad the land to win:
"The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad;
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight:
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
And, "Come with me, my friends," said he;
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
  Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
  They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
  Never a penny left but three;
The one was brass, the other was lead,
  And t'other it was white money.

"Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,
  "Now well-a-way, and wo is me!
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
  I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,
  And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
  So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
  Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
  And sharply bade him wend his way.

"Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,
  "Now well-a-way, and wo is me!
For when I had my land so broad,
  On me they lived right merrily.

To beg my bread from door to door,
  I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
  To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
  For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
  I there should find a trusty friend."

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
  O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
  That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
  In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothely were the walls:
  "Here's sorry cheer!" quoth the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
  Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
  No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mote spy,
  No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with a running noose,
  That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
  These words were written, so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hath spent thy all,
  And brought thyself to penury?

All this my boding mind misgave,
  I therefore left this trusty friend:
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
  And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,
  Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to burst,
  With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
  Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
  And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
  And sprung aloft with his body:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
  And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
  Nor knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked and saw a bill,
  And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on;
  Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall
  In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold;
The third was full of white money;
And over them, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear:
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne;
"And let be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heir of Linne,
Away he went with merry cheer;
I wis he neither stint nor stayed,
Till John o' the Scales' house he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the spere then looked he:
There sat three lords at the board's end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespoke the heir of Linne;
To John o' the Scales then could he:
"I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
Away, away! this may not be:
For a curse be on my head," he said,
"If ever I lend thee one penny!"

Then bespoke the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madam, some alms on me bestow,
I pray, for sweet Saint Charity."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

Then up bespoke a good fellow
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board:
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespoke him John o' the Scales,
All woode he answered him again:
"Now a curse be on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain.

And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said.
With that he gave him a god's-penny:
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All wo-begone was John o' the Scales;
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne!"

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;
Forty pence thou didst lend me;
Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-way!" quoth Joan o' the Scales;
"Now well-a-way, and wo is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare-thee-well," said the heir of Linne,
"Farewell, good John o' the Scales," said he:
"When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.*

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

"Now come to me, my little page,
Of wit sae wondrous sly!
Ne'er under flower o' youthful age
Did more destruction lie.

I'll dance and revel wi' the rest,
Within this castle rare;
Yet he shall rue the dreary feast,
Bot and his lady fair.

For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine
Wi' juice o' poppy flowers;
No more he'll see the morning shine
From proud Caerlaveroc's towers.

For he has twined my love and me,
The maid of meikle scorn—
She'll welcome, wi' a tearfu' e'e,
Her widowhood the morn.

---

* This truly beautiful specimen of the modern ballad, which appeared in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, is founded upon a legend which is told by some of the old Scottish historians in connexion with the celebrated story of the murder of the Red Cumin by Bruce in the Dominican church of Dumfries. The monks, it appears, under the impression that it was necessary to express some resentment for a deed which had been committed with so little regard to the sanctity of their altar, gave out that, as they were watching Cumin's corpse on the night after his murder, one of their number (all the rest having fallen asleep) heard a supernatural voice in the air call out, "How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" when immediately another voice answered, "Endure with patience until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." The monkish chroniclers, who relate this circumstance, add that, in the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cumin's death, James of Lindsay, son of one of the persons who assisted Bruce in the murder, being entertained in Caerlaveroc castle, the seat of Roger Kirkpatrick, who bore the same relation to another and still more distinguished associate of King Robert, the former rose in the night-time, and, for some unknown cause, poniarded his unsuspecting host. Having subsequently fled from the house on horseback, the confusion of mind occasioned by guilt and fear caused him to lose his way, and he was taken only three miles from the castle gate. He was afterwards, on the representation of Kirkpatrick's widow, executed by order of King David II. And thus was the violation of the altar of the Dominican church expiated in the second generation, and at the distance of half a century. In the present copy, one stanza (the 17th) is altered, and another (the 30th) added, by the author.

And saddle well my milk-white steed,
  Prepare my harness bright;
Gif I can mak his body bleed,
  I'll ride awa this night!"

"Now haste ye, master, to the ha';
  The guests are drinking there;
Kirkpatrick's pride shall be but sma',
  For a' his lady fair."

* * *

In came the merry minstrelsy;
  Shrill harps wi' tinkling string,
And bagpipes lilting melody,
  Made proud Caerlaveroc ring.

There gallant knights and ladies bright
  Did move to measures fine,
Like frolic fairies, jimp and light,
  Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided through the ha',
  Wi' footing swift and sure—
Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',
  When she stood on the floor.

And some had tires of gold sae rare,
  And pendants eight or nine;
And she, wi' but her gowden hair,
  Did a' the rest outshine.

And some, wi' costly diamonds sheen,
  Did warriors' hearts assail;
But she, wi' her twa sparkling een,
  Pierced through the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand
  With gay and courteous air;
No stately castle in the land
  Could show sae bright a pair.

Oh he was young; and clear the day
  Of life to youth appears!
Alas! how soon his setting ray
  Was dimmed wi' showering tears!

Fell Lindsay sickened at the sight,
  And sallow grew his cheek;
He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,
  But word he couldna speak.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up
  On silver and on gold:
The page chose out a crystal cup
  The sleepy juice to hold.

And when Kirkpatrick called for wine,
  This page the drink would bear;
Nor did the knight or dame divine
  Sic black deceit was near.

Then ilka lady sang a sang;
  Some blithe—some full of wo—
Like pining swans the reeds amang;
  Till grief-drops 'gan to flow.

Even cruel Lindsay shed a tear,
  Forgetting malice deep;
As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,
  Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight;
  Now steek they ilka door;
There's nought but stillness o' the night,
  Where was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on;
  His steed doth ready stand;
And up the staircase he is gone,
  Wi' poniard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break;
  He shook wi' guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyful shriek:
  Red Cumin's ghost was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep;
  A lamp of glimmering ray
Showed young Kirkpatrick fast asleep
  In arms of lady gay.

He lay wi' bare unguarded breast,
  By sleepy juice beguiled;
And sometimes sighed, by dreams oppressed,
  And sometimes sweetly smiled.

Unclosed her mouth of rosy hue,
  Whence issued fragrant air
That gently in soft motion blew
  Stray ringlets of her hair.

"Sleep on, sleep on, ye lovers dear!
The dame may wake to weep;
But that day's sun maun shine fou clear,
That spills this warrior's sleep."

He louted down; her lips he pressed;
Oh! kiss foreboding wo!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast
A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair, and meikle did he bleed;
His lady slept till day,
But dreamed the firth flowed owre her head,
In bride-bed as she lay.

The murderer hasted down the stair,
And backed his courser fleet:
Then did the thunder 'gin to rair,
Then showered the rain and sleet.

Ae fire-flaught darted through the rain
Where a' was dark before,
And glinted owre the raging main
That shook the sandy shore.

And in that flash he might descry
The pale knight's spectre came—
Before the wind it flitted by,
Light as the white sea-faem.

Then mirk and mirker grew the night,
And heavier beat the rain;
And quicker Lindsay urged his flight,
Some ha' or beild to gain.

Lang did he ride owre hill and dale,
Nor mire nor flood he feared:
I trow his courage 'gan to fail
When morning light appeared.

For having hied, the live-lang night,
Through hail and heavy showers,
He found himself, at peep o' light,
Hard by Caerlaveroc's towers.

The castle-bell was ringing out;
The ha' was all asteer;
And mony a screigh and waefu' shout
Appalled the murderer's ear.

Now they hae ta'en this traitor strang,
Wi' curses and wi' blows;
And high in air they did him hang
To glut the carrion crows.

* * *

"To sweet Lincluden's holy cells
Fou dowie I'll repair:
There peace wi' gentle patience dwells;
Nae deadly feuds are there.

In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' baleful yew;
And wail the beauty that could harm
A knight sae brave and true."

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The baron of Smaylho'me* rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To raise the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vauntbrace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-girth was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancrum Moor
Ran red with English blood,
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

---

* Smaylho'me, or Smallholm tower, is a ruined Border strength, situated on the northern boundary of Roxburgh, among a number of wild rocks called Sandyknowe Crags. It is not a place of the least note in history; but it derives a strong interest, nevertheless, from its being the scene of this ballad, and also from the circumstance that the author of this and so many other beautiful fictions spent the years of his infancy in its immediate neighbourhood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
  His acton pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued—
  But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
  He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page;
  His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page;
  Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young and tender of age,
  I think thou art true to me.

Come tell me all that thou hast seen,
  And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me Tower have been,
  What did thy lady do?"

"My lady each night sought the lonely light
  That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For from height to height the beacons bright
  Of the English foemen told.

The bittern clamoured from the moss,
  The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
  To the eerie Beacon Hill.

I watched her steps, and silent came
  Where she sat on a stone:
No watchman stood by the dreary flame;
  It burned all alone.

The second night I kept her in sight,
  Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might, an armed knight
  Stood by the lonely flame.

And many a word that warlike lord
  Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
  And I heard not what they were.

The third night there the sky was fair,
  And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
  On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name the holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true
On the eve of good St John.'

'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee:
On the eve of St John I must wander alone;
In thy bower I may not be.'

'Now out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

And I'll chain the bloodhound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
And, by the Black Rood Stone,* and by holy St John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

'Though the bloodhound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber in the east,
And my footstep he would know.'

'O fear not the priest who sleepeth in the east!
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slain.'

He turned him round, and grimly he frowned;
Then he laughed right scornfully:
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight
May as well say mass for me.

At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

---

* The Black Rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble.

Then changed, I trow, was that bold baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high:
"Now tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"

"His arms shone full bright in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale:
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark;
So I may not trust thy tale.

Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the winds drowned the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the tower-grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartisan seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood,
Looked over hill and dale;
O'er Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou baron true!
What news, what news from Ancrum fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancrum Moor is red with gore,
For many a Southron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the baron a word:
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron tossed and turned,
And oft to himself he said:
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep . . . .
It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matin bell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware that a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

By Eildon tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

By the baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed:
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe;
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand:
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impressed;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.*

The king sits in Dunfermline toun,†
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O where will I get a skilful skipper
To sail this ship o' mine?"

---

* The copy here given of this touching and beautiful ballad is chiefly taken from that which was printed in Herd's Collection, with a few additional verses from those found in the publications of Sir Walter Scott, and Messrs Jamieson, Motherwell, and Buchan. We owe it to Mr Motherwell, who gives some various readings and additional stanzas not here adopted, that the occasion of the ballad is now known to have been the expedition which conveyed Margaret, daughter of King Alexander III., to Norway, in 1281, when she was espoused to Eric, king of that country. Fordoun, in his history of Scotland, relates the incident in a paragraph which we translate for the convenience of the reader: "A little before this, namely, in the year 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., was married to the king of Norway; who, leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home, after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinoch, Bernard of Monte-alto, and many other persons, were drowned."

† The Scottish monarchs chiefly resided in their palace of Dunfermline from the time of Malcolm Canmore to that of Alexander III.

O up and spake an eldren knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea."

The king has written a broad letter,
And signed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughit he;
The second line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me?
To send us out at this time o' year
To sail upon the sea!

To Norroway, to Norroway,
To Norway owre the faem,
The king's daughter to Norroway,
It's we maun take her hame.

Ye'll eat and drink, my merry men a',
And see ye be weel thorne;
For blaw it wind or blaw it weet,
Our gude ship sails the morn."

Then out and spake a gude auld man;
A gude deid mat he dee!
"Whatever ye do, my gude master,
Take God your guide to be."

"There shall nae man gang to the ship
Till I say mass and dine,
And take my leave of my gude lady;
Gang to the bonnie ship syne."

The ship it was a gudely ship;
Its tapmast was o' gowd;
And at ilka tack o' needle-wark
A silver bell it jowed.

They mounted sail on Mononday morn
Wi' a' the haste they may;
And they landed in Norroway
Upon the Wodensday.

They hadna been a month, a month,
In Norroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Norroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Sae loud as I hear ye lie.

For I've brought as much white money
As gane my men and me;
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

Make haste, make haste, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And I fear, and I fear, my dear master,
That we will come to harm."

"Betide me weel, betide me wae,
This day I'll leave the shore;
For I will spend my white money
'Mong Norroway dogs no more."

Sir Patrick he is on the sea,
And far out owre the faem,
Wi' five-and-fifty Scots lords' sons,
That longed to be at hame.

Up startit the mermaid by the ship,
Wi' a glass and a comb in her hand;
Says, "Reek about, my merry men;
Ye are na far frae land."

"Ye lie, ye lie, my bonnie mermaid;
Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For, sin' I hae seen your face this night,
The land I will never see!"

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the tapmasts lap,
  It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came owre the staggering ship,
  Till a' her sides were torn.

" O where will I get a gude sailor
  To take my helm in hand,
Till I get to the tall tapmast
  To see if I can spy land ?"

" O here am I, a gude sailor,
  To take the helm in hand,
Till you gang to the tall tapmast;
  But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
  A step, but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
  And the salt sea it came in.

" Gae fetch a wab o' the silken claith,
  Another o' the twine,
And wrap them baith round our ship's side,
  And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a wab o' the silken claith,
  Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them round that gude ship's side;
  But still the sea came in.

" Then picke her well, and spare her well,
  And make her hale and sound."
But ere he had the word well spoke,
  The bonnie ship was down.

O laith, laith was our Scottish lords
  To wet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang or a' the play was played,
  They wet their hats abune!

And mony was the feather bed
  Lay floating on the faem;
And mony was the gude Scots lord
  That never mair came hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
  Wi' their fans in their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to the strand.

O lang, lang may the ladies look,
Wi' their gown tails owre their croun,
Before they see their ain dear lords
Come sailing to Dunfermline toun.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gold combs in their hair,
Awaiting for their ain dear loves;
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
Full fifty fathoms deep,
There lies the gude Sir Patrick Spens,
And the Scots lords at his feet.

THE MERMAID.

BY J. LEYDEN.*

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee,
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore;
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

---

* The following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad called *Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin.* The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, among the Hebrides, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the mermaid of the northern nations resembles the siren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention. The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid while passing the gulf above mentioned; that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children; but finally, he tired of her society, and having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'"

Now lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!

If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's wo,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long for thee the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
 When clouds dissolve in dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
 And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
 It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell?"
 "Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
 Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
 Yet fears to find the vision true—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
 Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
 And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
 Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
 Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
 From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around
 Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
 It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
 Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
 And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
 As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
 Again she raised the melting lay;
"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
 And leave the maid of Colonsay?

Fair is the crystal hall for me,
 With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
 Shall sing, when we for love are met.

How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
  Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
  That breathes along the moonlight scene!

And soft the music of the main
  Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
  Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

How sweet, when billows heave their head,
  And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed,
  Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

To trace with tranquil step the deep
  Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells unconscious sleep,
  Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

Then shall the summer sun, from far,
  Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
  At eve shall shed a brighter day.

Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
  That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
  Calm in the bosom of the deep.

Through the green meads beneath the sea,
  Enamoured, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
  And leave the maid of Colonsay!"

"Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
  Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
  While mine beats high in every vein:

If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
  Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
  My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast;
  Her eye confessed the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom prest—
  "Is there no heart for rapture here?

These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot wild and free,
To joy, to love's delicious thrill?"

"Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart that riots wild and free
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

These sparkling eyes so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
Unfolds at length her scaly train;
She tossed in proud disdain her head,
And lashed with webbëd fin the main.

"Dwell here alone!" the Mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
The prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?"

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay,
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay;

And oft beneath the silver moon
  He heard afar the Mermaid sing,
And oft to many a melting tune
  The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring;

And when the moon went down the sky,
  Still rose in dreams his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
  And charmed him with some tender strain;

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
  When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep
  That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
  Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
  To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
  The Mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
  But like a maid of mortal frame.

" O give to me that ruby ring
  That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
  The song thou lov'st of Colonsay."

" This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
  Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
  Again to visit Colonsay."

" Except thou quit thy former love,
  Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
  To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

" Then bear me swift along the main,
  The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
  I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
  While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
  She lashed with webbëd fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink, remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.*

Now, between us, let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain and fear
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye may answer;
Wherefore ye that present be,
I pray you give an ear;
I am the knight, I come by night,
As secret as I can,
Saying, "Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man."

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* This fine old English ballad, which is believed to have been written about the year 1400, opens with a declaration by the author, that the faith of woman is stronger than is generally alleged, in proof of which he proposes to relate the trial to which the Nut-Brown Maid was exposed by her lover: a dialogue between the pair ensues.

SHE.—And I your will for to fulfil,
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to show, in words few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse;
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
My own heart dear, with you what cheer
I pray you tell anon?
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—It standeth so; a deed is do'
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee: the one must be,
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, my own heart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Ah me! what is this world's bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change if ye were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain:
But afterward your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake, and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought for to make thought?
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do, and pray to you,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.—Now sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind;
Shall never be said the Nut-Brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—I counsel you, remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw;
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, ready to draw;
And as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe.
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.—I think not nay, but, as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part it makes my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—Yet take good heed, for ever I dread
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for, dry or weet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And us above none other roof
But a brake bush or twain;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Sith I have here been partinèr
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reason is.
Yet I am sure of one pleasùre,
And, shortly, it is this,
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardie,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That ye were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have list to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine;
No sheetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Oh mine heart sweet, this evil diet
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Among the wild deer, such an archér
As men say that ye be,
Ye may not fail of good vittail,
Where is so great plentie.
And water clear of the rivér,
Shall be full sweet to me.
With which in heal, I shall right weel
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, ere we go, a bed or two
I can provide anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Lo yet before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me;
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle to the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do't shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I shall, as now, do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanheed,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
Oh, my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most dread;
But now, adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day comes fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why:
Your appetite* is to be light
Of love, I weel espy:
For like as ye have said to me,
In like wise, hardily,
Ye would answer whoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Than have ye me betrayed.
Remember weel, how that you deal;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
The case is changed now;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.

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* Disposition.

Be not dismayed, whatever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the greenwood go;
I am no banished man.

SHE.—These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they would endure;
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween;
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not disparàge
You (God defend!), sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge,
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an earl's son,
And not a banished man.